PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR M
www.playboy.com • SEPTEMBER 2012
THE
AMERICAN
MALE 2012
OUR DEFINITIVE
POLL RESULTS
JOSEPH
GORDON-LEVITT
20Q
ROYAL BEAUTY
KATRINA
DARLING
BRITAIN'S NEW
BURLESQUE
QUEEN
THE INTERVIEW
RICHARD
DAWKINS
PLAYBOY'S
ICONS OF STYLE
DANIEL CRAIG
DAVID BECKHAM
ADAM LEVINE
RYAN GOSLING

SEPARATED AT BIRT
THE ALL-NEW MAZDA CX-5 WITH SKYACTIV®
*Based on EPA estimates for 2013 CX-5 2WD with manual transmission 26 city/35 highway MPG. SOURCE: 2012 EPA Fuel Economy Guide, January 2012.
Grand Touring FWD model shown, EPA-estimated 26 city/32 highway MPG. Actual results may vary.
MazdaUSA.com

H?
TECHNOLOGY
BEYOND COMPREHENSION?
13:1 compression ratio. Low-temperature oxidation reaction. Intelligent mechatronic transmission control module with automatic compensation for shift solenoid production tolerances. 1800 megapascal ultra-high tensile steel.
EVIDENCE OF HIGHER INTELLIGENCE.
Try to explain this stuff to your friends and they might think you're talking about some kind of intergalactic rocket specs. But maybe that's not a bad way to think about the Mazda CX-5 with SKYACTIV® TECHNOLOGY.
After all, when engineering an advanced mode of spatial transport, one would start with a propulsion system devised to extract maximum energy from every molecule of fuel. You'd demand ultra-light, ultra-strong aerospace-grade materials, along with blisteringly agile maneuverability. You'd also insist on an equally technological and futuristic suite of cockpit features to enhance the journey ahead. And that's all your friends need to know.
35 MPG HWY
HOPE FOR HUMANITY.
This is the kind of thinking it took to make the CX-5 incredibly fuel efficient yet worthy of avid drivers. Why bother? Because like you, we're driving-obsessed car fanatics. We also thrive on pushing the envelope of what's possible, defying compromise and answering to one simple conviction: If it's not worth driving, it's not worth building.™
zoom-zoom
mazda

EVERY NIGHT
HAS POTENTIAL.
PLATINUM
BUD LIGHT
PLATINUM
TRIPLE FILTERED
SMOOTH FINISH
TOP SHELF TASTE

ENJOY RESPONSIBLY
©2012 Anheuser-Busch, Bud Light® Platinum Lager (Ale in OR & TX), St. Louis, MO
BUD LIGHT®
PLATINUM
#MAKEITPLATINUM

GIVENCHY
PLAY
SPORT
NEW
GIVENCHY
PLAY
SPORT
GIVENCHY
justintimberlake.com
Sephora

PLAYBILL

Biologically, men haven't changed much in a thousand years. We eat, drink, sleep, screw.... That said, in the past two decades we've seen huge shifts in the cultural forces that influence our daily lives and shape who we are. To find out where we stand, we tasked the distinguished polling service Harris with surveying 1,000 men on how they see themselves—their finances, their sex lives, etc. Then we had **Chip Rowe,** our longtime expert on all things manly, make sense of the statistics for us. The results: *State of Man 2012.* Also this month, one of our favorite chroniclers of big- and little-screen history, **Neal Gabler,** details the riveting story of the rise and fall of troubled TV infomercial personality Don Lapre, in *Death of a Salesman.* **Joseph Gordon-Levitt** knows a few things about television. He first appeared on the little screen at the age of six before debuting on the big one five years later. In *20Q* he reveals why, in his words, "right now is without a doubt the most exciting time in human history." **Katrina Darling** offers one more reason to make this issue of PLAYBOY a keepsake. The British beauty, who shines in her own burlesque show, *God Save the Queen,* reveals all in our pictorial of the same name (shot by photographer **Marlena Bielinska**), including how she learned she was related to the royal family. God save the queen, indeed. For lots of people, September means football. We kick off another exciting season with our distinguished new college football writer, **Bruce Feldman**—former ESPN scribe, current CBS analyst and co-author, with former Texas Tech coach Mike Leach, of the new book *Swing Your Sword: Leading the Charge in Football and Life.* Which team do we pick to go all the way in 2012–2013? Find out in *Playboy's Pigskin Preview 2012.* Question: What would you do if you received a surprise e-mail with a video of your wife having sex with another man? Now there's a heavy-duty question. One of the great short-story writers of our time, **T.C. Boyle,** tackles it in *The Way You Look Tonight.* Finally, we're offering not one but two *Playboy Interviews*: an excerpt from our 2003 talk with **Jay-Z,** part of our series celebrating 50 years of the *Playboy Interview;* and this month's conversation with genius **Richard Dawkins,** author of such best-sellers as *The Selfish Gene* (1976) and *The Magic of Reality* (2011), who will shock you with his insight on, among other things, why the pope should be arrested. Shall we get rolling? Turn the page....

T.C. Boyle

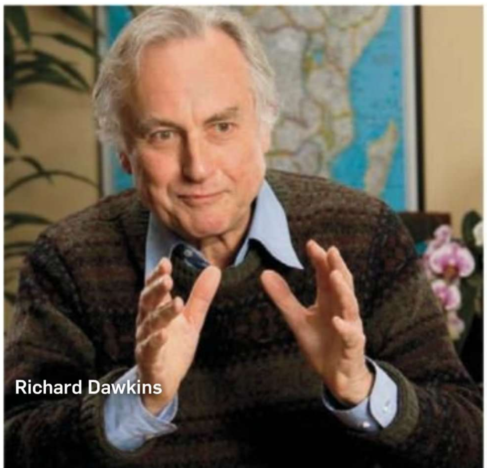
Neal Gabler

Joseph Gordon-Levitt

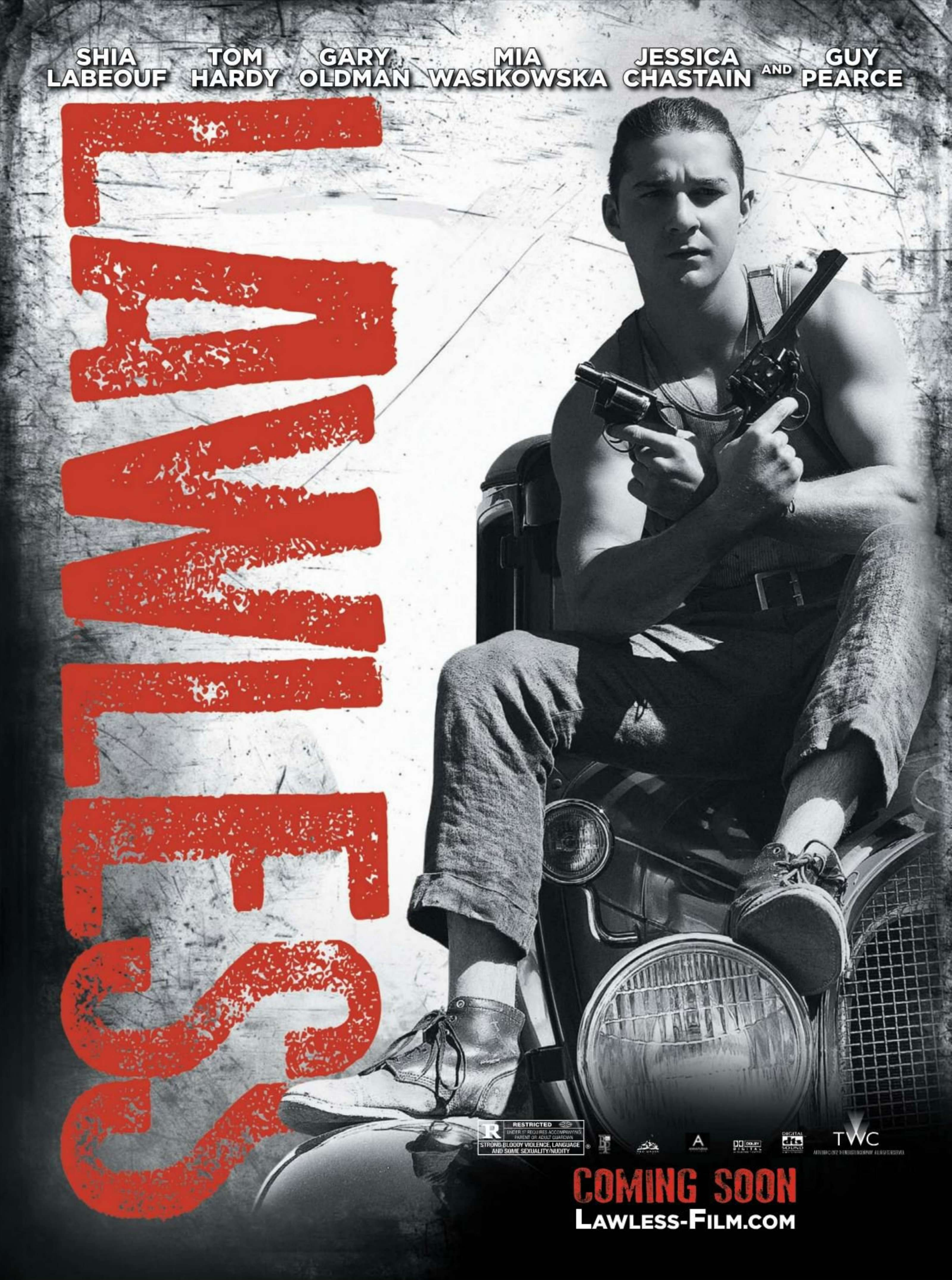
Katrina Darling with Marlena Bielinska

Bruce Feldman

Chip Rowe


Richard Dawkins

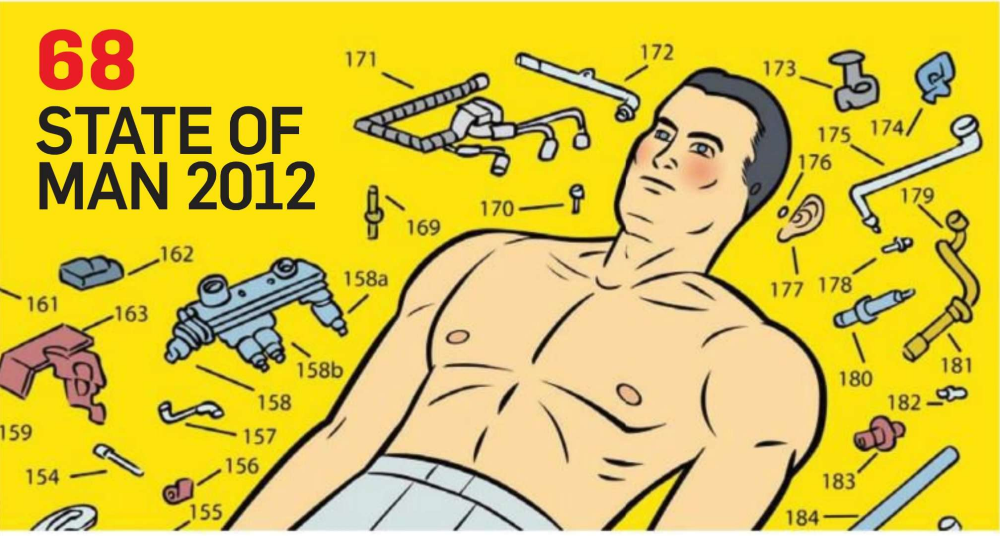
Jay-Z


SHIA LABEOUF
TOM HARDY
GARY OLDMAN
MIA WASIKOWSKA
JESSICA CHASTAIN
AND
GUY PEARCE
LAWLESS
R
RESTRICTED
UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN
STRONG BLOODY VIOLENCE, LANGUAGE AND SOME SEXUALITY/NUDITY
DIGITAL
dts
SOUND
TWC
COMING SOON
LAWLESS-FILM.COM

VOL. 59, NO. 7—SEPTEMBER 2012

PLAYBOY

CONTENTS



68
STATE OF MAN 2012

In 1992 Clinton had the votes, Los Angeles was a war zone, and we polled American men on salary, sex and life. Two decades later we take stock again, and the results are in. Where do you stand? PLAYBOY deconstructs the state of man.

118
KATRINA DARLING

FEATURES

86 PIGSKIN PREVIEW 2012
A total of 120 teams, six bowl championships and one national title: For **BRUCE FELDMAN,** back to school means back to the gridiron. Who will reign supreme? We have your top 25.

110 PLAYBOY CLASSIC: JAY-Z
Our *50 Years of the Playboy Interview* series turns to Shawn Carter. **ROB TANNENBAUM** sat down with the CEO of rap before he watched the throne.

114 DEATH OF A SALESMAN
Don Lapre was television's infomercial king, a self-made millionaire living and selling the American dream. His best qualities, however, would end up killing him. **NEAL GABLER** chronicles Lapre's meteoric rise and tragic fall.

INTERVIEW

63 RICHARD DAWKINS
The iconoclastic atheist is the man people who believe in God love to hate. **CHIP ROWE** talks to the skeptical scientist.

20Q

90 JOSEPH GORDON-LEVITT
STEPHEN REBELLO gets the indie heartthrob to open up about Zooey Deschanel, life after *Third Rock* and the extreme method acting of Daniel Day-Lewis.

FICTION

82 THE WAY YOU LOOK TONIGHT
Another e-mail, another link to click. You think nothing of it—until it reveals a sex tape starring none other than your wife. **T.C. BOYLE** lays bare the aftermath when a hidden past is brought to light.

COVER STORY

It's not unusual to find our Rabbit in bed—and his good nose naturally led him to the charms of British burlesque queen Katrina Darling, who gained fame when it was discovered she's related to the wife of the future king of England. Can you blame our Rabbit for wanting the royal treatment?

VOL. 59, NO. 7–SEPTEMBER 2012

PLAYBOY

CONTENTS

PICTORIALS

76 HOME ALONE WITH BEAU
Forget the cafés and Heinekens. Beau Hesling is the only attraction in Amsterdam you need to know.

92 PLAYMATE: ALANA CAMPOS
From the beaches of Brazil, where amazing women are standard, comes a beauty who rises above the rest.

118 GOD SAVE THE QUEEN
Sultry British burlesque star Katrina Darling is a bloody knockout. She performs a private dance in our pages.

COLUMNS

49 TALKING WITH HARMONY KORINE
What fuels the controversial director? **JAMES FRANCO** gets some answers.

50 A GUY'S GUIDE TO MOMMY PORN
JOEL STEIN reveals why women's erotica is best left to women.

52 LOCATION, LOCATION, LOCATION
LISA LAMPANELLI champions the joys of public sex. Oh, the places you'll go!

92 PLAYMATE
ALANA CAMPOS

PLAYBOY FORUM

57 DEMOGRAPHY IS DESTINY
America's changing population may spell doom for the GOP. **MELBA NEWSOME** details what it means for you.

59 WE'RE ALL HOOKERS
What differentiates a hand job from a massage? **CHIP ROWE** argues for prostitution, our vaguest vice.

59 OUR CORPORATE MASTERS
BRIAN COOK exposes how corporate cash strangles democracy.

60 READER RESPONSE
The touchy-feely TSA; Uncle Sam's commerce clause; the fundamentals of *fuck*.

61 NEWSFRONT
"Rifle polishing" for dummies; his holiness on Yelp; STD payback; hot-button Playmate politics.

PLAYBOY ON FACEBOOK

PLAYBOY ON TWITTER

GET SOCIAL Keep up with all things Playboy at facebook.com/playboy and twitter.com/playboy.

From actors to athletes, our sartorial icons demonstrate how to trim, tailor, accent and groom like the best-dressed guys around. By **JENNIFER RYAN JONES**

NEWS AND NOTES

13 WORLD OF PLAYBOY
Bill Cosby hosts his last Jazz Fest; London Cries rocks the Mansion; Hef is honored by Hollywood and reunites with Crystal Harris.

16 HOT FUN IN THE SUN
The Mansion hosts a star-spangled Fourth of July: Crystal deejays as Jon Lovitz, Bill Maher, Corey Feldman and others frolic with our patriotic Playmates. Just another reason to say "God bless America."

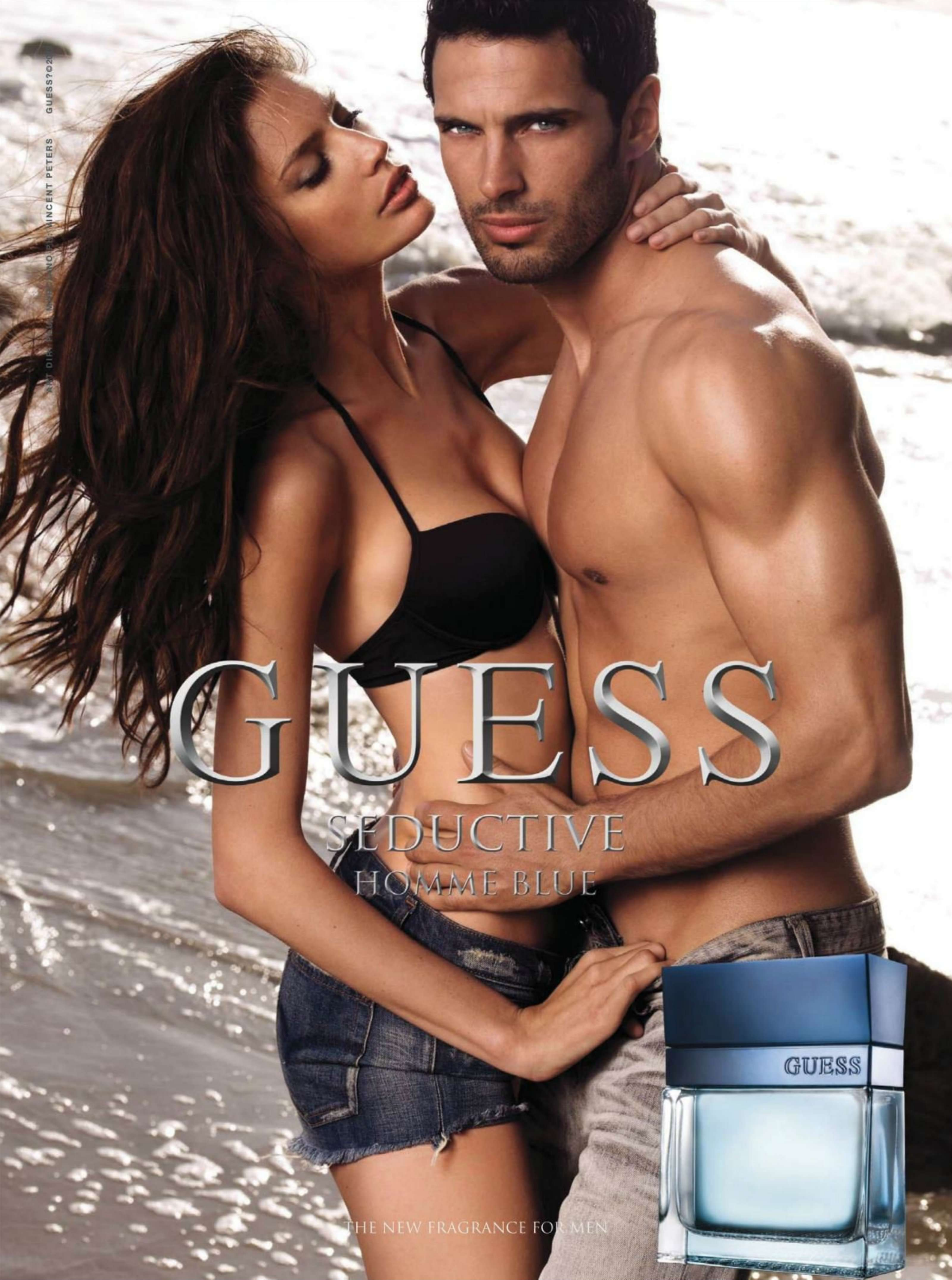
147 PLAYMATE NEWS
Hope Dworaczyk prefers a mama's boy; Crystal McCahill is poised (and posed) for romance; a Playmate's eye turns to gold.

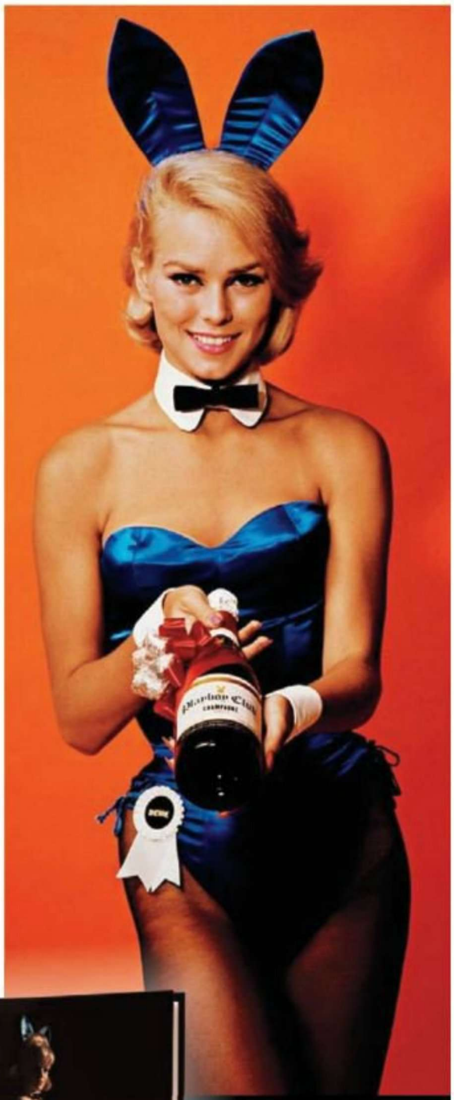
DEPARTMENTS

5 PLAYBILL
11 EDITORIAL
17 DEAR PLAYBOY
21 AFTER HOURS
36 REVIEWS
41 MANTRACK
53 PLAYBOY ADVISOR
102 PARTY JOKES

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY, 9346 CIVIC CENTER DRIVE, BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA 90210. PLAYBOY ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY TO RETURN UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL OR GRAPHIC OR OTHER MATERIAL. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS AND UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL AND GRAPHIC MATERIAL WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES, AND MATERIAL WILL BE SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALLY. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 2012 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY, PLAYMATE AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U.S. TRADEMARK OFFICE. NO PART OF THIS BOOK MAY BE REPRODUCED, STORED IN A RETRIEVAL SYSTEM OR TRANSMITTED IN ANY FORM BY ANY ELECTRONIC, MECHANICAL, PHOTOCOPYING OR RECORDING MEANS OR OTHERWISE WITHOUT PRIOR WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMI-FICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. FOR CREDITS SEE PAGE 132. DANBURY MINT AND DIRECTV ONSERTS IN DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION POLYWRAPPED COPIES. DIRECT WINES INSERT IN DOMESTIC NEWSSTAND AND SUBSCRIPTION COPIES BETWEEN PAGES 52–53. CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE TÍTULO NO. 7570 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993, Y CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE CONTENIDO NO. 5108 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993 EXPEDIDOS POR LA COMISÍON CALIFICADORA DE PUBLICACIONES Y REVISTAS ILUSTRADAS DEPENDIENTE DE LA SECRETARIA DE GOBERNACIÓN, MÉXICO. RESERVA DE DERECHOS 04-2000-071710332800-102.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.


GUESS
SEDUCTIVE
HOMME BLUE
THE NEW FRAGRANCE FOR MEN
GUESS



50 years of the Playboy Bunny

When Hugh Hefner founded the first Playboy Club in Chicago, he wanted a female waitstaff that would embody the Playboy fantasy. The Playboy Bunny was born, and 50 years later she lives on in our imaginations. With more than 200 amazing photos of classic Bunnies—along with many never-before-seen images—*50 Years of the Playboy Bunny* is the definitive work on a cultural icon. Go to playboystore.com to order. (176 pages, $35, Chronicle Books)

PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER
editor-in-chief

JIMMY JELLINEK
editorial director
STEPHEN RANDALL *deputy editor*
ROB WILSON *art director*
LEOPOLD FROEHLICH *managing editor*

A.J. BAIME, JOSH SCHOLLMEYER *executive editors*
PATTY BEAUDET-FRANCÈS *deputy photography director*
HUGH GARVEY *articles editor*
TOM STAEBLER *contributing art director*

EDITORIAL

FEATURES: JASON BUHRMESTER *senior editor* **FASHION:** JENNIFER RYAN JONES *editor* **STAFF:** JARED EVANS *assistant managing editor;* CHERIE BRADLEY *executive assistant;* GILBERT MACIAS *senior editorial assistant;* TYLER TRYKOWSKI *editorial assistant* **CARTOONS:** AMANDA WARREN *associate cartoon editor* **COPY:** WINIFRED ORMOND *copy chief;* BRADLEY LINCOLN *senior copy editor;* CAT AUER *copy editor* **RESEARCH:** NORA O'DONNELL *senior research editor;* SHANE MICHAEL SINGH *research editor* **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** BRANTLEY BARDIN, MARK BOAL, ROBERT B. DE SALVO, GRETCHEN EDGREN, JAMES FRANCO, PAULA FROELICH, J.C. GABEL, KEN GROSS, GEORGE GURLEY, DAVID HOCHMAN, ARTHUR KRETCHMER *(automotive)*, LISA LAMPANELLI *(special correspondent)*, CHRISTIAN PARENTI, JAMES R. PETERSEN, ROCKY RAKOVIC, STEPHEN REBELLO, DAVID RENSIN, CHIP ROWE, WILL SELF, DAVID SHEFF, JOEL STEIN, DAVID STEVENS, ROB TANNENBAUM, CHRISTOPHER TENNANT, ALICE K. TURNER

ART

SCOTT ANDERSON, BRUCE HANSEN, JUSTIN PAGE *senior art directors;* CRISTELA P. TSCHUMY *associate art director;* ROBERT HARKNESS *assistant art director;* MATT STEIGBIGEL *photo researcher;* AARON LUCAS *art coordinator;* LISA TCHAKMAKIAN *senior art administrator*

PHOTOGRAPHY

STEPHANIE MORRIS *west coast editor;* KRYSTLE JOHNSON *managing photo director;* BARBARA LEIGH *assistant editor;* ARNY FREYTAG, STEPHEN WAYDA *senior contributing photographers;* SASHA EISENMAN, JAMES IMBROGNO, RICHARD IZUI, ZACHARY JAMES JOHNSTON, MIZUNO, BYRON NEWMAN, GEN NISHINO, JARMO POHJANIEMI, DAVID RAMS *contributing photographers;* KEVIN MURPHY *manager, photo library;* CHRISTIE HARTMANN *archivist, photo library;* KARLA GOTCHER, CARMEN ORDOÑEZ *assistants, photo library;* CRAIG SCHRIBER *manager, prepress and imaging;* AMY KASTNER-DROWN, LIANA RIOS *digital imaging specialists;* OSCAR RODRIGUEZ *prepress operator;* KEVIN CRAIG *manager, imaging lab*

PUBLIC RELATIONS

THERESA M. HENNESSEY *vice president;* TERI THOMERSON *director*

PRODUCTION

LESLEY K. JOHNSON *production director;* KATHY L. CONRAD *production services manager*

ADMINISTRATIVE

MARCIA TERRONES *rights & permissions director*

INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING

MARKUS GRINDEL *managing director*

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES INTERNATIONAL, INC.

SCOTT FLANDERS *chief executive officer*

PLAYBOY INTEGRATED SALES

JOHN LUMPKIN *senior vice president, publisher;* MARIE FIRNENO *vice president, advertising director;* AMANDA CIVITELLO *senior marketing director*

ADVERTISING AND MARKETING: AMERICAN MEDIA INC.

DAVID PECKER *chairman and chief executive officer;* KEVIN HYSON *chief marketing officer;* HELEN BIANCULLI *executive director, direct-response advertising;* BRIAN HOAR *national spirits director* **NEW YORK:** BRIAN VRABEL *entertainment and gaming director;* MIKE BOYKA *automotive, consumer electronics and consumer products director;* ANTHONY GIANNOCCORA *fashion and grooming manager;* KENJI TROYER *digital sales planner;* KEVIN FALATKO *senior marketing manager;* MATT CASEY *marketing manager;* JOHN KITSES *art director* **LOS ANGELES:** LORI KESSLER *west coast director;* VALERIE TOVAR *digital sales planner*

Sexual Freedom

Editorial by Hugh M. Hefner

In 1965 Indiana police arrested Charles Cotner and charged him with an "abominable and detestable crime against nature." His offense? Consensual anal sex with his wife. He faced 14 years in prison. When I first learned about Cotner's case—his attorney wrote to PLAYBOY to seek our assistance—I was appalled. His wife, who signed the complaint after the couple had argued, changed her mind and asked to have the charges dropped. But the judge refused, and Cotner served nearly three years in prison before the Playboy Foundation was able to free him.

While working to strike down absurd sex laws like the one that landed Cotner behind bars, I learned a lot about the people who want to control what goes on in American bedrooms. Those who oppose us have always had one thing in common: They are on a crusade to eliminate sex not intended for the purpose of procreation.

You might think this story has nothing to do with you or your life in America in 2012. But sadly you would be wrong. The forces that put Charles Cotner in jail are the same forces at work right now. If you want a perfect example, take a look at the controversy that continues to dog the rights of gay men and women to marry. The fight for gay marriage is, in reality, a fight for all of our rights. Without it, we will turn back the sexual revolution and return to an earlier, puritanical time.

I remember that time. When I wrote *The Playboy Philosophy* in the early 1960s, both oral and anal sex were illegal in 49 of the 50 states. In 10 of those states, sodomy—which was variously defined but could, in some states, include oral sex—carried a maximum sentence of 20 years. Citizens in Connecticut who engaged in oral sex faced 30 years in prison—60 years for people who lived in North Carolina. In Nevada it could mean life behind bars. It was a time when 37 states outlawed sex between unmarried people and 45 criminalized adultery. Two states even banned heavy petting.

This is the oppressive world some would have us return to. These moralists say that if sex doesn't beget children, it's a sin. Your sex life, your privacy rights and the rights of men and women everywhere are casualties of this belief. In Arizona, under a proposed bill women who hoped to have their health insurer cover birth control would have been forced to provide their employer with proof they were taking the pill for a medical condition—not just for the purpose of avoiding pregnancy. A new Kansas law allows a pharmacist to refuse to sell someone contraception on the grounds that such a sale could violate the pharmacist's religious beliefs. Similar laws already exist in Arkansas, Georgia, Mississippi and South Dakota. Lawmakers in Michigan are pushing one of the most restrictive anti-abortion bills in decades, while in Texas and Pennsylvania people continue to demand the defunding of Planned Parenthood centers, which provide health care to countless women. Across America these conservatives continue to assault the rights of gays, whether by denying them the right to marry or, as in Kansas, by attempting to empower landlords, business owners and employers to discriminate against gays on religious grounds. And earlier this year, when a Republican legislator in Virginia told CNN "sodomy is not a civil right," I thought of Charles Cotner and wondered how much time we have left before we lose all the advances of the sexual revolution.

Nearly 50 years ago in the pages of this magazine I warned that "when religion rather than reason dictates legislation, do not expect logic with your law." Today, in every instance of sexual rights falling under attack, you'll find legislation forced into place by people who practice discrimination disguised as religious freedom. Their goal is to dehumanize everyone's sexuality and reduce us to using sex for the sole purpose of perpetuating our species. To that end, they will criminalize your entire sex life.

This is a religious nation, but it is also a secular one. For decades the American people have found a way to balance religious beliefs with secular freedoms. We have enjoyed freedom *of* religion as well as freedom *from* religion. These need not be incompatible. No one should have to subjugate their religious freedom, and no one should have their personal freedoms infringed. This is America and we must protect the rights of all Americans.

An American Original
Since 1844
16 FL. OZ.
Pabst Blue Ribbon
BEER
Established in Milwaukee
pabstblueribbon.com
PLAYBOY and Rabbit Head Design are trademarks of Playboy Enterprises International, Inc. and are used with permission by Pabst Brewing Company.

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES

PLAYBOY'S 34TH ANNUAL JAZZ FESTIVAL

Hef and Playmates enjoyed the sweet sounds of Ramsey Lewis, Robin Thicke and other cool cats during this summer's Playboy Jazz Festival. Prior to the festivities, Bill Cosby, master of ceremonies since 1979, announced that this would be his last time hosting. Along with girlfriends Trisha Frick and Chelsea Ryan, Hef met with Cos backstage. "It's been a real pleasure for me to have him play such an integral part in what makes this festival so special," Hef said.

CHRISTIE HEFNER AND NORMAN LEAR AT HUGH M. HEFNER AWARDS

Christie Hefner presided over the 2012 Hugh M. Hefner First Amendment Awards. While introducing Norman Lear, Christie called his *All in the Family* a "cultural earthquake." Lear presented Stanley Sheinbaum, co-founder of People for the American Way, with an award. Below left: Hef with his award from the L.A. Central City Association for his role as a media pioneer.

LONDON CRIES ROCKS THE MANSION

Pride of Melbourne, Australia alt-rock band London Cries (formerly known as Juke Kartel) capped off its successful West Coast swing with a private evening concert at the Mansion in June.

LIVING THE HOLLYWOOD LIFESTYLE

Hef was honored with the Hollywood Distinguished Service Award in Memory of Johnny Grant for his "lasting positive impact on the city, the people and the dream that is Hollywood." In another celebration of Hollywood, Hef's friends photographer Austin Young, PMOY 1982 Shannon Tweed, Gene Simmons and actress Cis Rundle came over for a Movie Night.

HEF AND CRYSTAL ARE BACK!

The runaway bride has returned repentant. After a year's separation, Crystal Harris wrote to Hef about how miserable she was without him. Hef welcomed her back with open arms. "I love the girl," he says.

encountercalvinklein.com
ENCOUNTER
Calvin Klein
© 2012 Calvin Klein Cosmetic Corporation / ENCOUNTER Calvin Klein®

A new fragrance for men
ENCOUNTER
Calvin Klein
Alexander Skarsgård

HOT FUN IN THE SUN

1

2

3

5

6

4

For the Mansion's Fourth of July celebration there were fireworks and firecrackers as we celebrated America's independence. (1) Hef with star-spangled beauties Chelsea Ryan, Trisha Frick and Crystal Harris in front of the Mansion's waterslide. (2) Jon Lovitz with the patriotic Miss May 2012 Nikki Leigh. (3) Explosion aficionado Michael Bay with Chanel Ly and Alex Nicol. (4) Flag-wavers Sean Patrick Flanery of *The Boondock Saints* and Miss February 2001 Lauren Michelle Hill. (5) Actor Kato Kaelin and HBO's *Real Time* host Bill Maher. (6) Chelsea and Trisha being bubbly. (7) The appropriately attired Carly Champagne celebrates July 4 the American way. (8) DJ Crystal keeps things lively on the decks. (9) Hef and youngest son Cooper. (10) Comedian Pauly Shore with Emily Leonard. (11) Beautiful backyard fireworks close the evening festivities. (12) Corey Feldman with bikini-clad beauties poolside. (13) Miss September 2009 Kimberly Phillips and rocker Todd Morse defend the PMW pool. (14) Playful Playmates are one big reason America is the greatest country on earth.

8

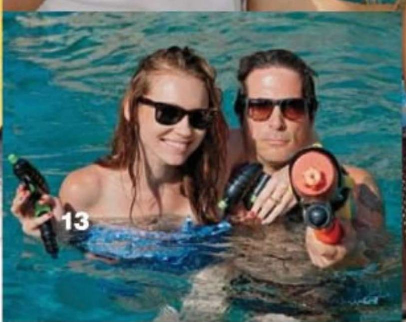
7

9

11

10

12


13

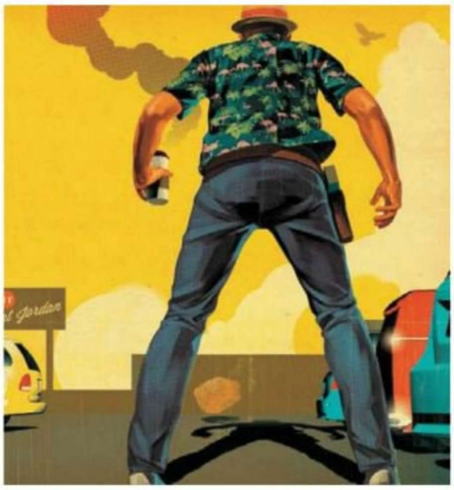
14

DEAR PLAYBOY

Gun for Cover

Thanks for the insight into the twisted mind of a gun nut (*Armed and Dangerous?,* June). There's an episode of *All in the Family* in which Archie Bunker suggests we could prevent airline hijackings by giving every passenger a gun as they board and collecting them as they leave. That seems to be Pat Jordan's idea of utopia. Imagine the scene inside a Waffle House when the first wannabe Clint Eastwood draws his weapon on a bad guy and a dozen other people follow suit. Let's hope everyone knows who the bad guy is.

Philip Weber
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



TAVIS COBURN

MONEY RULES

The article by former influence peddler Jack Abramoff is an eye-opener (*So You Want to Hire a Lobbyist,* May). It should give pause to all those who tout campaign-finance reform and term limits as the answer to our legislative problems. The only way to lessen the influence of lobbyists is to send smarter people to Washington and our state capitals.

Alvin Howard
Santa Cruz, California

It is no surprise that a criminal trying to rehabilitate his image would portray himself and his cronies as noble champions of oppressed small businesses. It is also no surprise that he would repeat tired, Tea Party–esque antigovernment rhetoric, deliberately mischaracterizing how government works. It *is* a surprise that PLAYBOY would print it.

Tim Benner
Silver Spring, Maryland

I suspect PLAYBOY readers already understand that our national government is responsive only to the bottom-feeders. What Abramoff does not address is how this dysfunctional model has crept into state and local politics.

Rick Shriver
McConnelsville, Ohio

BETTER THAN NOTHING

In his intriguing *Thy Neighbor's Life* (June), Slavoj Žižek stops short of taking his insights to their logical conclusion: The ubiquity of "lite" pleasures such as fat-free chocolate is simply a result of the application of the principles of masturbation to the nonsexual realm. Masturbation is ersatz intercourse devoid of risks. Although, like Diet Coke, it's not as enjoyable as the real thing, as Edmond O'Brien's character observes in *The Wild Bunch,* "It'll do."

Michael Pastorkovich
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

SMELLS LIKE...

In your review of summer fragrances, *Message in a Bottle* (June), you describe various scents as vetiver, bergamot, verbena, tonka bean and coumarin. Thanks for clearing that up!

Ron Ryden
Riverview, Florida

DAVID BROOKS

New York Times columnist David Brooks claims that George W. Bush is a voracious reader of great books (*Playboy Interview,* May). That's hard to believe but may explain why Bush blew off shorter reports of an imminent attack soon after his coronation by the Supreme Court. At first I was annoyed you gave Brooks so much space, but as I read his blather about "the difficulty [CEOs] have finding employees with technical skills" (who will work for $9 an hour), I realized what you were up to: The interview is a splendid exposé of an apologist for the status quo.

Michael Henry
St. Petersburg, Florida

I'm a fan of Brooks and appreciate his candor. But when he says he is "not good at moments of intimacy with family and friends," you have to wonder: Who is?

Tom Todoroff
Cold Spring, New York

JACLYN IN CHARGE

Not since PMOY 1964 Donna Michelle or PMOY 1991 Lisa Matthews has anyone

PMOY Jaclyn Swedberg: our force of nature.

dominated her Playmate of the Year issue like Jaclyn Swedberg (June).

Leo Doroschenko
West Orange, New Jersey

COVER BOYS

In June's *Dear Playboy* you show 10 covers with men. But you overlooked two—Phillip Anderson in May 1984 and Timothy Dalton in September 1987.

Robert Little
Anthem, Arizona

Sorry. You know, needles in a haystack.

NAYSAYERS

What makes Hef think liberals are better at protecting our freedoms (*The War Against Sex,* May)? Rush Limbaugh is right: The government shouldn't be paying for birth control. We are broke! Washington needs to go back to the basics—keep the country safe with strong military and police forces and build more bridges and roads.

Mark Hunter
Lincoln, Nebraska

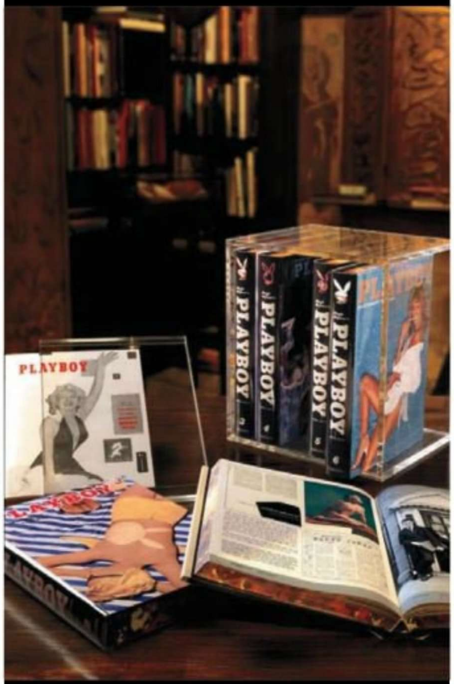
Thank goodness for your *Playboy Interview* with David Brooks. It offsets the lunacy of your Editor-in-Chief. Hef claims to be pro-choice and for Obamacare but fails to mention that women who have abortions and use birth control have a higher risk of cancer, or that countries with federal health care have much higher rates of women dying from breast and cervical cancers. It seems PLAYBOY needs to rethink *its* antiwomen stance.

R.J. Blair
Tampa, Florida

Hef didn't mention the Affordable Care Act, but whatever your view of mandated coverage, assessing the quality of health care based on survival rates is a tricky proposition because so much depends on when the diagnosis is made. As to your other claim, the science isn't that simple. A few studies have suggested a link between certain cancers and extended use of the pill, especially among women over 45, which may be due to the fact that older birth control pills had more hormones. At the same time, it's well documented that the pill reduces the risk of ovarian cancer.

I expected Hef to defend the Georgetown student whom Limbaugh called a

Hugh Hefner's Playboy



From his early days in Chicago to his party days at the Playboy Mansion, Hugh Hefner's life has been the stuff of legend. This illustrated autobiography surveys Hef's amazing journey. In six hard-cover volumes housed in a Plexiglas case, *Hugh Hefner's Playboy* is the definitive collectible survey of an American master. Also includes a facsimile of the first issue of *Playboy* and an original piece of Hef's silk pajamas. This edition is limited to 1,500 signed and numbered sets. 3,506 pages.

GO TO TASCHEN.COM TO ORDER

★LIMITED EDITION OF 1,500★
$1,300

slut and a prostitute, but I'm surprised he turned that lightning-rod event into a diatribe about "a desperate minority clinging to a fading ideology."

Paul Farley
Danville, California

OUTLAW ECONOMISTS

What a great article by Tim Schultz (*Outlaw Economists,* June). It's amazing how money can blind the most intelligent professionals. Please assign Schultz to investigate the federal government's $51.3 trillion in "unfunded liabilities"—future payouts, mostly for pensions, Social Security and Medicare—that no one has figured out how to pay for. Talk about the elephant in the bathtub.

Mike Haycox
Palmdale, California

If people were rational, they wouldn't believe that a god created mankind. The fact that most people do believe this confirms that people, and therefore markets, are not rational, and the policies being pushed by mainstream economists should not be trusted. The challenge is how to get people to believe in their own irrationality.

Stu Luttich
Geneva, Nebraska

HIP CHECK

Kudos for *Armed and Dangerous?,* a balanced story on a controversial topic. Citizens who are licensed to carry are the most mentally and emotionally stable people you'll ever meet. But open carry, in my opinion, is designed to call attention to the fact that a person should be presumed dangerous. I prefer to keep the bad guys guessing.

Gregory Schroeder
Warsaw, Indiana

Jordan misquotes the Second Amendment by excising the comma before "shall not be infringed." The comma creates two nonessential phrases. The Bill of Rights, at least in a grammatical sense, protects only the right to a well-regulated militia.

Jeff Cox
Shawnee, Oklahoma

The Second Amendment in the Bill of Rights approved by Congress in 1789 has three commas, while the versions ratified by the states over the next two years to put the amendment into force have no commas or one, two or three. Everybody has their favorite.

If open carry deters criminals, why do so many still confront police officers and security guards or other criminals who are clearly armed? Even if you agree with the notion that "guns don't kill people, people kill people," guns sure make the killing easier.

Erin Hoffman
St. Paul, Minnesota

The Second Amendment has nothing to do with home defense, hunting, gun collecting or toting your gun about town. Its purpose is to ensure that the government fears and respects the citizenry. I imagine the founding fathers would consider us failures on that point. I could open carry, but my penis is of sufficient size that I do not need the attention.

Blaine Clark
Gold Hill, Oregon

Why would anybody take Pat Jordan seriously when he can't take a piss without dropping his gun and wetting himself? No wonder people who don't own guns are wary of those who do.

Fredric Ferris
Woodstock, Georgia

I carry a concealed gun but don't feel superior. However, I do feel calmer knowing I can protect myself.

Tom Bougie
Grand Forks, North Dakota

The best hand ever: five aces and a pair.

ACE IN THE HOLE

I enjoyed your short history of strip poker ("Wild Cards," *After Hours,* June), but I can't figure out where your model was hiding that fifth ace.

Matt Hertel
St. Louis, Missouri

Hard to say. Even with five aces she doesn't appear to be doing too well.

PLAYMATE REVIEWS

As I took in the gorgeous photos of Playmate Amelia Talon (*Summer Flame*), I realized your June issue features both the 2012 and 2013 PMOYs.

Jim Hayes
Westminster, Colorado

I almost wish you hadn't discovered Miss May Nikki Leigh (*On the Road*). I think I might be in love, and there's nothing I can do about it.

Charles Burke
Andover, Connecticut

E-mail LETTERS@PLAYBOY.COM Or write 9346 CIVIC CENTER DRIVE, BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA 90210

blu ELECTRONIC CIGARETTE

•Freedom to Smoke Anywhere •No Tobacco Smoke Only Vapor •Flavors Made in the U.S.A.

You smoke. So did we. Freedom and flavor never go out of style and neither do you.
Tell the world you've moved up, smoke when and where you want.

blucigs.com

18+ ID required. | blu ecigs are not a smoking cessation product and have not been evaluated by the Food and Drug Administration, nor are they intended to treat, prevent or cure any disease or condition.

DUCATI
DIAVEL
Life is not always a straight line.
The Ducati Diavel. Take a turn.
Captivating beauty, state-of-the-art technology and innovative design. 162 hp of authentic Ducati performance provides an irresistible adrenaline rush. ABS, Ducati Traction Control and three Riding Modes deliver comfortable riding and confident control. The Ducati Diavel: time to take a turn.
DUCATI
ducatiusa.com
V-Power Recommended
Powered by PIRELLI

BECOMING ATTRACTION

GABRIELA DIAS

"Because I'm Brazilian, curves have been a big part of my life," says model-designer Gabriela Dias. She recently wrapped an appearance in *Emanuel and the Truth About Fishes* with Jessica Biel and is working on her next bikini line. "Nothing looks better than a woman in the right bikini." We wouldn't disagree.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JUSTIN MACALA

A Plea for the PLAYBOY QUARTERBACK

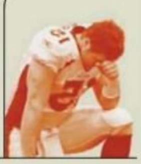
Has the football lothario been sidelined forever?

It started when a dancer for the Broadway production of *Rock of Ages* posted a photo online of Tim Tebow surrounded by female cast members. His handlers, worried about the image of God's chosen quarterback, allegedly ordered the dancer to take it down. But the photo showed more than the virginal New York Jet with a pack of women; it captured the death of the unabashed bachelor quarterback. Gone are the star players who would party on Saturday—Joe Namath squiring Raquel Welch to the Academy Awards or Tom Brady dating a string of supermodels and actresses—and win on Sunday. Where are the QBs we can envy for their football skills as well as for their swinging social life? Take notice, Andrew Luck: We're watching your game—both on and off the field.

1974 Namath

2009 Brady

2011 Tebow



Joe Namath with singer Suzy Storm

ART GIANT

From collectors to members of Green Day, the world focuses on China

China has conquered the art world. For years, experts have pointed to the country as the best investment for artwork, and last year collectors spent $17.4 billion there thanks in part to an explosion of new talent. Our favorite? Wang Niandong, a Sichuan-born artist who creates six-foot-tall paintings of lingerie-clad women towering over skylines. Green Day bassist Mike Dirnt is a fan. "To me they are powerful, sexy and dreamlike, set among chaotic backdrops. I love the playfulness and longing they evoke," Dirnt explains. "My friends can't believe my wife let me hang such a giant, sexy painting in our hallway."

CUBA LIBRE

Your permanent holiday in Havana moves closer

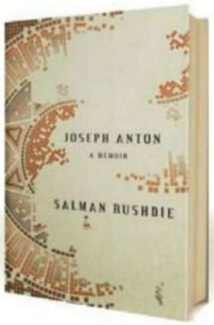
For the first time since Castro's revolution, some foreigners can finally buy classic cars and apartments in Cuba, thanks to recent revisions to the law. Only permanent residents can do so for now, but that's likely to change soon. Shop for your 1953 Ford convertible and $50,000 Havana studio at revolico.com.

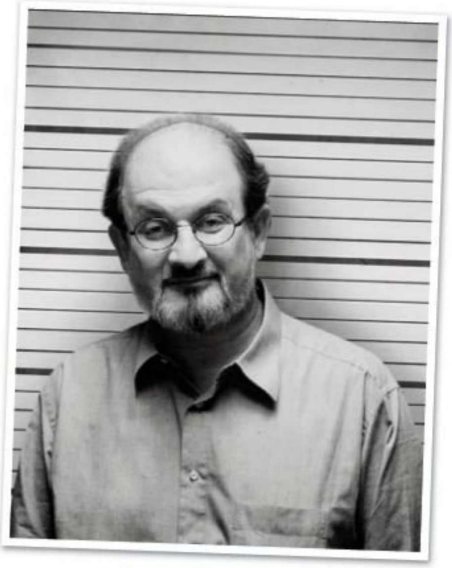
AVAILABLE AT LORD & TAYLOR AND LORDANDTAYLOR.COM
ROCKS
BY ORIGINAL PENGUIN
SINCE 1955

WRITERS ON THE RUN

What happens when wordsmiths go underground

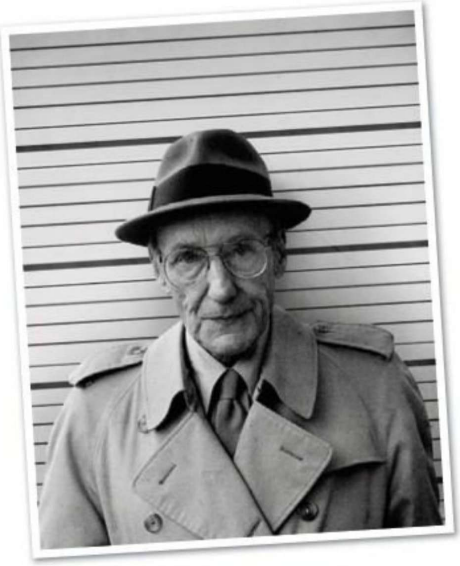
When the Iranian government put a target on Salman Rushdie's back, the British author did the only thing he could do. He disappeared. It was 1989, and Muslims everywhere were angered by the publication of Rushdie's *Satanic Verses*—specifically, the novel's portrayal of Muhammad and its references to verses omitted from the Koran that are considered blasphemous. Ayatollah Khomeini, outraged by these perceived slights against Islam, issued a fatwa (or order) calling for "all brave Muslims of the world" to locate anyone associated with the book and "kill them without delay" and offered a reward for the author's death. Bookstores were firebombed, the Japanese translator of the novel was stabbed to death and a man building a bomb intended for Rushdie blew himself up, taking out two floors of a London hotel. Rushdie spent nine years in hiding. This month Random House will publish *Joseph Anton: A Memoir,* detailing the years Rushdie and his family spent on the run, surrounded by armed guards and moving from house to house. We take a look at Rushdie and two other authors who took flight.





RUSHDIE

Security forces protecting Salman Rushdie from would-be assassins asked the author to choose an alias. Rushdie chose the name Joseph Anton, a tribute to two of his favorite writers: Joseph Conrad and Anton Chekhov.



BURROUGHS

Naked Lunch author William S. Burroughs fled to Mexico after police in Louisiana raided his home looking for drugs. He later absconded to South America from Mexico after he accidentally shot and killed his wife.

KESEY

After police arrested him for marijuana possession in 1965, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* author Ken Kesey faked his death by leaving his truck and a suicide note near a cliff in northern California. He hid in Mexico but returned to the U.S. to spend six months in jail.

MEAT THE FUTURE

The laboratory race to create the next great meal

Are engineers making your next dinner? Beyond Meat, a start-up launched with investment money from the co-founders of Twitter, is developing a new non-meat product made from a mix of soy and pea protein that retains the taste and mouthfeel of real chicken. Meanwhile in Japan, researchers created three clones using cells extracted from Yasufuku, a steer renowned for siring more than 40,000 wagyu cattle, the breed used for Japan's exceptional Kobe beef. Don't fire up the grill just yet. The Japanese have not approved the sale of cloned beef. —*Chauncey Hollingsworth*

SOA
SONS OF ANARCHY
CALIFORNIA
WASHINGTON
ARIZONA
SEPT 11
TUES 10
FX
THERE IS NO BOX
TV MA
#SOAFX
TM & ©2012 FX Networks, LLC. All rights reserved.

NEVER SLEEP | BERLIN

BERLIN

Edgy, arty and perpetually in flux, Berlin is not merely a spectator city. A postwar consciousness pervades here as creative minds push the boundaries of public and private, replacing Soviet drabness with parks, municipal buildings with nightclubs and graffitied city streets with catwalks. Sure, you could just look, but you're encouraged to touch. —*Jeralyn Gerba*

DAWN

Check in to the Dude, a simultaneously design-minded and masculine boutique hotel in the Friedrichshain-Kreuzberg neighborhood. The Dude himself (a German businessman cum hotelier) has a fondness for New York steakhouses, so he opened his own on-site: the Brooklyn Beef Club, tricked out with a whiskey bar that serves 150 varieties of the brown stuff. Berliners go crazy for the adjacent Schmidt's Deli, where you can order a rejuvenating post-flight pastrami sandwich.

DAY

Flughafen Berlin-Tempelhof, the city's defunct commercial airport and site of the Berlin airlift, is now one of the largest unconventional playgrounds in Europe. Its motto is "Freedom of movement," and visitors have the run of the place. Bike or take the U-Bahn, sling beers near the terminal, grill sausages on former airstrips and watch skateboarders tear up the runway.... In this city of galleries and museums immemorial, the hottest is Hamburger Bahnhof, a contemporary art space in a former railway station.... Thirsty for more culture? Drinking in one of Berlin's many beer gardens will give you insight into how the locals live to the fullest. Do yourself a favor and visit at least two: Prater Garten in the Prenzlauerberg neighborhood is the city's oldest; the canalside beer garden in the Tiergarten, Berlin's central park, is by far its most bucolic.

DUSK

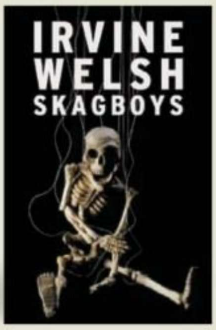
Photographer Helmut Newton was born in Berlin, and his nude portraits (which have graced the pages of many a PLAYBOY) are celebrated at Newton Bar. Sophisticated patrons, Cohibas balanced between their lips, mingle among leather chairs, marble walls and larger-than-life photographs of supermodels (below).... Get dinner, then dance at Cookies, the club to beat, where the Cookies Cream restaurant swings late into the night.

DAWN

Holy shit, you're starving. Currywurst (sliced pork sausage served hot with fries and curried ketchup) is the Berlin stoner-food staple. Happily, 24-hour kiosks are all over the place.... You could use a good *schvitz.* Recoup at Badeschiff (translation: "bathing ship"), a swimming pool in a recycled cargo ship floating on the river Spree. To keep things social, there's a DJ, a bar and—come winter—a coed naked sauna.

FLIGHT DECK

First-class entertainment for your next plane ride

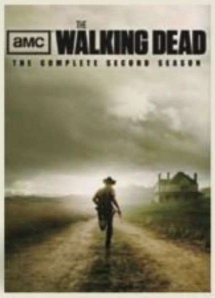


SKAGBOYS

Trainspotting's prequel shows the boys before the drugs.

THE GASLIGHT ANTHEM

Jersey rockers mix the Boss and the Clash on their new album.



THE WALKING DEAD

The zombie series really finds its bite in the second season.

1029285827203-233-456

FASTEST JUST GOT FASTER.

MORE THAN 35 KEY IMPROVEMENTS ON THE NEW S 1000 RR.

BMW Motorrad took the world by storm with the introduction of the original S 1000 RR. Now, only two years after its introduction, we've made more than 35 significant improvements. The NEW second generation RR is poised to retain its crown as the King of the Superbikes.

Already, the RR has amassed 120 race victories, 10 championship titles, 60 podium finishes, 40 "best in test" awards, 20 design accolades and 30 riders' choice awards. The 2012 BMW S 1000 RR is more than just the best. It's superbike royalty. Long live the King. **MSRP $15,050 including Race ABS.**

S 1000 RR.
UNSTOPPABLE SPORT.

3ASY RIDE
EXCLUSIVELY FROM
BMW FINANCIAL SERVICES

Surprisingly low monthly payments are available through 3asy Ride financing, ask your local dealer for details.

©2012 BMW Motorrad USA, a division of BMW of North America, LLC. MSRP excludes tax, title, destination and registration fees. 3asy Ride is not offered in NC, ND, NH, NV, PA and WV. Visit your local dealer for details and alternate financing options. The BMW name and logo are registered trademarks. Always ride safely and wear proper protective gear.

HOT DISH from a COOL RESTAURANT

THE DISH

MARY'S VINEGAR CHICKEN

America's most popular protein just might be its blandest. Which is why it's our duty to share with you a simple trick invented in France and recently perfected at L.A. gastropub the Pikey. Here, chef Ralph Johnson sears the bird until it's a crispy golden brown and then spikes it with a bracing, buttery, sweet-tart sauce.

Ingredients

- *2 tbsp. olive oil*
- *1 chicken, 3 ¾ lbs., quartered*
- *salt*
- *freshly ground black pepper*
- *2 tbsp. butter*
- *4 cloves garlic, peeled and halved*
- *1 cup sherry vinegar*
- *fresh basil leaves*

Cooking Instructions

Preheat oven to 450 degrees. In a large ovenproof skillet, heat olive oil over medium-high heat until smoking. ***Season*** chicken with salt and pepper. ***Place*** chicken pieces skin-side down in the pan and sear until golden brown, about five minutes. ***Add*** butter and garlic cloves and cook two minutes more. ***Add*** vinegar (carefully). ***Turn*** chicken over and put pan in oven. ***Cook*** for 20 to 30 minutes or until an instant-read thermometer indicates 160 degrees. ***Garnish*** with basil. ***Serve*** with french fries or mashed potatoes.

THE SPOT

THE PIKEY

Nightlife impresarios Sean MacPherson and Jared Meisler are behind many of L.A.'s most enduring high-concept restaurants and bars, from mod diner Swingers to tequila temple El Carmen to constructivist vodka mill Bar Lubitsch. They went across the pond for the inspiration for their latest venture, transforming Hollywood watering hole Ye Coach and Horses into a hipster fantasy of a Brit-style gastropub. The interior is straight out of a Guy Ritchie movie (the name is Brit slang for gypsy, à la Brad Pitt's character in *Snatch*), and the wood-paneled space is loaded with photos of British baddies and paintings of maharajas. MacPherson and Meisler have installed a Michelin-starred English chef (formerly of New York's Spotted Pig) behind the stoves and stocked the two bars with top-shelf booze and beer. Reserve a table for dinner, and afterward make your way to the back bar before the crowds start lining up at the velvet rope outside.

DINNER WITH | CAT POWER

The globe-trotting Atlanta-born singer-songwriter dishes on her favorite foods in Paris

"When you grow up eating barbecue from kindergarten on, you develop quite an affection for food, and I love eating in Paris. When I was recording there I ate at L'Homme Tranquille almost every other day for a year. Louise, the owner's daughter, plays the best garage music, and her beau is the chef. Order the chicken with honey and coriander. Enishi in Montmartre has a female sushi chef who gives love to every plate, every slice, every flavor. It's simple, pure, clean, delicious. Go to Le Restaurant at L'Hotel if you have money to burn. The frog-leg balls are a little too much for me but a nice trick to play on a hater. At Café de Flore I always get caviar and a glass of champagne. It sucks Café de Flore doesn't have onions or capers, but fuck it, if you're having champagne and caviar in France, life's pretty damn good. Period."

It sucks Café de Flore doesn't have onions or capers, but fuck it, if you're having champagne and caviar in France, life's pretty damn good. Period."

The latest album from Cat Power, a.k.a. Chan Marshall, is Sun (Matador), her first release in four years.

Stoli.com

Our first two flavors, remixed in celebration of their 50th Anniversary.

SAVOR STOLI RESPONSIBLY.
STOLICHNAYA® flavored premium vodkas. 37.5% Alc./Vol. Distilled from grain. William Grant & Sons, Inc. New York, NY. © 2012 Spirits International, B.V.

latest buzz

THE NEW HIGHBALL

The highball is one category of cocktail you don't need a dog-eared copy of Jerry Thomas's 1862 *Bartenders Guide* to master. Essentially booze and a mixer over ice in a tall glass, it doesn't get much easier. (If you've made a rum and Coke, you can make any highball.) Better bartenders across the country are taking the highball higher, with excellent booze and just a bit more thought. We turned to Jason Kosmas, co-founder of New York's mixological mecca Employees Only, author of *Speakeasy* and now beverage director of Marquee Grill in Dallas, to school us on new and improved classics he serves at his bars.

1 DARK & STORMY

The addition of ginger liqueur doubles the spicy punch of this classic Caribbean cocktail.

2 oz. Gosling's Black Seal rum

2 oz. ginger beer

3/4 oz. freshly squeezed lime juice

3/4 oz. ginger liqueur such as Domaine de Canton

Garnish with a sprig of mint and a lime wedge.

2 TIFOSI

Campari and sweet vermouth make an americano. Kosmas adds orange soda to create the *tifosi*, Italian slang for "rabid soccer fan."

1 oz. Campari

1 oz. sweet vermouth

2–3 oz. San Pellegrino Aranciata orange soda

Garnish with an orange slice.

3 PRESBYTERIAN

Kosmas switches in rye in this wryly named drink typically made with scotch.

2 oz. 100-proof rye whiskey

2 oz. ginger beer

3/4 oz. freshly squeezed lime juice

3/4 oz. simple syrup

Garnish with a lime wheel and a sprig of mint.

Stoli.com

SAVOR STOLI RESPONSIBLY.
STOLICHNAYA® Vodka. 40% Alc./Vol. Distilled from grain. William Grant & Sons, Inc. New York, NY. © 2012 Spirits International, B.V.

what to wear

THE NEW POWER SUIT

The double-breasted suit is back, and no, you don't have to be a 1930s mobster or Pau Gasol to look good in one. It used to be that vertically challenged guys were dissuaded from donning the dapper cut, but designers from Burberry to Tom Ford to Zegna are playing fast and loose with that rule. With a slimmer—but not too slim—fit, the modern double-breasted suit now comes in styles appropriate for men who fall into the category between Hipster in a Skinny Suit and Rochester Big and Tall. With exaggerated lapels and an all-around rakish appeal, the new DB is the suit to put on when you want to stand out from the pack.

—Adam Tschorn

Heirloom tailored Anderson double-breasted suit, $1,595, Avery shirt, $225, thin tie, $95, and Gulch loafer, $350, all by **Billy Reid.**

expert opinion

A DESIGNER DECONSTRUCTS THE DOUBLE-BREASTED SUIT

Florence, Alabama–based menswear designer Billy Reid is a dude's designer, making handsome clothes with exacting American craftsmanship. He has also garnered a handful of design awards and has collaborated with K-Swiss on a sneaker line. And he has a thing for double-breasted suits. He not only loves wearing them but also makes updated versions that take the eye-catching cut from old-school to modern cool. Here he breaks down the new double breasted.

INSPIRATION

"I've got an old photograph of [Louisiana governor and U.S. senator] Huey Long in a double-breasted suit on my inspiration board. My great-grandfather was Long's personal attorney."

PROPORTION DISTORTION

"There used to be so much extra fabric that if you wore the jacket unbuttoned it looked as though you were wearing a tent. We play with the length of the jacket, which is going to be a bit higher on a younger guy, and we raise the armholes."

SIZE DOESN'T MATTER

"It's a flattering cut for someone who is tall. But if it's cut slimmer, your height doesn't matter."

GBX
GBXshoe.com
Lights Resolve video available at GBXshoe.com

classic look

THE ART SCHOOL COOL OF JACKSON POLLOCK

Of all the badass, hard-drinking abstract expressionists, Jackson Pollock was the most concrete about his personal style: stripped down, working class and unabashedly virile. He's the reason you'll find art students the world over—not to mention superstars such as contemporary conceptual artist Matthew Barney—wearing well-worn boots, sturdy denim jeans and a T-shirt. A work shirt accessorized with a filterless cigarette was about as dressed up as Pollock got. While the cigarette is by no means essential, his aesthetic is right for any guy who wants to dress casually—and artfully.

SHIRT

Cotton tee, $34, by Alternative Apparel.

SHOES

Loop distressed boots, $135, by Bed Stü.

JEANS

Waxed straight-leg jeans, $175, by David Bitton.

GIORGIO BRUTINI
MODERN SHOES
FOR MODERN MEN
GIORGIOBRUTINI.COM
HIGH LINE, NYC

movie of the month

GANGSTER SQUAD

By **Stephen Rebello**

Gangster Squad, the all-star crime flick set in 1940s and 1950s L.A., features Ryan Gosling, Josh Brolin, Anthony Mackie and Giovanni Ribisi as a secret team of cops doing bloody battle with powerful East Coast mobster Mickey Cohen, played by Sean Penn. Don't confuse the new gangland movie with a gritty, noirish period thriller along the lines of *L.A. Confidential.* "It's just a fun, super-entertaining movie with tons of laughs," says director Ruben Fleischer. "The style is a fresh take on a classic genre. It feels like the Western *The Magnificent Seven,* not your father's gangster movie." The *Zombieland* director assures us his new movie is also bloody and action-packed. "The gangsters are bad, tough, formidable dudes who could take out anyone or anything, including zombies," says Fleischer. "Sean's the heavyweight, and his intensity is really something. Our working relationship ended up being better than I could ever imagine."

CRIMINAL CRED

One of the harder acting jobs is playing a thug. Why? Because, to be honest, most actors are girlie men. They wear makeup and pretty clothes and they can't change a tire without a stuntman. And yet actors love pretending to be bad. In *Killing Them Softly,* set during 2008's financial meltdown, two lowlifes stick up a Mob-protected poker game. The movie's big-name stars thrive on tough-guy roles, but which one will be the most convincing? We grade the thuggishness of four actors who have made their bones being something they're not.

RICHARD JENKINS

A mob guy smart enough to know that Pitt is the right guy to hire. B

BRAD PITT

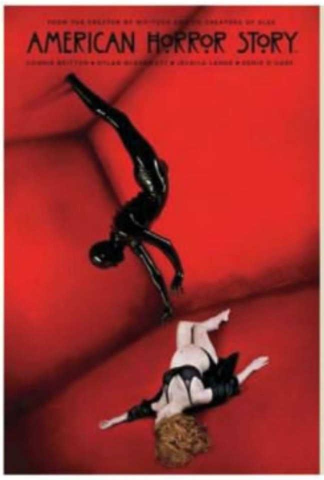
Shoots victims at long range so he won't have to hear them whining. A-

JAMES GANDOLFINI

A tumbledown contract killer addicted to booze and hookers. A

RAY LIOTTA

The shady manager of the card game who sets the violence in motion. B-



DVD of the month

AMERICAN HORROR STORY: THE COMPLETE FIRST SEASON

The scary good debut of FX's hit horror-drama anthology series focuses on infidelity as we follow the Harmon family—Ben, Vivien and their teen daughter—after they move into a restored L.A. mansion for a fresh start. The freak show awaiting them includes an entity in a black bondage suit who impregnates Vivien, and Jessica Lange as a twisted, meddling neighbor. (BD) Best extra: A guided tour of this haunting house. ¥¥¥1/2 —*Robert B. DeSalvo*

tease frame

SIENNA GUILLORY

Sienna Guillory stripped down for the unconventional *The Principles of Lust* (pictured). Will fanboys be so lucky when she reprises her role as Jill Valentine in *Resident Evil: Retribution*?

must-watch TV

FIVE MOST INTRIGUING NEW SHOWS

By **Josef Adalian**

Like tributes in *The Hunger Games,* most of this fall's flood of new series will quickly perish. But for now, let's stay hopeful: We've found five intriguing freshmen worth keeping an eye on. The year's best new drama may be CBS's ***Elementary,*** a radical retelling of the Sherlock Holmes legend that imports the famed detective to 21st century New York City, turns him into a recovering druggie and gives him a female Watson (Lucy Liu). Sounds cheesy, but snappy writing and a riveting performance from Jonny Lee Miller (*Dexter*) make this the most interesting new CBS crime drama since *CSI.* Reboot aficionados should also keep an eye on ***Arrow,*** about DC Comics crime fighter Green Arrow. It's on the CW, so expect our hero's love life to get as much attention as his villain vanquishing. For great acting, ABC's riveting thriller ***Last Resort*** gives us the always amazing Andre Braugher as a nuclear-sub captain who goes rogue after sensing a government conspiracy. Also thick with paranoia is NBC's J.J. Abrams–produced ***Revolution,*** set in the dystopian world that emerges 15 years after a global blackout renders most mechanical things obsolete. It's a great premise but, based on the pilot, shakily executed. Not everything's deadly serious this season. Fox's ***The Mindy Project*** lets Mindy Kaling (who quit *The Office* to headline her own show) play doctor—specifically, an ob-gyn whose pathetic personal life provides endless comic fodder; think *Bridget Jones* meets *New Girl.* Sadly, it's a lousy year for new comedies, but Kaling's show is a very funny exception.

---

book of the month

© LYNN QUAYLE

LeRoy Neiman: ALL TOLD

The late artist was one of PLAYBOY's greatest contributors, having graced these pages with thousands of paintings and illustrations. Neiman's life was as colorful as his art, as this rollicking memoir confirms. As anyone who met him could tell you, he was a gifted raconteur, and his wry voice comes through in his anecdotes about Muhammad Ali and Andy Warhol. The images aren't bad either.

video game of the month

BORDERLANDS 2

By **Jason Buhrmester**

Part *Mad Max,* part Saturday morning cartoon and part LSD trip, Borderlands is the most fun world in video games today. The biggest laughs in *Borderlands 2* (360, PS3) come from the characters, an odd gallery of mutants and jive-talking robots, and from the wild action, delivered through an arsenal bigger than any previous game's. (The game's creators claim the official weapon count is "870 gajillion.") Those weapons come in handy as you cross the postapocalyptic planet battling packs of bloodthirsty bandits and bizarre creatures on your mission to defeat Handsome Jack, boss of the Hyperion Corporation. Take on the fight solo or enlist a friend to join in co-op mode. Don't worry—there are enough guns for everyone.

15

PERCENTAGE OF PEOPLE WHO WOULD RATHER GIVE UP SEX FOR A WEEKEND THAN SPEND IT WITHOUT THEIR IPHONE.

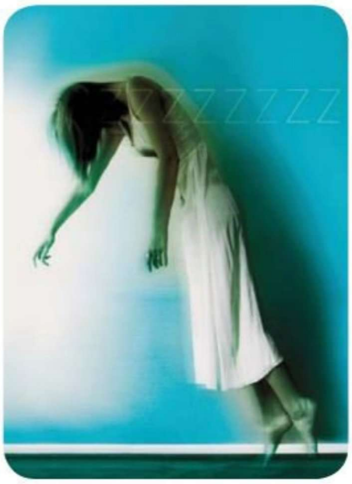
4

PERCENTAGE WHO USE THEIR IPHONE DURING SEX.

GO GRANDE!

PLAYBOY'S COFFEE

MEN WHO DRINK 2 TO 3 *cups of coffee* / DAY MAY LIVE LONGER.



30 Percentage of U.S. adults who have sleepwalked.

DON'T SHARE THIS WITH ANYONE

Of the 112 messages a corporate e-mail user sends and receives in a typical workday, about 17 contain gossip.

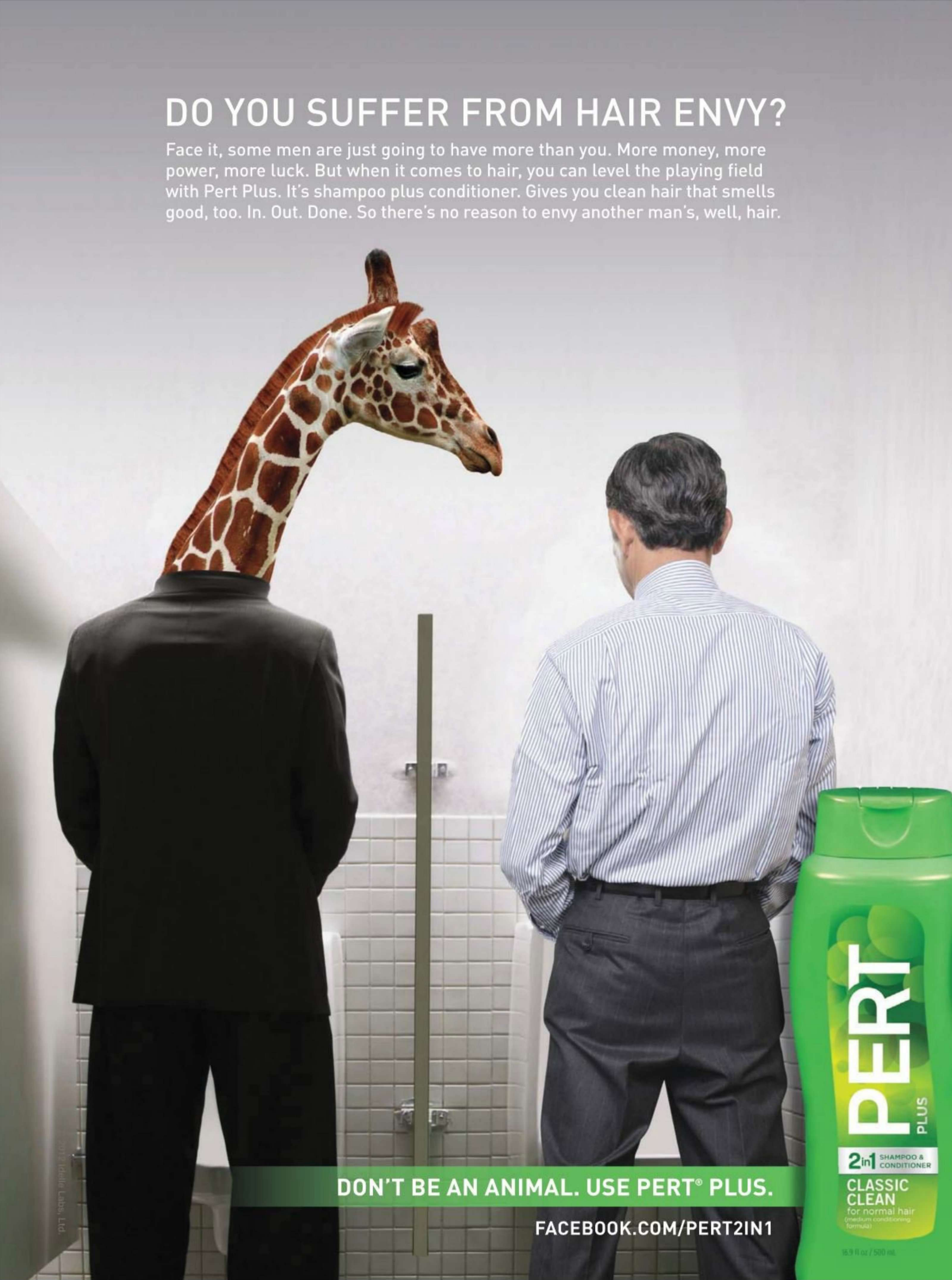
40% of New York's 911 calls are accidental **"POCKET DIALS."**

400 MILLISECONDS Time it takes a 90 mph pitch to travel the 60.5 feet to home plate.

1,000 Number of attempts needed to crack the average-strength password.

6 TIMES Increase in the average cost of a college degree over the past **30 YEARS.**

Employees who exercise earn up to **10 PERCENT** MORE THAN THOSE WHO DO NOT.


DO YOU SUFFER FROM HAIR ENVY?
Face it, some men are just going to have more than you. More money, more power, more luck. But when it comes to hair, you can level the playing field with Pert Plus. It's shampoo plus conditioner. Gives you clean hair that smells good, too. In. Out. Done. So there's no reason to envy another man's, well, hair.
DON'T BE AN ANIMAL. USE PERT® PLUS.
FACEBOOK.COM/PERT2IN1
PERT
PLUS
2in1 SHAMPOO & CONDITIONER
CLASSIC CLEAN
for normal hair
2012 Idelle Labs, Ltd.

HUGH HEFNER
PLAYBOY, ACTIVIST AND REBEL
A FILM BY ACADEMY AWARD WINNER BRIGITTE BERMAN
"A REVEALING PORTRAIT OF THE FREEDOM-FIGHTING MAN BENEATH THE SILK PAJAMAS."
– THE HOLLYWOOD REPORTER
HUGH HEFNER
PLAYBOY, ACTIVIST AND REBEL
CRITICS PICK
THE MOST CONTROVERSIAL DOCUMENTARY OF THE YEAR IS NOW AVAILABLE ON DVD. BUY IT NOW!
CALL 1-800-423-9494 OR GO TO PLAYBOYSTORE.COM TO ORDER.
$29.95. DVD. 124 MINUTES. RATED R.
www.hughhefnerplayboyactivistrebel.com

AMERICA'S SPORTS CAR
60 YEARS OF THE CORVETTE

More than any other automobile, Chevrolet's Corvette has mirrored the spirit of American rebellion over the years. When it appeared in the 1950s it signified the birth of a new adventurism. In the 1960s it stood for sex, speed and danger. The 1970s: success and style. The 1980s: excess and bad style. And so on. To find out what the 60th-anniversary convertible Vette (pictured above right, along with an original 1953 model) is all about, we snagged an exclusive first drive. On the road the car handled like a sturdy everyday commuter with secret powers lurking underneath the hood. On Autobahn Country Club's 3.6-mile, 19-turn racetrack south of Chicago, we cut this baby loose: crisp steering, furious torque, hair-raising velocity. The stats: 427 V8, 505 hp, 190 mph top speed. A retro-cool manual is the only option. Like its predecessors, this Corvette comes loaded with cultural significance: We are a nation obsessed with toys, and this is the best toy $75,925 can buy—the most powerful convertible Corvette ever, hitting showrooms now.

1953 *Birth*

General Motors debuts the Corvette at its Motorama on January 17.

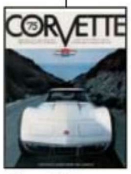
1960 *Racing*

The Vette ushers in a new road-racing golden age in America.

1969 *Blastoff*

Chevy offers all four crewmen of *Apollo 12* gold Corvettes.

1974 *Style*



The third-gen Stingray sets the 1970s styling standard.

1984 *The A-Team*

"Faceman" Peck drives a Vette on *The A-Team*.

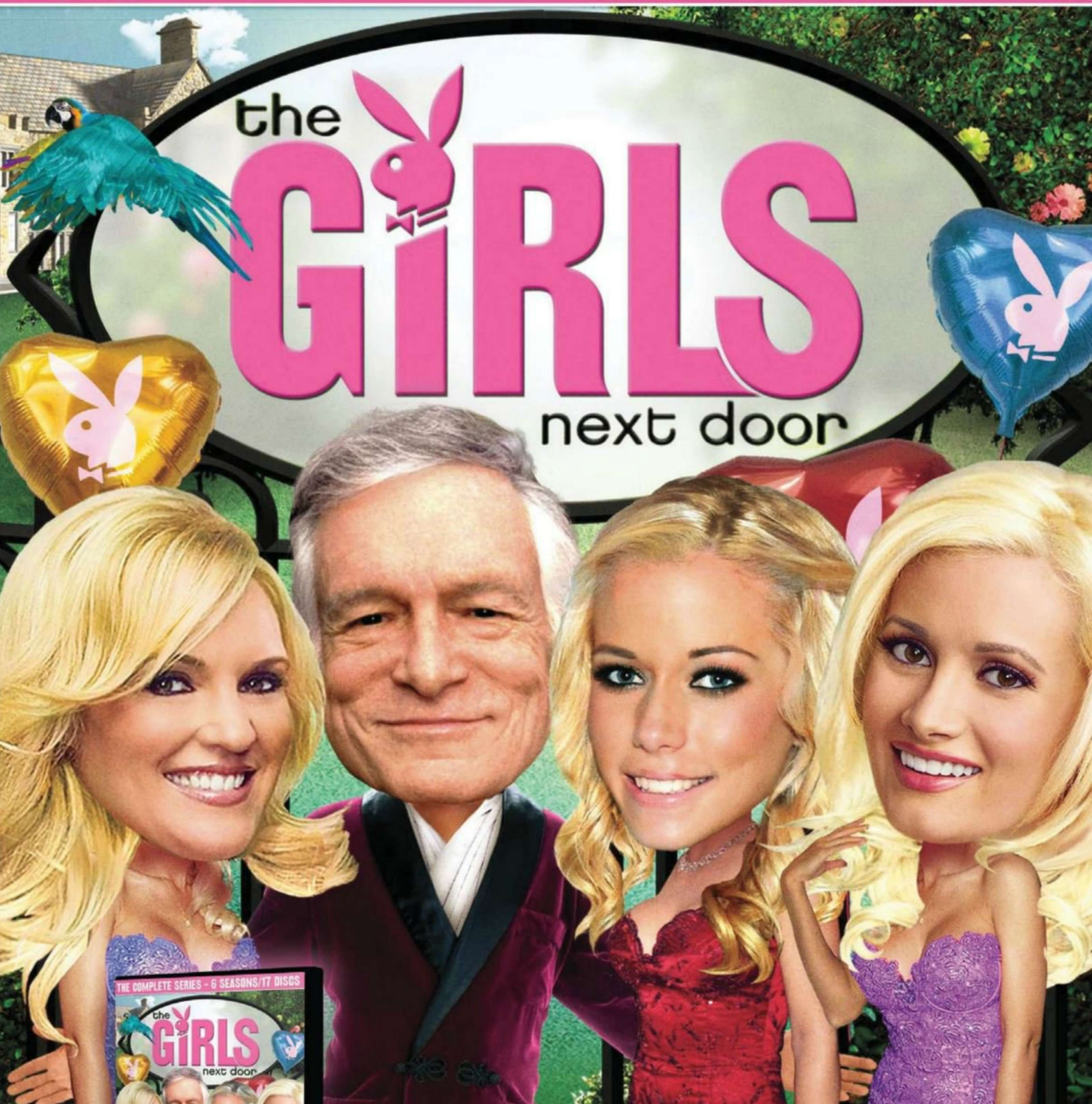
1998 *Lebowski*

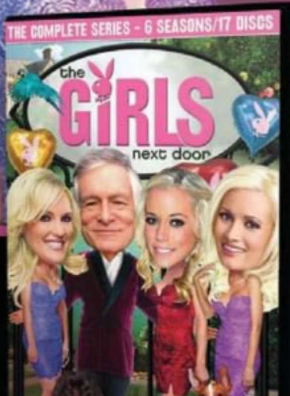
John Goodman tire-irons a Vette in *The Big Lebowski*.

2012 *Victory*

Still the American sports car to beat, the Vette wins its class at Le Mans in June.

THE COMPLETE SERIES - 6 SEASONS/17 DISCS





DVD $129.98

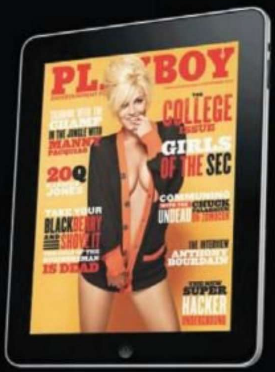
SEE IT ALL!

FOR THE FIRST TIME, you can join your favorite Girls Next Door for a wild time at the Playboy Mansion. See all six fun-filled seasons on 17 DVDs. Includes bonus scenes and commentary. **VISIT** amazon.com

© 2012 Playboy

iPLAYBOY *Playmates, celebrities and articles*

EVERY PLAYBOY EVER
FROM ISSUE #1 TO NOW



NOW AVAILABLE
ON YOUR IPAD, MAC OR WINDOWS PC.

CHECK OUT EVERY ISSUE AT
www.iplayboy.com

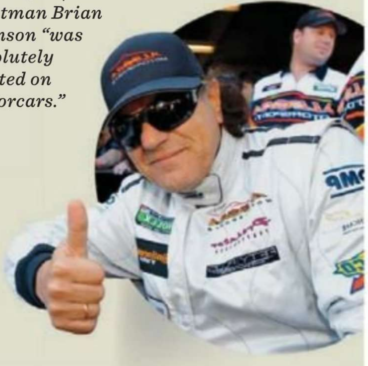
TRUCKIN'

SUVS GO LUXURY

JEEP GRAND CHEROKEE

▸ ***Ever since Jeep*** released its first Grand Cherokee, in 1992, once rough-and-rugged trucks have continued to go luxe. The finely appointed 2012 Grand Cherokee is greatly improved. It starts as low as $27K (rear-wheel drive) and can option up to $61K with the all-wheel-drive, hemi-powered SRT8 (zero to 60 mph in 4.8 seconds, top speed of 155 mph). Below you'll find the latest SUV concepts from the most exotic names in motoring.

As a kid, AC/DC frontman Brian Johnson "was absolutely fixated on motorcars."



HIGHWAY TO HELL

▸ **Fresh off** the highest-grossing rock tour ever, AC/DC vocalist Brian Johnson is indulging his second love—speed. Johnson's first ride: a 1959 Ford. "It wasn't exactly a chick magnet," he recalls. Today his garage holds, among other autos, a Rolls-Royce Phantom, a 1928 Bentley, a Ferrari 458 and the 1965 Lola racer pictured below. For more stars and cars, pick up *Rockin' Garages*, out in November ($35, Motorbooks).

MASERATI SUV

Maser's Kubang, based on a future Grand Cherokee platform (a Jeeperati!), is likely to hit in 2014. Expect luscious Italian leather and a gorgeous exhaust note. Power: 425-plus hp V8. Price: an estimated $100,000.

LAMBO SUV

Lamborghini's Urus shares architecture with the next-gen Audi Q7. Should this raging bull go into production, it's likely to pack 600 hp. A hybrid is also rumored. When: possibly 2016. Price: an estimated $200,000.

BENTLEY SUV

Britain's most esteemed carmaker unveiled its big bruiser, the EXP 9F concept, last spring. "Slightly smaller than a Manhattan apartment," said one critic. When: possibly 2016. Power: 600 hp W12. Price: an estimated $175,000.

PROMOTION

RAQUEL POMPLUN
Miss April 2012

Originally from San Diego, Raquel became a Victory® Girl after winning our 2013 Cover Model Contest. She is an aspiring biochemist and an accomplished ballerina who is a self-proclaimed "freak for classical ballet." She's proud to support Operation Gratitude® and adds, "truly, from the bottom of my heart, I want to say thank you—for being the heart and soul of our country."

THE FREEDOM TO RIDE IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN ANY BIKE WE COULD EVER BUILD.

IN SUPPORT OF OUR NATION'S MILITARY, VICTORY® IS AUCTIONING AN AUTOGRAPHED VICTORY CROSS COUNTRY®, USED IN THE 2013 VICTORY PHOTO SHOOT. ALL PROCEEDS BENEFIT OPERATION GRATITUDE®.

OPERATION GRATITUDE
SENDING CARE PACKAGES TO U.S. MILITARY

Victory and Victory Motorcycles® are registered trademarks of Polaris Industries Inc. Always wear a helmet, eye protection, and protective clothing and obey the speed limit. Never ride under the influence of drugs or alcohol. ©2012 Polaris Industries Inc.

PLAYBOY, Rabbit Head Design and PLAYMATE are trademarks of Playboy Enterprises International, Inc. and are used with permission by Polaris Industries Inc.

VICTORY
MOTORCYCLES
U S A

VICTORY
MOTORCYCLES
USA
PROMOTION

See the 2013 Victory photo shoot footage at
VictoryMotorcycles.com/behindthescenes.

BRAKE LOOSE

Everything you need to know to get fast and furious on a fixed-gear bike

CUT THE BRAKES

Fixed-gear bikes are a study in simplicity—and steely nerves. Built with no brakes or gears, these bikes come with the entire drivetrain connected, including the rear wheel, crank set and pedals, meaning there is no free wheel and no coasting. As long as you're moving, so are the pedals.

RIDE HARD

The lack of gears and brakes makes a fixed-gear bike easy to maintain, but count on a learning curve to ride one. You'll use your legs and body weight to slow down, stand to pedal uphill and slide to a stop at busy intersections—white knuckles and all.

FRAME UP

There are three ways to buy a fixed-gear bike, says John McDonell of San Francisco's Market Street Cycles. "You can buy a complete bike, you can buy a frame and fork and build it up, or you can find a vintage frame, paint it and put it together with top-notch parts."

STARTING LINE

McDonell suggests going with a prebuilt bike such as the Jamis Sputnik (pictured). At $700, it's in the mid- to high-price range for fixed-gear bikes, but its welded steel frame is tough enough to take on potholes and sewer grates. "It's a solid, quality bike that will last a long time," says McDonell. —*Wil O'Neal*

LISTEN UP

Chances are you're using the wrong headphones. Those hefty models are designed to be worn in a recording studio, not on the subway. Switch to Incase's Sonic ($149, goincase.com), a lightweight version that uses 40-millimeter drivers to deliver superb audio and includes a built-in microphone and controls for iPhone, iPad and iPod. Memory-foam ear cups seal out noise while remaining breathable.

SHOOT TO THRILL

The 81 seals inside the Pentax K-30 ($899, pentaxwebstore.com) keep the mechanics safe from rain and dust on your outdoor adventures. With improved autofocus and shake-reduction technology, as well as a 16-megapixel image sensor and 20 shooting modes, it's the camera your iPhone wants to be.

SMALL WONDER

Our rule: A man's cell phone should fit in his pocket and never be clipped to his belt. The Samsung Galaxy S III (about $200 with contract, samsung.com) runs the latest version of Android and crams an eight-megapixel camera and 4.8-inch HD display into a device just 8.6 millimeters thick.

EARTH SHAKERS

Most speakers look like dull, plastic cubes. Well Rounded Sound builds its gorgeous Corgi line ($799, wellroundedsound.com) from eco-friendly Finnish birch. The lightweight speaker cones have helpful sound-dampening properties, and the cylindrical shape reduces distortion.

MEMORY MONSTER

Fall marks the arrival of the new TV season and with it the death of our social life. To keep up with every episode, TiVo's Premiere XL4 DVR ($399, tivo.com) can record four shows at once. All those hours of *Breaking Bad* are stored in two terabytes of memory capable of holding 300 hours of HD programming. The XL4 also streams video from Netflix, Hulu Plus and Amazon, giving you more reasons to stay on the couch.

EVERY PLAYBOY EVER
One month free trial
REDEEM YOUR FREE 30 DAYS AT
www.playboy.com/free30
iPLAYBOY
Every Playboy ever on your
iPad, Mac or Windows PC

IT'S OUR GAME.
THE COURSE might switch.
The TEE TIME might move.
{ But certain things NEVER CHANGE. }
You've played golf EVERY SUNDAY since college.
And someone always brings MACANUDOS.
FACEBOOK.COM/MACANUDO
SURGEON GENERAL WARNING:
Cigar Smoking Can Cause Lung Cancer and Heart Disease.
MACANUDO HANDMADE • IMPORTED
MACANUDO HANDMADE • IMPORTED
MACANUDO.COM
©2012 General Cigar Co., Inc.

Talking With Harmony Korine

by James Franco

Considered by many to be a master of cutting-edge cinema, Harmony Korine first shocked audiences and the film industry when he wrote the screenplay for Kids, which Larry Clark directed and which launched the careers of Chloë Sevigny and Rosario Dawson in 1995. He followed that with the unconventional and controversial Gummo, earning the respect of fellow filmmakers Werner Herzog and Gus Van Sant while alienating many theatergoers with graphically violent and sometimes incomprehensible scenes. Korine has continued to confound Hollywood by making movies and documentaries meant to please himself, with a blissful ignorance of the box-office consequences.

FRANCO: We're doing this movie *Spring Breakers* together, about a group of college girls who rob a restaurant to fund their spring break. Where did the idea come from?

KORINE: I saw pictures of these girls, spring break girls or something, and I imagined what it would be like seeing girls in bikinis with ski masks and guns. I thought, Wow, that's a cool image. How could that be a reality? I thought spring break would be the only place. Really quickly, over maybe just one or two days, I started writing the outline. I thought to send it to you—which I never, ever do. I never send anybody something before it's actually written—but it was just the idea.

FRANCO: I loved the world of it. I just wanted one level of it to feel real. I loved the gloss and everything on the top, but make the murders real. Then you went off and wrote it.

KORINE: I jumped on an airplane, and it was spring break. I checked into a hotel and wrote it in 10 days or something while teenagers were listening to Taylor Swift and vomiting on my front door. I'd gone to the wrong place, Daytona Beach, because when I was a kid that's where they all went. It was just fat bikers and lesbians everywhere. Some woman in a stationery shop or whatever—she was like a bodybuilder—said, "Spring break hasn't been here since the 1980s or the early 1990s. It's in Panama City." So I jumped on an airplane, went to Panama City and checked in to the Holiday Inn. It was like ground zero for spring break. It was mayhem. It was so disgusting—people fucking everywhere and puking, music all night. It was impossible for me to write or focus. It was like living in hell.

FRANCO: Tell me about the specifics of *Kids*, your first movie.

KORINE: That one is such a fluke. I was straight out of high school when I wrote it. When I met the director Larry Clark, I was going to NYU. It was my first semester. I'd moved up from Nashville and was living in my grandma's house. I was in a dramatic-writing program. I used to make short films in high school, but I didn't want to go to film school because I understood the basic technical ideas. I knew how to make films.

FRANCO: Blockbuster refused to carry *Kids*.

KORINE: That was exciting to me. I loved it. I was happy because people were talking about it. Honestly, the whole thing with *Kids* was that I was excited it made so much noise because then I could make my own movies; I got to make *Gummo*. To this day I feel the same way. I don't care all that much if you like what I do. I want people to love what I do; I want an audience. You always hope that people like it more than they dislike it, but I don't really sit around and think about it.

FRANCO: Because your movies are unusual you've said, "I make it and I want people to like it, but I'm also in a place where my idea of success is not if the biggest number of people like it." Why make movies for theatrical audiences if that's your attitude? You're connected to the art world, and you've shown movies at the Whitney Museum.

KORINE: I always make movies, all of them, for the theater because all my greatest experiences in life were in movie theaters. All my most profound moments came from being in a theater and seeing things projected. I always start with that, because that, for me, is the best.

FRANCO: If it ever became really hard to make movies for the theaters, would you just say fuck it?

KORINE: I never wanted to be part of a film world. It's all the same to me, the artwork, the writing, the books, whatever it is, the movies—it's all part of the same idea, and it always has been. It's part of a unified aesthetic or a unified idea that even a scribble on a piece of paper is connected in some way. There's a relationship between them. I want to be able to just do it. I never cared about being the best writer or the best artist or the best director. I wanted to be the best me.

FRANCO: That relates to what you told me about Rainer Werner Fassbinder.

KORINE: I remembered reading something Fassbinder talked about that made a huge impression. He mentioned that he didn't care about making masterpieces. What he was really concerned about was making films like emotions, films for different reasons at different times in his life that correspond with emotions or things he was going through. He compared it to a house. He said some of his films were like the floorboards, some were like the chimney, some were the kitchen, some the front door and some the bathroom. The idea was that at the end of your life you've amassed enough work that you've built a house you can live in and in some way be comfortable inside. I remember that having an impact on me, because I understood what he was saying. A lot of times people are just chasing this one thing. For me, it is important that at the end of my life I've put enough stuff out there that it has some type of meaning and some type of an effect. It all says everything and it all says nothing. That's the thing. What does your work mean? It means everything and nothing.

ILLUSTRATION BY RAÚL ALLÉN

A GUY'S GUIDE TO MOMMY PORN

BY JOEL STEIN

I thought, after 40 years, I finally understood women. Then I started reading *Fifty Shades of Grey*, the first in a trilogy of S&M novels that has sold more than 10 million copies, mostly to suburban housewives. I was not shocked by the rough sex. I was not shocked by the flogging, the collars or the chains. I *was* surprised that the characters didn't have intercourse until chapter eight. I have no idea how many chapters there are, since I didn't finish the book, but the only way a porn novel should wait until chapter eight for sex is if the previous chapters are titled "Blow Job One," "Blow Job Two," "Blow Job Three," "Blow Job Four," "Blow Job Five," "Blow Job Six" and "Blow Job Seven."

They are not. Instead, there is no significant physical contact until chapter three, when Christian Grey and Anastasia Steele hold hands. In chapter five they kiss. I talked to Angie Rowntree, founder and chief executive of Sssh.com, who told me that the women-friendly porn she shoots for her site is heavy on plot and dialogue. Women, I was discovering, have way too much free time. If men had to wait that long to get to the good parts in our porn, none of us would have time to even make porn.

I feel bad for women. In order to get off, they have to weed through some terrible writing. We men can watch three minutes on YouJizz.com and then use the rest of the hour to read *Ulysses*. Do women lack imagination? Do they really need to be told that the 21-year-old virgin in *Fifty Shades of Grey* has an inner goddess that's brought out by a moody billionaire who is damaged from having a crack-whore mom? I can do all that fantasy math in my head without help. I can fantasize that after a porn star has sex with me, she loses my number and never tells anyone about it. Any fantasy you believe would be fun in real life, even after your orgasm is over, is not a fantasy worth having.

Also, I didn't realize how much women get off on the idea of powerful men becoming obsessed with them because the men realize how special they are. In our fantasies, women don't care about us. In mommy porn we spend a lot of time finding out everything about the woman, such as the fact that Anastasia Steele likes Twinings English Breakfast tea. In our porn we care so little about the guy that we often don't see his face. Our fantasy is that some women are nymphos who need sex from anyone and if we are in the right place at the right time, we'll get a chance. We do not kid ourselves that we're special. In mommy porn there are a lot of guys saying, "What I love about you is that you don't know how beautiful you are." In guy porn there are a lot of women saying, "I need cock."

You would think that with all those precoital pages the female sexual ideal would be more complicated and nuanced than our two-dimensional sex dolls in three-minute videos. But no. There's a scene in *Fifty Shades of Grey* in which the billionaire has sex with the virgin, after which she falls asleep. He promptly plays Bach on the piano while wearing only pajama pants. Women, it seems, want to have sex with a supergay man.

But for all that is wrong with mommy porn, there is something unbelievably right. The one thing men and women completely agree on is the one thing we thought we felt differently about: sex itself. Women may need a lot of crappy backstory, but once the sex gets going it's the exact same kind we like. During their first sexual encounter, Grey tells the virgin, "I want to fuck your mouth." And it works. Yes, it takes a number of long, boring chapters to get there, but then he is indeed fucking her mouth. Sure, I'd let a billionaire who gave me clothes, laptops and cars fuck my mouth too, but Steele really enjoys it. The lesson of *Fifty Shades of Grey* is that chicks will be into kinky sex if we make sure the only thing we ever say to them is either how hot they are or that we want to fuck their mouths.

Of course we both like the same kind of sex—if not, our species would have died out long ago. It's a lesson we should have learned from all those women who saw *9½ Weeks* and read Nancy Friday books. Now that mommy porn has taught me that the only difference in what the genders want involves storytelling technique, everything is easy. All I have to do to get women to watch porn with me is to press PAUSE before it starts and make up stories about the actors: "Honey, the one in the fishnet body stocking has never kissed a man before, and she's been invited to the mansion of one of southern California's most eligible bachelors, Sir Topham Hatt, who is having a tea party for his 10 best naked male buddies, all of whom think she's their soul mate." Next thing you know, my computer is under the bed and I'm restraining her with neckties and nipple clamps. All it takes to get what you want is to slow down and pretend to be interested. Come to think of it, I'm pretty sure women have told me that before.

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL BLOW

The Daniel Steiger Phantom Rose Gold. Engineered from premium grade 316L steel and plated in a mixture of rose gold and black IP, the words designer styling really could have been invented for this timepiece. A precision chronograph movement with 1/10th of a second measuring capabilities works away silently under the multi leveled dial. Now available direct from the manufacturer at the astonishingly low price of $199 - a saving of $596 on the retail price of $795. So how can we make an offer like this? The answer is beautifully simple. We have no middleman to pay, no retail overheads to pay and not the usual mark-up to make, which on luxury items can be enormous. To accompany the Phantom, we have introduced the Phantom ring. With layers of rose gold plated steel and an impressive row set with our flawless Diamondeau gems, that can cut glass like a mined Diamond.

CALL OUR CREDIT CARD HOTLINE ON 1-877 550 9876

Please quote **751** or go to **www.timepiecesusa.com/751**

Timepieces International Inc, 3580 NW 56th Street, Fort Lauderdale, Florida, 33309

LOCATION LOCATION LOCATION

BY *Lisa Lampanelli*

Like most couples, when Jimmy Big Balls and I first got together, we had only three things on our mind: sex, sex and more sex. But as anyone in a relationship of more than five minutes knows, one of the most difficult things a couple can do—besides not running away to a deserted island around the holidays—is keeping the sexual spark alive. That's when it's time to start thinking like a real estate agent. You guessed it: location, location, location.

One of the best ways to take the boredom out of the bedroom is to take the sex out of the bedroom. But where do you go to get a new pubic perspective on things? No, not a hot tub, Ashton. The first and easiest answer is another part of the house. Hey, you're paying for the place, why not use each room to its full ho-tential? For example, a little bit of spontaneous foreplay against the dishwasher can turn your kitchen into an impromptu sex palace. Just hit the ON button with her ass and you're getting chores done at the same time. However, make sure the two of you are alone before you start your lovemaking. Trust me, it's hard to explain to Granny why you and your lady of the moment were 69-ing on the kitchen table when all she wanted was a can of Ensure.

Some people get their kicks having sex in public places like parks, alleyways or, if you're George Michael, the nearest men's room. So out you go into the big wide world to find a suitable spot for your erotic adventures. You imagine your penis is Bear Grylls and you want to put him in as many exotic locales as possible.

But public sex ain't what it used to be. With modern technology, getting busy outside the bedroom presents more challenges than ever before. There are cameras everywhere, so there's always the risk that the quickie you and your gal have in the ATM vestibule today could become the YouTube viral clip of tomorrow. And while getting a discreet handy in the bleachers at the ball game is great, what's not so great is looking up and seeing the whole act being broadcast on the stadium's JumboTron.

There are other risks as well. As much fun as public sex is, it's also illegal. So choose your locale wisely. Getting banged on a Bourbon Street balcony during Mardi Gras will earn you a few strands of beads and a possible case of the Cajun crabs, but playing "honey and cream" on the teacup ride at Disney World will get you a police record and some very dirty looks from a guy in a giant mouse suit.

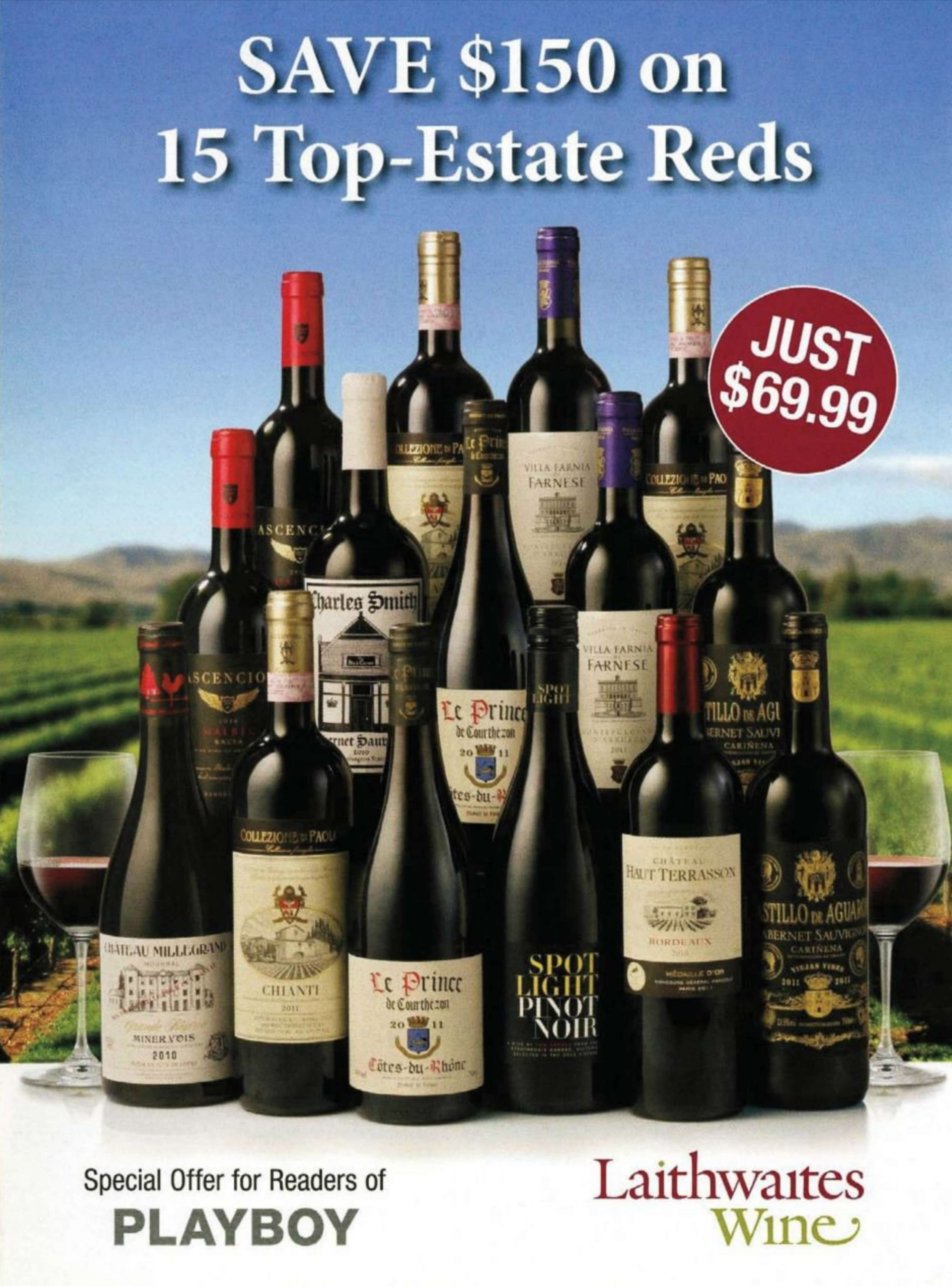
One terrific, titillating option is the great outdoors. There's something undeniably primal about blowing your load before God and Smokey the Bear. From the second you step into the woods, the sights and sounds of the forest horn you up like a coyote in heat. The bees are ready to pollinate, and so are you. Why not make the great outdoors the *really* great outdoors? But be careful, Survivorman. Just because you love nature doesn't mean nature loves you. Roll around in the wrong bush while you're getting some bush and you could end up with a nasty case of poison ivy in all the wrong places.

Women love the idea of sex on the beach, but it's usually good only in theory and the movies. You think getting sand out of your tennis shoes is tough, try getting it out of the crack of your ass. Sex in a swimming pool is infinitely better, especially on a hot day when the umbrella drinks are flowing. But do yourself a favor: Make it fast, because unless your lube is SPF 500, your dick will look like an overcooked Dodger Dog in the 11th inning.

Sometimes you need look no further than your own driveway. No, not in the UPS truck—I'm talking about your car. Everyone who went to high school has had sex, been rear-ended or at least touched something fun in a parked car. Even more exciting is sex in a moving car. There's nothing quite as intense as finishing big and slamming on the brakes at the same time. But remember, Andretti: Keep both eyes on the road. You don't want to pull a Nick Hogan and have the car explode before you do.

Even a run-of-the-mill dinner date can turn into a passion-filled public romp. Food can be an amazing aphrodisiac, and if the champagne and oysters don't get her loins burning, flashing your American Express black card will. When she's ready for a helping of your special brand of crème brûlée, pull the oh-so-subtle move of going to the bathroom two minutes apart to do the deed. Before you grab a stall, though, lock the men's room door. It's a real mood killer to have a guy with a case of explosive diarrhea on one side of you and a randy senator trying to tap your foot with his on the other.

As for Jimmy and me, we're not the type to take our sexual exploits too far outside the home. The closest we come to having sex in an exotic locale is doing it with the Travel Channel on. Let's face it: With our girth, the only nooks and crannies we're interested in are the ones in our English muffins.


SAVE $150 on
15 Top-Estate Reds
JUST $69.99
Special Offer for Readers of
PLAYBOY
Laithwaites
Wine

Gold-Medal 2010 Bordeaux

The Gonfrier brothers made the most of "an exceptional year for red Bordeaux" (James Suckling) and won gold in Paris for his velvety, barrel-aged 2010. Lots of ripe plum, plus classic cigar box notes.

Château Haut Terrasson 2010, Bordeaux

'Attractive' Spanish Cab

Welcome to Cariñena: "home to some of the best value reds in Spain, if not the world." *(Decanter)* Aged in fine U.S. oak, this "attractive" Cabernet won an IWC silver for its "vibrant red berry fruit."

Castillo de Aguaron Cabernet 2011, Cariñena

Gold-Medal French Réserve

A real treat: harvested from 60-year-old vines, given 18 months in oak and released to HUGE IWC acclaim: "Terrific concentration, powerful texture, a wine of immense character."

Château Millegrand 2010, Minervois

Argentine Malbec – BIG News Right Now

This prime example is from Argentina's oldest winery and some of the world's highest vineyards At 3,000 feet, bright sun yields dark colors and deep black fruit flavors. Made for steak.

Ascención Malbec 2010, Salta

Laithwaites Wine

Order NOW at **laithwaitesw**

ss Reds *worth $219.99 — JUST $69.9*

'Brilliant' Washington Cab

Charles Smith is "a brilliant winemaker who knows where the best fruit is hidden." *(Wine Advocate)* This exclusive release has everything Cab fans look for: intense cassis meets vanilla oak.

The Black Crown Cabernet 2010, Columbia Valley

Triple-Gold Côtes-du-Rhône

Head to the Rhône Valley for France's most generous reds. From a top Châteauneuf producer, this has three gold medals, layers of ripe blackberry and an attractive wild herb edge. So easy to drink.

Le Prince de Courthézon 2011, Côtes-du-Rhône

'Mouthfilling' Montepulciano

Top critic Parker called Farnese's Montepulciano 2010 a "juicy, mouthfilling red" that "can be had for a song." Today you'll pay just $4.67 a bottle for the cherry-packed, pasta-perfect 2011. Enjoy!

Villa Farnia 2011, Montepulciano d'Abruzzo

'Stunning' Aussie Pinot Noir

The grape that inspires unique devotion. As you taste, Tom Carson is "a serious producer makin stunning Pinot" (Dr. Jan Goode). His 2011 burst with fragrant cherry and ripe strawberry.

Spotlight Pinot Noir 2011, Strathbogie Ranges

vine.com/4246004 or call **1-800-823-7727** Quote pror

Lines open Mon–Fri 8 AM–11 PM Sat–Sun 8 AM–8 PM ET

9

u'll

g
nie
s
d

Top-of-the-Class Chianti Gem

Paolo Masi graduated top of his class at wine university and "has made an excellent impression with the estate wines of his family property." (Parker) His succulent 2011 is so good, you'll need three bottles.

Collezione di Paolo
2011, Chianti

mo code **4246004**

Detach Here

ORDER FORM

- Visit **laithwaiteswine.com/4246004**
- or call **1-800-823-7727** Quote promo code 4246004
- or complete and return this Order Form to:
  Laithwaites Wine, P.O. Box 264, Montoursville, PA 17754-9935

YES, please send my introductory case for JUST $69.99

(plus $19.99 shipping & tax combined)

I will **SAVE $150** and receive:

- **15 Bottles of Premium Wine**
- **FREE Tasting Notes and Binder**
- **100% Money-Back Guarantee**

YOURS FREE

My case preference is: *(please check one box)*

☐ **All-Reds** ☐ **Mixed** ☐ **All-Whites**

If you do not indicate which introductory case you would like to receive, we will send you the All-Reds case. Go online for details of the wines in the Mixed and All-Whites cases.

YOUR DETAILS *(please print clearly)*

Name ______

Address ______

______

City ______ State ______ Zip ______

Daytime Phone ______ Evening Phone ______

E-mail ______

By submitting this form I understand and agree that Laithwaites Wine may send me special offers and order status updates.

WHERE TO DELIVER ☐ To the address above

Preferred shipping address: *(if other than address given above, no PO Boxes please)*

Name ______

Address ______

______

City ______ State ______ Zip ______

Contact Phone for Delivery: ______

Please note: All shipments are delivered by FedEx or private courier and the signature of an adult at least 21 years old is required at the time of delivery.

PAYMENT INFORMATION

Charge my: ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ DISCOVER ☐ American Express

Credit Card # ______ Exp. Date ______

☐ **Check enclosed payable to *Laithwaites Wine* for $89.98** ($69.99 plus $19.99 shipping and tax combined)

Signature required for all orders. I certify that I am at least 21 years of age.

Signature ______ Date ______

Information on future cases: I understand that every 3 months, I will automatically receive the next 4 Seasons Wine Club selection unless I request otherwise. I will be charged the appropriate amount for each shipment – currently $139.99, plus shipping and tax. Once eligible, each year I will be offered a special summer and holiday shipment, about which I will be notified in advance. There is no commitment whatsoever and I may cancel my membership at any time. Please note: Offer available to first-time 4 Seasons customers only and limited to one case per household. In the unlikely event of a wine becoming unavailable, a substitute of similar style and equal/greater value will be supplied. Licensed retailers only accept orders from adults at least 21 years old and have the right to refuse orders. All orders are processed and fulfilled by licensed entities in the industry and applicable taxes are paid. Delivery available to AZ, CA, CO, CT, FL, IA, ID, IL, IN, LA, MA, MI, MN, MO, NC, ND, NE, NH, NJ, NM, NV, NY, OH, OR, SC, TN, TX, VA, WA, WI, WV, WY and DC. Void where prohibited by law.

Laithwaites Wine

The best things in life are often the most simple. That's true of *4 Seasons*, a service that gives you access to really exciting wines — from the U.S. and around the world — with no effort required.

Start by saving $150 on 15 great reds ... normally over $14 a bottle, but yours for a remarkable $4.67 each.

Then open up a world of wine discovery:

- 12 superb reds reserved for you every 3 months
- Save at least 20% on future club cases (just $139.99)
- No membership fees and no obligations — skip cases or cancel anytime
- Online preview of each case — change wines or timing of delivery
- Tasting notes and serving advice for every wine
- 100% money-back guarantee on every bottle

If you enjoy even just one good bottle a week, you should give *4 Seasons* a try today. You have nothing to lose and a world of delicious wines to discover.

Tony Laithwaite, Founder

FREE Tasting Notes and Binder

Full of useful information on grapes, regions and winemakers. With food pairing tips, maps and pictures too. Each bottle will come to life and you'll quickly build your wine knowledge.

"2010 was an exceptional year for red Bordeaux."

– jamessuckling.com

Your Bordeaux 2010 (a gem from the Gonfrier brothers) won gold in Paris, at France's top wine show.

"Charles Smith is a brilliant winemaker."

– The Wine Advocate

Charles' rich Washington Cabernet is another star of today's case, alongside triple-gold Côtes-du-Rhône and more.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

If ever a wine fails to delight – for any reason – just let us know and get a full refund.

Order Today and Enjoy

SAVE $150

1. This special introductory 15-bottle case – gold-medal 2010 Bordeaux, triple-gold 2010 Côtes-du-Rhône, rich Washington Cabernet and much more. Worth over $14 a bottle, each wine is **yours for JUST $4.67 – SAVE 68%.**
2. An exclusive *4 Seasons* dozen reserved for you every three months with **no commitment** to buy.
3. A minimum **20% savings** on all future *4 Seasons* cases.
4. Our **100% money-back guarantee.** If any bottle fails to delight, just let us know and you'll be refunded in full – no problem.

Yours FREE

Tasting Notes and Binder – to help you get the most from every bottle.

AWARD-WINNING SELECTIONS

You'll see (or taste!) why *Laithwaites Wine* won major Merchant of the Year Awards at the *International Wine Challenge* 2010 and 2011.

Order NOW at **laithwaiteswine.com/4246004**

or call **1-800-823-7727** Quote promo code **4246004**

Lines open Mon–Fri 8 AM–11 PM Sat–Sun 8 AM–8 PM ET

LBT113

PLAYBOY ADVISOR

TOMER HANUKA

I thought my girlfriend was too fat when we met, but her personality and kindness helped me overlook her weight. She's great, but after nine months together it has become a chore to have sex with her. I have to smoke marijuana to get aroused. She tries to work out and eat more healthily but then gives up. I've considered ending the relationship. Is there a way to stop wanting a more attractive woman and settle for one who's pretty on the inside? I feel selfish and shallow.—J.B., Detroit, Michigan

Even if your girlfriend lost weight, you'd eventually break up with her. The relationship has run its course; it happens. Continuing to feign interest is selfish—"girlfriend" is not a job title. And who wants to be with someone who has "settled" for you? Don't tell her you're leaving because she's overweight; if that were true, you wouldn't have dated her.

When I go out I usually get an amaretto sour or a Midori sour. My friends make fun of me for ordering "girlie drinks." I don't like beer, and I've sampled vodka, gin and whiskey and dislike them all. Is there a drink that's not as strong as those but also not girlie?—W.B., St. Louis, Missouri

Drink what you like; your buddies will always find something to rib you about. But you should challenge your palate. There are so many great microbrews with such a variety of tastes, it's hard to imagine you won't find one to your liking. If a bar offers flights (samples of a handful of beers, usually from light to dark), start there. Another suggestion: a margarita in a rocks glass. Like your favorites, it's sour but not too strong. A simple home recipe: Pour two parts 100 percent agave silver tequila, one part Cointreau and the juice of half a lime in a shaker with ice. Shake, pour over ice and garnish with a lime wheel. If it's too strong, add a dash of water.

I bumped into a former college classmate at a football game and we became best buds. He played quarterback for our college team, and in sharing war stories, we discovered I later slept with a girl he'd dated, a cheerleader. I don't think he cares, but the three of us are still in the same circle. Now another cheerleader he dated is flirting with me. We've been on a few dates, and though I never brought up his name, she asked me how I knew him. The thing is, in college he was caught sleeping with both girls at the same time. I know this woman wants to sleep with me, but it's probably for revenge, so I don't know what to do.—T.M., Houston, Texas

Let's call a time-out, because you're making this play too complicated. If this woman wanted to sleep with you for "revenge," she'd have sacked you already. Given your friend's justified indifference, we doubt that's on her mind. You must have some quality that ex-cheerleaders find attractive.

Napoleon valued the odor of unbathed women, and so do I. Has a chemist managed to capture or synthesize the odoriferous essences? Do women find male odor as enticing?—R.W. Seattle, Washington

As the story goes, Napoleon wrote Josephine to say, "I will be home in three days. Don't bathe." While we recognize the power of scent in bringing bodies together, there's a fine line between sensual and stinky. We suspect most men react to body odor the same way women do—sweat can be sexy but not so much when it's up your nose. In a reality check called The Smell Report (sirc.org/publik/smell.html), Kate Fox of the Social Issues Research Center in Oxford notes that men who think their sweat is an aphrodisiac are deluding themselves. They are confusing two odors—that of androstenol, which women like and is produced by freshly produced male sweat, and that of androstenone, which women find gross and is produced by male sweat as soon as it's exposed to oxygen. The best you can hope for is a neutral response to androstenone if the woman happens to be ovulating (and not on the pill). So the only way guys can rely on BO to get laid, Fox writes, is if they are "constantly producing fresh sweat and either naked or changing their clothes every 20 minutes"—all of which could be arranged. You often see ads for cologne additives that contain androstenol or other pheromones, but studies have found that if a woman is close enough to get a whiff she's probably already making out with you. Notably, neuroscientists have documented that a different part of the female brain processes the scent of a man's sweat produced when he was aroused, which may be how your girlfriend always seems to know when you've been masturbating.

After the girl I dated in college became a widow, we got together again. On the two occasions we had sex, my penis went limp after two thrusts. She dumped me for another man. Several years later the same thing happened with another widow. I'd never met the husband of the first woman; the husband of the second was an acquaintance. I've slept with two other women (nonwidows) without problems. Do men leave some sort of phallus-repelling substance inside their wives' vaginas? If so, what's the antidote?—W.K., Los Angeles, California

Do you expect to meet more widows? You don't give your age, but we suppose some men do well with this demographic. (Nearly 60 percent of women 65 and older are widowed, divorced or otherwise single, versus 29 percent of men, so hang in there, guys.) Because you perform okay with women who aren't widows, we suspect your anxiety was caused by the feeling that you were being watched. Let's hope there are more entertaining things to do in the afterlife than that.

I belong to a family-history site that offers genetic mapping of the Y chromosome. What info can I expect to glean? Is it a bad idea to have your DNA on file?—M.B., Austin, Arkansas

There are no laws regulating what companies that collect DNA can do with the data, so it comes down to trusting their privacy policies. However, DNA collected for genealogy does not have a documented "chain of custody" (i.e., a witness to its collection), so it can't legally be connected to you. You can also submit your sample under an invented name or ask that the sample be destroyed. The Y test documents a part of the male sex chromosome that is passed from father to son over many generations with minor mutations, if any. This can be useful in finding your genetic roots because it establishes a link to a paternal grandfather who lived hundreds of years ago, as well as any link to male contemporaries who share your surname. But it can also wreak havoc by disproving a biological connection if a male child along the

way (including, perhaps, you) was unwittingly adopted, such as when a man is the victim of a "non-paternity event," i.e., adultery.

Which penis type do women prefer? I'm of average length and above-average girth and worry about it. I haven't had any complaints, but what is the truth?—R.R., Bay City, Michigan

They prefer a penis attached to a guy who doesn't worry about what type of penis they prefer. Girth is more important than length to stimulate the clitoris during intercourse, so you're doing well in that department. But no competent lover relies on his erection alone. If she likes the entire package, she'll like the one between your legs.

In May you heard from two readers in Missouri who were being deprived of time with their grandchild; you agreed with their assumption that they had no legal standing to petition for visitation. This is not true, at least not in Missouri, and I'm guessing other states have similar statutes.—D.Z., St. Louis, Missouri

Thanks for writing. We should clarify: Grandparents who have been cut off can petition for visitation rights in nearly every state, though 18 require that the parents be unfit and 19 require the grandparents to prove the visits would be in the best interest of the child despite parental opposition. Earlier this year the U.S. Supreme Court refused to hear an appeal from an Alabama couple who have been estranged from their granddaughters since their son and daughter-in-law broke off contact following a business dispute. The Alabama Supreme Court, in deciding the case, also struck down a statute that allowed grandparents to petition for visits. It said the law violated parents' right to decide whom their kids socialize with.

A female friend says she's been having weird dreams about me for a week. She dreams she's fucking this guy she likes, but during the sex he morphs into me. She says she's confused. What does it mean? We've been friends for 13 years, and she's always said she likes me only as a friend.—D.J., Norfolk, Virginia

She wants to sleep with the guy but is ambivalent about having a conversation with him. That's where you come in. The tell here isn't that she's having these dreams but that she's sharing them with you. Although it's taken awhile, apparently you've grown on her. What should you do? Ask her on a date. Do something novel, such as roller-skating or visiting an amusement park. Give her a chance to see how much fun you have together. It may sound contrived, but calling it a (first) date can provide a demarcation point if the friendship matures into something more complicated. When longtime friends fall into relationships, one of them usually has an epiphany, while the other knew it all along. If she rejects the idea of a date, don't worry. She already knows your position, and you're only responding as any interested male would. At the very least, it may get her thinking about what she wants—and what she needs.

A guy I've been seeing is a nudist. I'm no prude, but I am totally against this. I told him I would be uncomfortable going places where he knows people. I would, however, be open to visiting a nude beach where he can enjoy his nakedness and I can keep my bathing suit on. What are the chances he'll give up this lifestyle for me?—B.T., Peoria, Illinois

Why should he?

You told a reader in April that it's hard to get a "football-player jaw and a square face" because you can't "bench-press with your face." That's true, but you can modify your features. As a former college player, I know from experience that exercises such as power cleans, jerks, snatches and squats force you to stabilize every part of the body, including your head. By consistently contracting the neck muscles, you get a thicker neck; combined with fat loss around and below the chin, this creates the appearance of a square jaw.—M.C., Knoxville, Tennessee

We stand corrected on one point: Apparently you can bench-press with your face, on purpose. We found a trainer who suggests strengthening your neck by lying on your back on a bench, steadying a dumbbell on your forehead and slowly dropping your head back before pushing it upward. Turn over and do the same with the weight held against the back of your head. Isometric exercises can be done anywhere and don't require a spotter. Press your palms against your forehead and slowly push forward with your head against the resistance for a few seconds at a time. You can also do this side to side. Football players strengthen their necks to absorb blows to the head, but neck exercises can also prevent or alleviate pain caused by poor posture or tightness in the shoulders and back. Further, shoulder shrugs and upright rows help strengthen the upper back, which adds stability to the base of the neck. Always do neck exercises at low speed.

PLAYBOY has a history of defending sexual freedom. However, I share the disappointment of other readers with your refusal to recognize bisexuality as a legitimate sexual orientation. Bisexuals are often marginalized within gay and lesbian social spheres, and heterosexuals can also feel threatened. I'm not suggesting anyone responds equally to straight or gay erotic stimuli, but bisexuals deserve the same respect and support you offer your straight, gay and lesbian audience.—B.S., Pooler, Georgia

The argument is not about freedom or respect but science and semantics. We suspect most if not all people who consider themselves bisexual are mostly homosexual or mostly heterosexual, distinctions suggested by two researchers who study sexual identity. We have doubts only about the existence of a truly bisexual brain. And we may be wrong. In an intriguing study published late last year, scientists reported finding a few men who display a "bisexual pattern of genital arousal" when shown straight and gay porn. That is, both types sent the same amount of blood to their genitals, as measured by penile-strain gauges. More research is needed, but it appears some men may actually live on the edge.

My master and I have had a BDSM relationship for nine years. A few years ago my teenage sister visited and brought a friend. I had to use the bathroom during a late-night session, and the friend came out just as my master was taking me in. He and I were both naked. I had my hands tied behind my back and was gagged. I had welts on my arms, legs, torso and butt. The girl saw all this. My master apologized then and again in the morning. As far as we can tell, she never told my sister or anyone else. She is now in college and has asked to join us. She said seeing me that way made her want to live out what I did. She says she has kept herself "pure" for my master to "use and despoil as he chooses." What I want, aside from pleasing my master, doesn't matter. I worry we imprinted this girl with a fantasy when she was too young. What should we do?—J.L., Sacramento, California

The best way to learn to be a good bottom is to spend time on top. Assuming your letter isn't a fantasy (since you don't mention getting permission to write it), tell this young woman your safe word and prepare to serve two masters until she learns the ropes.

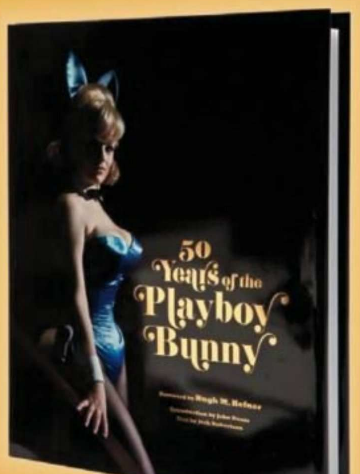
Every time my friends and I play poker, one or two players verbalize what they think another player is holding and sort through the logic, e.g., "He can't have four of a kind because the case card has already been folded." I have complained that this is poor table etiquette because it gives an unfair advantage to a player who isn't following the flow. But one friend who has played in tournaments says this kind of chatter is allowed. What does the Advisor say?—R.W., Boca Raton, Florida

That's no good. Speculating out loud about a hand in progress isn't allowed in tournaments, and it's bad form in private games. "Poker isn't a team sport," says Blair Rodman, co-author of the poker strategy guide Kill Phil (lvapoker.com). "How would you like it if you were running a bluff on a player who you knew would never see through it, and other players told him what you were doing?" Players are also not allowed to reveal the contents of their own hands, ostensibly to prevent cheating by collusion. The definition of "reveal" is open to interpretation, given that a bluff can include hinting at the strength of your hand. The World Series of Poker allows players to discuss their own hands only if they're the last to act during heads-up play.

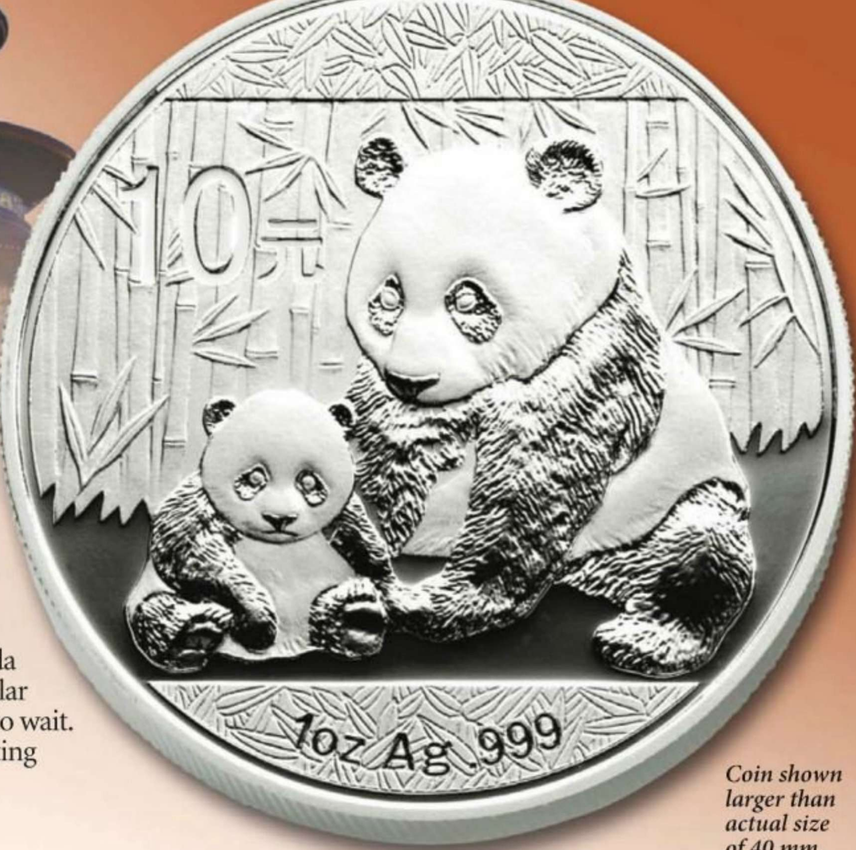
All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereos and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most interesting, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages. Write the Playboy Advisor, 9346 Civic Center Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210, or send e-mail to advisor@playboy.com. For updates, follow @playboyadvisor on Twitter.

50 years of the Playboy Bunny

When Hugh Hefner founded the first Playboy Club in Chicago, he wanted a female waitstaff that would embody the Playboy fantasy. The Playboy Bunny was born, and 50 years later she lives on in our imaginations. With more than 200 amazing photos of classic Bunnies—along with many never-before-seen images—*50 Years of the Playboy Bunny* is the definitive work on a cultural icon. Go to amazon.com to order. (176 pages, $35, Chronicle Books)



When They're Gone, They're GONE.



Coin shown larger than actual size of 40 mm.

Voracious global appetite for silver could make this the World's Most Endangered Coin.

Get yours now while our supplies last!

If you want to save these pandas, you don't have much time. The legendary Silver Panda coins are recognized as one of the most popular series of all time. Years ago, you could afford to wait. But today there are millions of collectors waiting behind you in line.

Impatiently.

They want to save the pandas too. And since we can guarantee there won't be enough of the 2012 Silver Pandas for everybody, you're unlikely to get a second chance.

The Chinese silver rush is ON.
1.3 billion Chinese were only given the right to own silver a mere eight years ago. What does that mean for the 2012 Silver Panda? Demand is greater than ever. The time to collect is now.

Until recently, the majority of Panda coins were exported. But now, the Chinese have become the largest buyers of their own coins. In fact, hungry silver Panda collectors have created shortages almost overnight in Pandas available to the rest of the world. And when in-demand coins become hard to find, their values can soar! Consider what these past Silver Panda issues are currently selling for:

Current Prices for Past-Year Pandas

1992 Silver Panda	$308.99
1998 Silver Panda	$185.39
2001 Silver Panda	$236.89
2003 Silver Panda	$185.39
2006 Silver Panda	$113.29

Your narrow window is about to slam shut.
Global demand is so strong that the China Mint only awarded us *half* of the 2012 Silver Pandas we requested - even though we are an official distributor. But you can secure yours for as little as $45.95 (plus s/h) before it's too late.

Reserve now with satisfaction guaranteed.
By ordering directly from us, you get our best price plus a full 30-day satisfaction guarantee.

Buy more and SAVE MORE!
Your price is only:
$49.95 ea. for 1-4 coins
$48.95 ea. for 5-9 coins
$47.95 ea. for 10-19 coins
$45.95 ea. for 20 or more coins
(SAVE $80 or more)

As Low As $45.95

Toll-Free 24 hours a day
1-888-201-7063

Offer Code SPA149-02
Please mention this code when you call.

GovMint.com
YOUR ONE BEST SOURCE FOR COINS WORLDWIDE
14101 Southcross Drive W., Dept. SPA149-02
Burnsville, Minnesota 55337
www.GovMint.com

Prices and availability subject to change without notice. Past performance is not a predictor of future performance. NOTE: GovMint.com is a private distributor of worldwide government coin and currency issues and other collectible numismatic products and is not affiliated with the United States government. Facts and figures were deemed accurate as of June 2012. ©2012, GovMint.com

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

DEMOGRAPHY IS DESTINY

CHANGES IN AMERICA'S POPULATION DON'T BODE WELL FOR THE GRAND OLD PARTY

BY MELBA NEWSOME

In 2008 Barack Obama defeated John McCain in an electoral-vote landslide and with the largest popular-vote margin of any presidential candidate in 20 years. But for all the rhetoric and talk of hope and change, Obama became the nation's 44th president because of the numbers: He raised more money, registered more voters, recruited more volunteers and engendered more passion and enthusiasm among his supporters.

The president faces a dramatically different landscape in 2012, and many of the numbers seem to be working against him. Unemployment hovers around eight percent, and Mitt Romney raised $16 million more in May than Obama did. Billionaires including Sheldon Adelson and the Koch brothers have promised to spend hundreds of millions to defeat the president. But Obama has one number in his favor that could trump everything in the GOP's arsenal: 28, which is the projected percentage of minorities in the 2012 electorate.

Obama cruised to victory with a supermajority among minorities and 43 percent of the white vote—the highest since Bill Clinton's 1996 reelection. If his support among people of color remains the same, the president could shed several points among white voters and still win a second term.

According to the 2010 census, minorities make up 36 percent of the U.S. population and account for 92 percent of this nation's population growth. For the first time, more black, Hispanic and other minority babies are being born in the U.S. than white babies. But as the country becomes more diverse, the GOP does not. A Pew Research Center poll found that the Republican Party is 87 percent white—the same as it was 30 years ago. That worked fine in 1976, when 88 percent of voters were white. In 2008 that number was 74 percent and shrinking. It's estimated that 72 percent of the voters in November will be white.

Long before Barack Obama became the nominee, African Americans were the Democratic Party's most loyal constituency, with roughly 90 percent supporting the party's nominee in presidential elections. Asians currently exceed Hispanics as the country's largest group of new immigrants. The bad news for the GOP is that half our Asian population is or leans Democratic, compared with 28 percent who lean Republican. But the worse news for the GOP is among Hispanics, the nation's largest and fastest-growing minority.

"Every month about 50,000 Latino American citizens turn 18 and become eligible to vote, and the majority of them vote Democrat," says Sylvia Manzano of the opinion-polling firm Latino Decisions.

While Latinos are expected to constitute roughly 10 percent of the 2012 electorate, their concentration in swing states gives them outsize influence. "The Latino vote is more influential in the presidential election than it is in overall American politics," says Simon Rosenberg, president of the progressive think tank New Democrat Network. "About half the states in play have a Latino population big enough to make the difference."

"It's no secret that Latinos will be the deciding factor in this election, and the outcome will have an impact on the Latino community for years to come," Obama campaign manager Jim Messina said on a conference call with reporters.

A decade ago Nevada and Colorado tilted Republican, and New Mexico was a pure toss-up state.

Now New Mexico is so blue Republicans aren't even contesting there, and Nevada and Colorado lean Democratic—thanks almost exclusively to the Latino vote. Even during the Republican midterm wave of 2010, the GOP failed to unseat unpopular incumbent senators Harry Reid in Nevada and Michael Bennet in Colorado.

"The Hispanic vote is a slumbering giant that's been awakened in recent cycles," says Jon Ralston, political columnist for the *Las Vegas Sun*. "That vote was critical to Obama winning the state by 12 points in 2008 and even more so for Harry Reid winning by five points in 2010."

Sylvia Manzano says Florida's 29 electoral votes are up for grabs because it has the third-largest Latino population in the country. Romney is expected to do well among Cuban Americans, who account for one third of the state's eligible Hispanic voters, but even that is no longer a given. Prominent Cuban Americans such as Gloria Estefan and Cristina Saralegui have announced their support for Obama and will likely be campaign surrogates in the Sunshine State.

Other swing states including North Carolina, Virginia and Indiana have new and growing Latino populations that, if they turn out and vote cohesively, can put these states in Obama's column once again. In fact, if Obama carries Nevada, Colorado and Virginia (where he currently leads in the polls), he could lose Florida and Ohio and still rack up the 270 electoral votes needed to win reelection.

To be clear, Romney doesn't need a majority of Latino votes to win, but he has to beat John McCain's 31 percent. "A Republican probably can't win without about 40 percent, minimum, of the Hispanic and Latino vote," says Larry Sabato, director of the University of Virginia's Center for Politics. Most independent analysts agree. Bush's 44 percent of the Latino vote in 2004 helped him carry New Mexico, Nevada, Colorado and Florida. Romney is currently polling in the low to mid-20s.

Romney's dismal numbers are due, in large measure, to his primary campaign strategy. He called Arizona's harsh new immigration policies a model for the nation and made immigration hard-liner Kris Kobach one of his top advisors. He not only promised to veto the Development, Relief and Education for Alien Minors Act, he castigated Texas governor Rick Perry for giving in-state tuition to young undocumented immigrants. Perhaps his biggest insult to the Latino community was his full embrace of Joe Arpaio, the birther and media-hungry sheriff of Maricopa County currently under federal investigation for racially profiling Latinos in Arizona.

ROMNEY DOESN'T NEED A MAJORITY OF LATINO VOTES TO WIN, BUT HE HAS TO BEAT JOHN MCCAIN'S 31 PERCENT.

Has the GOP painted itself into a corner with its harsh stance on immigration? Student José Machado (left) reacts to news of President Obama's new immigration law, while Arizona governor Jan Brewer (right) still talks tough.

"It's going to be difficult for Romney to claw his way back to a respectable showing," says Simon Rosenberg. "He wants to cut public education, get rid of health insurance for tens of millions of Latinos and pursue an economic agenda that puts rich people's interests over those of workers. He's also the worst on immigration reform that we've seen in the modern era of American politics."

At a high-roller Palm Beach fundraiser in April, the GOP nominee acknowledged the problem. "We have to get Hispanic voters to vote for our party," Romney said, warning that Obama's huge lead among Latinos "spells doom for us."

The RNC has been doing Hispanic outreach, often with laughable results. The RNCLatinos.com website got off to a rocky start by using a picture of Asian children for its main image. When visitors were asked to register their disappointment with the president, Obama won the unscientific survey 55 percent to 45 percent. The site came down a day later. (It is now active.)

In mid-June Obama announced an executive order that would stop the deportation of young undocumented immigrants brought to the U.S. through no fault of their own. A Bloomberg poll found that 64 percent of likely voters and 65 percent of independents approved of the measure. In response to a Latino Decisions survey, 49 percent of Latinos said the policy made them more excited about voting for Obama in November.

Since wrapping up the nomination, Romney has toned down his over-the-top rhetoric and generally steered clear of immigration issues. But Obama's move forces his hand. Romney can't embrace the policy without angering his base, and he can't denounce it without further alienating Latinos.

Romney struck a conciliatory note during a June 21 speech to the National Association of Latino Elected and Appointed Officials and made vague promises of pushing for the comprehensive immigration reform he rejected months earlier. "Some people have asked if I will let stand the president's executive action," Romney said. "The answer is that I will put in place my own long-term solution that will replace and supersede the president's temporary measure."

GOP strategist Ed Rollins says Republicans have to find a way out of this mess of their own making or face extinction. "If we ever lose the Hispanic vote the way we've lost the African American vote, there's no way we'll win in presidential politics," he told *The Washington Post*.

If Romney ultimately concludes that the Latino vote is a lost cause, he has another option: Hold Obama to 35 percent of the white vote. Considering that Walter Mondale pulled roughly 35 percent of the white vote during Ronald Reagan's 49-state landslide, that's going to be a pretty steep climb.

WE'RE ALL HOOKERS

SHOULD PROSTITUTION BE LEGAL? ISN'T IT ALREADY?

An Illinois attorney who was moonlighting as a call girl has revived discussion about why renting your genitals is illegal. Reema Bajaj, 26, pleaded guilty to a misdemeanor charge of prostitution to avoid a felony conviction that would have ended her legal career. She was busted after police discovered e-mails that discussed prices with a client and contained the digital photos cops used to identify her.

Those who advocate for legalization often rely on an argument that could be called the "universal whore" defense. In 2008, for example, after New York governor Eliot Spitzer was caught hiring call girls, University of Chicago law professor Martha Nussbaum wrote that "all of us, with the exception of the independently wealthy and the unemployed, take money for the use of our body. Professors, factory workers, opera singers, sex workers, doctors, legislators—all do things with parts of their bodies for which others offer them a fee."

Prostitution is often viewed as good girl vs. bad girl, Nussbaum wrote, but better explained as educated, professional girl with options vs. poor girl with few. (The internet has allowed for exceptions such as Bajaj and other independents who can advertise online for clients without the complication of a pimp.) The conservative columnist Ross Douthat handled the counterargument, suggesting that "renting out your body to satisfy another person's sexual needs is a form of self-inflicted violence serious enough to merit legal sanction."

"ALL OF US, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE INDEPENDENTLY WEALTHY AND THE UNEMPLOYED, TAKE MONEY FOR THE USE OF OUR BODY."

The comparison of blue- and white-collar work to prostitution doesn't resonate with most Americans, observed Will Wilkinson, a political blogger for *The Economist,* because female sex workers specifically rent their vaginas (although, he observed, it's not illegal to lease your uterus). But what about hiring out your hand, as a typist might? "Could using your hand to give another person an orgasm possibly be a form of self-inflicted violence?" he asked before answering his own question: "Sweet charity cannot be transformed into self-inflicted violence by a $20 bill."

This is all a parlor game, of course, because prostitution is unlikely to be legalized in the United States anytime soon, no matter how intelligent the arguments or the people arrested for the crime. If anything, progressive cities and counties might relax their laws, as was done decades ago in Nevada. After studying the regulation of red-light districts in Antwerp, Frankfurt and Amsterdam, Ronald Weitzer, a sociology professor at George Washington University and author of *Legalizing Prostitution: From Illicit Vice to Lawful Business,* came up with best practices that could make it work. They include giving prostitutes the same legal rights as other workers, isolating the business indoors, licensing brothels (but not individuals) and encouraging STD tests, as well as forgiving unpaid back taxes and purging the criminal records of anyone previously convicted of the crime, to erase any lingering stigma.

It's all a little complicated. Anyone know a good prostitute lawyer? *—Chip Rowe*

OUR CORPORATE MASTERS

IT'S NOT THE PUBLIC SECTOR WE HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT

Since the days of President Reagan it has been fashionable to complain about the tyranny of our government. Advocates of laissez-faire decry state intervention in our lives—especially as it relates to personal freedoms and the function of business. But this concern has become misguided: The federal government is now merely an adjunct of money, as it is controlled by corporate power. (This is true of most state and local governments as well.) As a result of the Supreme Court's *Citizens United* decision—which upheld corporations' right to unlimited campaign spending under the rubric of freedom of speech—corporate entities have become even more powerful. These giants dominate and control our lives. Cash rules in Washington and in our statehouses. We now all dance to the tune of our corporate masters. Over the next several issues we will profile a few of the corporations that have come to dominate our lives.

One of the ways corporations assert their power is through crony capitalism, in which markets are neither free nor necessarily based on competition. As the U.S. government's sixth-largest contractor, the McLean, Virginia–based Science Applications International Corporation receives corporate welfare in several ways. Ninety-three percent of its revenue is derived from federal and state contracts. It's a business model that's basically recession-proof, as government makes up for the collapse in private demand with countercyclical spending. That's how SAIC has managed to increase its revenue by nearly 40 percent since 2007—otherwise known as the starting point of the worst economic collapse in 80 years.

There are also earmarks, $22.7 million worth of them since 2007. Almost a third of that amount—$6.8 million—came at the request of Representative Bill Young (R-Fla.), whose son just happened to be employed by SAIC.

In the early 2000s, New York City mayor Michael Bloomberg's administration tasked SAIC with installing CityTime, a program that would modernize payroll and time-keeping systems for city employees. Despite early warnings from the city's retiring executive in charge of payroll that SAIC was delaying the project to increase its billing, the city ended up restructuring its contract with the company from a fixed-price to an hourly one. That change saw CityTime's cost increase from $224 million in 2006 to $628 million by 2010.

The complex scam—which involved shell companies, money laundering, kickbacks and outright bribery, according to prosecutors—finally fell apart last year when the first of several federal indictments were handed down. In March, to avoid criminal prosecution that would have banned it from working as a government contractor—thus destroying its entire business model—SAIC agreed to repay $500 million of the $635 million it had received from New York City.

Don't count on many politicians complaining about SAIC's business model. The corporation doles out plenty of campaign contributions (nearly $1.3 million in the last election cycle, split almost evenly between both parties) and spent $6.4 million on lobbyists in the 2009–2010 cycle. *—Brian Cook*

READER RESPONSE

TOUCHY-FEELY

The groping and ass grabbing of airline patrons is the same treatment audiences

Guards frisk Guns N' Roses fans, 2002.

at rock concerts have been subjected to at major venues since the 1970s ("Prepare to Be Groped," May). It's surprising the promoters who initiated these frisks did not have to deal with crowds of angry fans. But no significant legal action was taken, and "security" measures have since spread throughout the public and private sectors. It's notable that while rock concert attendees are routinely frisked, you rarely see this at folk concerts or other "family" events.

Allen Kracalik
Elk Grove Village, Illinois

I hate the Transportation Security Administration almost as much as Jennifer Abel does, so this summer I drove 1,200 miles from Illinois to Florida to attend a convention. I wasn't thrilled about the road trip, but it was better than being treated like a criminal at the airport.

Steve Trannel
Naperville, Illinois

CROP BUSTERS

Thank you for your timely piece on Roscoe Filburn, the farmer fined in the early 1940s for growing too much wheat ("The Long Arm of Uncle Sam," June). The case did indeed start a federalism chain reaction that has led to Obamacare. If readers want to see how the federal government uses the commerce clause to supersede state law and punish confused citizens, consider how the 2005 decision in *Gonzales* v. *Raich* has been applied in Montana and elsewhere. In *Gonzales,* the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that the commerce clause gives the federal government the power to prosecute people for growing or consuming marijuana even if the state has legalized it. In 2004 voters in Montana legalized medical marijuana, yet the feds have not only been busting people who dispense it, they've even charged a landlord for renting his property to a dispensary. He was sentenced in May to a year in federal prison for "maintaining a drug-involved premises."

Alan Ludwig
Helena, Montana

Why didn't the court dismiss the case against Filburn? By November 1942 the United States had been at war for nearly a year. We needed all the wheat we could raise to feed our troops. Filburn should have been rewarded, not punished.

Jack Driggers
Indian Trail, North Carolina

The court was taking the long view in an ongoing debate over New Deal programs that regulated agriculture. Notably, in May 1941, shortly before Filburn harvested his crop, Secretary of Agriculture Claude Wickard reported in a radio address that because of the "uncertain world situation, we deliberately planted several million extra acres of wheat this year. Farmers should not be penalized because they have provided insurance against shortages of food." He failed to mention a pending bill that would triple the fines for growing surplus wheat. Seven days later, Congress approved it.

Our founders created a federal government with specified and limited authority. The commerce clause was inserted to keep the states from engaging in trade wars with one another, not to dictate what type of lightbulb or shower nozzle we are

Where does it say "universal coverage"?

allowed to own. Obamacare commands that we engage in government-approved and government-mandated commerce. Now we have a decree that insurance companies provide "free" contraception. Yet, according to the Supreme Court, a president cannot conscript private businesses. During the Korean War, Harry Truman issued an executive order to take over most of the country's steel mills to prevent a strike. In *Youngstown Sheet & Tube Co.* v. *Sawyer,* the court ruled 6–3 that his powers didn't include being able to seize and control private property.

Joseph Kutch
Pineville, Louisiana

YOU CAN'T SAY THAT

I enjoyed Paul Krassner's commentary on that so-called horrible expletive *fuck* ("Reversals Galore," May). I was a court reporter in the early 1970s when Judge Charles Halleck of the D.C. Superior Court heard a case involving the word. It was fun to hang around Halleck's chambers

A poster from Krassner's *The Realist,* 1963.

because of his liberal attitude. He would kid his secretary, "Do you have the fuck decision finished yet?" She would usually reply, "If you didn't give me so much fucking work I could have the fuck decision done." In his decision Halleck claimed the word was not obscene but an acronym that originated with British police officers who would use FUCK in their reports as shorthand for "forced unlawful carnal knowledge," i.e. rape. If that's true, I suggest Bono, Dick Cheney and any of us who would never want to be accused of using offensive language revert to the original phrase. Thus, an informed person could say, "Go forced unlawful carnal knowledge yourself."

James Palmer
Lumberton, North Carolina

Might work, though the idea that "fuck" was an acronym is a fallacy. The earliest example of the word in English dates to 1475; the more common vulgarism for sex at the time was "swive," which is okay to say now.

The fuss over *fuck* is a tempest in a teapot. Wars kill millions, but one titty overwhelms some. Thank you, Hugh Hefner, for your contribution to putting sex where it belongs, as a natural part of our lives.

Robert Jacober
Miami, Florida

E-mail letters@playboy.com. Or write: 9346 Civic Center Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210.

NEWSFRONT

Parting Gift

PORTLAND—A jury ordered a retired dentist to pay $900,000 in damages to a woman he infected with genital herpes. The two met online and had sex on their fourth date. Afterward, as they lay in bed talking, he revealed he had the virus. As part of his defense, the dentist said he did not realize he could be contagious without lesions and that he told the woman only as a courtesy. Her attorney responded that in a "civilized society" partners reveal sexually transmitted diseases before sex so relationships are not "governed by the law of the jungle." Although courts have ruled repeatedly that a person must tell potential partners about STDs, relatively few cases go to trial, in part because both parties would face public scrutiny of their sex lives. Yet this is far from the largest punitive award for a herpes infection: In 2010 a Los Angeles jury ordered a cheating husband to pay his estranged wife $2.49 million, and in 2009 another L.A. jury awarded $6.75 million to a woman infected by a wealthy businessman. That same year in New York, a husband infected by his wife sued the psychiatrist who had been sleeping with her. Lawsuits typically involve herpes because it has a relatively short incubation period, while other STDs can lie dormant for years.

Super Fly

JOHANNESBURG—Vandals defaced a gallery painting that shows South African president Jacob Zuma posed like Lenin with a large penis hanging from his pants. The ruling African National Congress denounced Brett Murray's *The Spear* as "rude, crude and disrespectful" and called for it to be censored. Zuma, who has four wives and 20 children, was accused in 2005 of raping a friend's daughter but was acquitted.

Ejaculation Drill

HARTLAND, MICHIGAN—Administrators shut down the local high school for a day after a student sent text messages saying he was "polishing his rifle" and mentioning that specific date. Police identified a suspect, but prosecutors declined to file charges after they determined he was referring to masturbation.

Paper Trail

WASHINGTON, D.C.—In 2010, after then Secretary of Defense Robert Gates complained that the Pentagon conducts too many costly studies, officials commissioned a study to calculate how much the studies cost. Two years later, the Government Accountability Office has issued a study of the study of studies, finding that the defense reviewers had managed to analyze just nine studies, could find only three of their reports and had not included the cost of manpower in their calculations.

One-Star Sermons

BEAVERTON, OREGON—A minister sued a former parishioner for defamation after she posted negative reviews of his church. Julie Anne Smith said she had seen restaurant reviews online and thought, Why not? She accused Beaverton Grace Bible Church and Pastor Charles O'Neal of "spiritual abuse" and, more seriously, of turning a blind eye to "known sex offenders," according to court papers. O'Neal, who wants $500,000 in damages, said Smith and her supporters have shown "their willingness to discredit God."

Opening Night

MEXICO CITY—Four candidates hoping to win Mexico's next presidential election gathered for a debate, but Playmate Julia Orayen stole the show. Working as an *edecán,* or hostess, the PLAYBOY Mexico model delivered the box used to draw lots to see which candidate would speak first. The politicians kept their cool, but her attire caused journalists to gasp and jeer. Orayen expressed surprise at the reaction, saying she had been told only what time to arrive and to wear a white dress.

TOTALLY AGAVE.
TOTALLY SMOOTH.®
Blanco
LUNAZUL
Tequila
100% DE AGAVE
MUNICIPIO FUNDADO 1823 TEQUILA, JALISCO
750 ML
HECHO EN MEXICO
40% ALC/VOL
Reposado
LUNAZUL®
Tequila
100% DE AGAVE
SACRIFICE NOTHING®
Think Wisely.
Drink Wisely.®
Lunazul® Tequila. Imported by Premium Imports, Ltd., Bardstown, KY 40004 40% Alc/Vol. © 2012
lunazultequila.com

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: RICHARD DAWKINS

A candid conversation with the controversial atheist about the simple beauty of evolution, the improbability of God and why the pope should be arrested

Richard Dawkins, the patron saint of nonbelievers, caused a stir earlier this year during a debate with the Archbishop of Canterbury, who noted that his opponent is often described as the world's most famous atheist. "Not by me," Dawkins replied before providing his standard explanation—a supreme being is possible but highly improbable—which led a London newspaper to proclaim that the world's most notorious skeptic was hedging his bets. Far from it. Dawkins, at 71, remains an unbending and sharp-tongued critic of religious dogmatism. Like any scientist who challenges the Bible and its lyrical version of creation, he spends a great deal of time defending Charles Darwin's theory that all life, including humans, evolved over eons through natural selection, rather than being molded 10,000 years ago by an intelligent but unseen hand.

Dawkins, who retired from Oxford University in 2008 after 13 years as a professor of public understanding of science (meaning he lectured and wrote books), stepped into the limelight in 1976, at the age of 35, with the publication of The Selfish Gene. The book, which has sold more than a million copies, argues persuasively that evolution takes place at the genetic level; individuals die, but the fittest genes survive. Dawkins has since written 10 more best-sellers, including most recently The Magic of Reality: How We Know What's Really True. Since 9/11 he has become more outspoken about his skepticism, culminating in The God Delusion, which provides the foundation for his continuing debates with believers. Published in 2006, the book has become Dawkins's most popular, available in 31 languages with 2 million copies sold. That same year he founded the Richard Dawkins Foundation for Reason and Science "to support scientific education, critical thinking and evidence-based understanding of the natural world in the quest to overcome religious fundamentalism, superstition, intolerance and suffering." His books have made Dawkins a popular speaker and champion of critical thinking. In March he spoke to 20,000 people at the Reason Rally on the National Mall in Washington, D.C.; a week later he was at Fort Bragg in North Carolina, offering encouragement to the first gathering of atheistic and agnostic soldiers ever allowed on a U.S. military base.

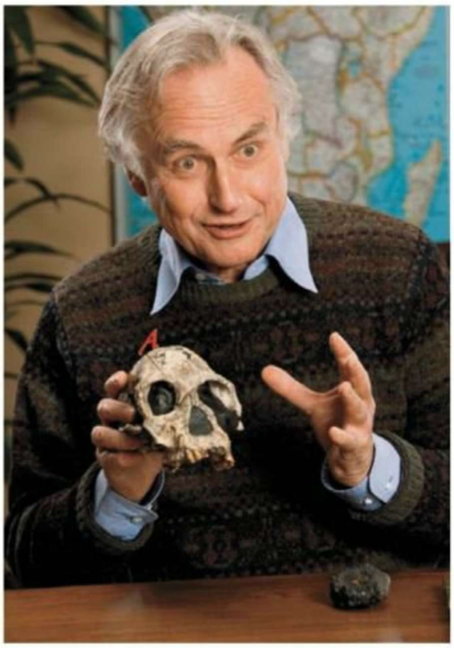
Dawkins lives in Oxford with his third wife, Lalla Ward, best known for her role as Romana on Doctor Who. But he is rarely home for long, and Contributing Editor **Chip Rowe** *had to travel to three cities to complete their conversation. He reports: "Dawkins is a careful speaker with little patience for foolishness (which is everywhere, especially among the faithful and the occasional journalist), but he straightens and his eyes dance when he is asked to explain an evolutionary principle. We met for the first time in Las Vegas at a convention for skeptics. We talked again when he visited New York to lecture at Cooper Union and in Washington, where he spoke at Howard University, checked in with the director of his foundation, thanked its volunteers and visited the impressive human origins exhibit at the Smithsonian's National Museum of Natural History. During a tour with the exhibit's curator, Dawkins looked pained anytime he was compelled to chat, glancing furtively at the fossilized eye candy in every direction, including a wall of progressively modern skulls. At one point two young women approached. 'This is Richard Dawkins!' one told the other, wide-eyed. I suppose it's like bumping into Bono at the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame."*

PLAYBOY: What is the *A* pin you're wearing?

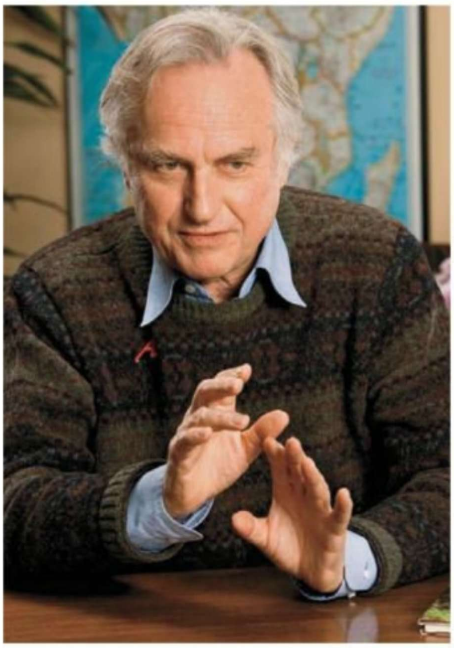
DAWKINS: It stands for "atheist."

PLAYBOY: Like a scarlet letter?

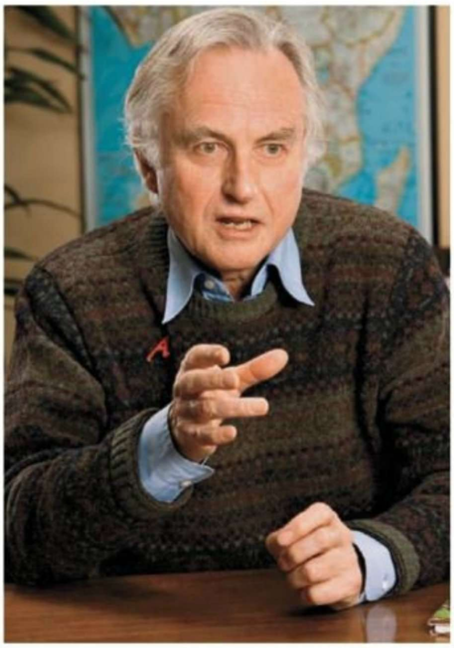
DAWKINS: It's not meant to reflect that. It's part of my foundation's Out Campaign. It means stand out and reach out, as well as come out for the beliefs you hold, and give the reasons. It's a bit analogous to gay people coming out.



"We are apes. We descend from extinct animals that would have been classified as apes. We are a unique ape. We have language. Other animals have systems of communication that fall far short of that."



"Hitler wasn't an atheist; he was a Roman Catholic. But I don't care what he was. There is no logical connection between atheism and doing bad things, nor good things for that matter. I'd rather be good for moral reasons."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"If you count up the number of Jews, certainly observant Jews, it's much smaller than the number of nonbelievers. Yet Jews have tremendous influence. I'm not criticizing that—bully for them. But we could do the same."

PLAYBOY: Although atheists can marry one another.
DAWKINS: True.
PLAYBOY: Is there a better word for a nonbeliever than *atheist*? Darwin preferred *agnostic*. Some have suggested *humanist, naturalist, nontheist*.
DAWKINS: Darwin chose *agnostic* for tactical reasons. He said the common man was not ready for atheism. There's a lovely story the comedian Julia Sweeney tells about her own journey from devout Catholicism to atheism. After she'd finally decided she was an atheist, something appeared about it in the newspaper. Her mother phoned her in hysterics and said something like "I don't mind you not believing in God, but an *atheist*?" [*laughs*] The word *bright* was suggested by a California couple. I think it's rather a good word, though most of my atheist friends think it suggests religious people are dims. I say, "What's wrong with that?" [*laughs*]
PLAYBOY: You've described yourself as a "tooth fairy" agnostic. What is that?
DAWKINS: Rather than say he's an atheist, a friend of mine says, "I'm a tooth fairy agnostic," meaning he can't disprove God but thinks God is about as likely as the tooth fairy.
PLAYBOY: So you don't completely rule out the idea of a supreme being. Critics see that as leaving an opening.
DAWKINS: You can think so, if you think there's an opening for the tooth fairy.
PLAYBOY: It sounds like the argument made by Bertrand Russell, who said that while he could claim a teapot orbited the sun between Earth and Mars, he couldn't expect anyone to believe him just because they couldn't prove him wrong.
DAWKINS: It's the same idea. It's a little unfair to say it's like the tooth fairy. I think a particular god like Zeus or Jehovah is as unlikely as the tooth fairy, but the idea of some kind of creative intelligence is not quite so ridiculous.
PLAYBOY: So you aren't taking Pascal up on his wager. He was the 17th century philosopher who argued it's a smarter bet to believe in God, because if you're wrong——
DAWKINS: The cost of failure is very high. But what if you choose the wrong god to believe in? What if you get up there and it's not Jehovah but Baal? [*laughs*] And even if you pick the right god, why should God be so obsessive about you believing in him? Plus, any god worth its salt is going to realize you're feigning. The odds are extremely low, but nevertheless it's worth it because the reward is extremely high. But you may also be wasting your life. You go to church every Sunday, you do penance, you wear sackcloth and ashes. You have a horrible life, and then you die and that's it.
PLAYBOY: Assume there is a god and you were given the chance to ask him one question. What would it be?
DAWKINS: I'd ask, "Sir, why did you go to such lengths to hide yourself?"
PLAYBOY: Do you have any deeply religious friends?
DAWKINS: No. It's not that I shun them; it's that the circles I move in tend to be educated, intelligent circles, and there aren't any religious people among them that I know of. I'm friendly with some bishops and vicars who kind of believe in something and enjoy the music and the stained glass.
PLAYBOY: Albert Einstein and Stephen Hawking reference God in their writings. Are they using the word in the sense of an intelligent designer?
DAWKINS: Certainly not. They use *god* in a poetic, metaphorical sense. Einstein in particular loved using the word to convey an idea of mystery, which I think all decent scientists do. But nowadays we've learned better than to use the word *god* because it will be willfully misunderstood, as Einstein was. And poor Einstein got quite cross about it. "I do not believe in a personal god," he said over and over again. In a way he was asking for it. Hawking uses it in a similar way in *A Brief History of Time*. In his famous last line he says that

Rather than say he's an atheist, a friend says, "I'm a tooth fairy agnostic," meaning he can't disprove God but thinks God is about as likely as the tooth fairy.

if we understood the universe, "then we would know the mind of God." Once again he is using *god* in the Einsteinian, not the religious sense. And so Hawking's *The Grand Design*, in which he says the universe could have come from nothing, is not him turning away from God; his beliefs are exactly the same.
PLAYBOY: You've had a lot of fun deconstructing the idea of the intelligent designer. You point out that God made a cheetah fast enough to catch a gazelle and a gazelle fast enough to outrun a cheetah——
DAWKINS: Yes. Is God a sadist?
PLAYBOY: And bad design such as the fact we breathe and eat through the same tube, making it easy to choke to death.
DAWKINS: Or the laryngeal nerve, which loops around an artery in the chest and then goes back up to the larynx.
PLAYBOY: Not very efficient.
DAWKINS: Not in a giraffe, anyway.
PLAYBOY: You argue Christians worship a "created God." Some Christians respond that their God isn't created; he's eternal.
DAWKINS: You could say the same of the universe. You could say elephants support the world on their backs. There have always been elephants. I declare it by fiat.
PLAYBOY: The attacks of 9/11 seemed to make you more militant about your atheism, as if you had finally lost patience.
DAWKINS: There was a certain amount of that. A lot of people in the world felt a desire to stand up and be counted. Any suggestion of anti-Americanism in my mind vanished. *Ich bin ein Amerikaner.* Then George W. Bush destroyed that. But it was also an anti-Islamic and an antireligious moment for me because I was nauseated by the way the response to "*Allahu Akbar*" was "God is with us," or whatever the Christians said—the sound of Christian leaders in America uniting in support of the force that led to the crisis in the first place.
PLAYBOY: You blame 9/11 on belief in the afterlife.
DAWKINS: Yes. Normally when an aircraft is hijacked, there's an assumption that the hijackers want to go on living. It changes the game if the hijackers look forward to death because it will get them into the best part of paradise.
PLAYBOY: You mean the part with the 72 virgins the Koran says await martyrs.
DAWKINS: Right. Young men who are too unattractive to get a woman in the real world go for the ones in paradise. But my point is these people *really* believe what they say they believe, whereas most Christians don't. If you talk to dying Christians, they aren't looking forward to it.
PLAYBOY: What will happen when you die?
DAWKINS: Well, I shall either be buried or be cremated.
PLAYBOY: Funny. But without faith in an afterlife, in what do you take comfort in times of despair?
DAWKINS: Human love and companionship. But in more thoughtful, cerebral moments, I take—*comfort* is not quite the right word, but I draw strength from reflecting on what a privilege it is to be alive and what a privilege it is to have a brain that's capable in its limited way of understanding why I exist and of reveling in the beauty of the world and the beauty of the products of evolution. The magnificence of the universe and the sense of smallness that gives us in space and in geologically deep time is humbling but in a strangely comforting way. It's nice to feel you're part of a hugely bigger picture.
PLAYBOY: Are you concerned that your opponents might fake a deathbed conversion, as creationists have tried to do with Darwin?
DAWKINS: What's slightly more worrying is the Antony Flew effect. Flew was an atheistic British philosopher who had an old-age conversion. It seems he went gaga. You can't guard against that.
PLAYBOY: So if it happens we should assume you've lost it.
DAWKINS: Yes. After my friend Christopher Hitchens was diagnosed with cancer, he was asked if he might have a conversion. He said that if he did, it wouldn't

be the real him. What's rather wicked is when religious apologists exploit that, as they did in the case of Flew, who in his old age was persuaded to put his name to a book saying that he'd been converted to a form of deism. Not only did he not write the book, he didn't even read it. [*laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Your call for militant atheism is one reason you were featured as a character on an episode of *South Park*. The show's creators, Trey Parker and Matt Stone, had been accused of being atheists, so they thought of the most militant atheist they could skewer.

DAWKINS: It's the only *South Park* episode I've seen. There was an attempt at something approaching satire in the idea of an imagined future in which different sects of atheists are fighting each other. But most of that episode was ridiculous in the sense that what they had the cartoon figure of me doing, like buggering the bald transvestite——

PLAYBOY: Transsexual, actually.

DAWKINS: Transsexual, okay. That isn't satire because it has nothing to do with what I stand for. And the scatological part, where they had somebody throwing shit, which stuck to my forehead—that's not even funny. I don't understand why they couldn't go straight to the atheists fighting each other, which has a certain amount of truth in it. It reminded me of the bit from *Monty Python's Life of Brian* with the Judean People's Front and the People's Front of Judea.

PLAYBOY: President Obama acknowledged "nonbelievers" in his inaugural address, which caused a fuss. But when you consider religious belief, one of the largest groups in the U.S. is atheists and agnostics. Why do they get overlooked in political discussions?

DAWKINS: It's a good point. Of course, it depends how you slice it. Christians are by far the largest group. If you divide Christians into denominations, agnostics and atheists come in third, behind Catholics and Baptists. That's interesting when you contrast it with the lack of influence of nonbelievers. And if you count up the number of Jews, certainly observant Jews, it's much smaller than the number of nonbelievers. Yet Jews have tremendous influence. I'm not criticizing that—bully for them. But we could do the same.

PLAYBOY: You're not hopeful about peace between Israel and the Palestinians.

DAWKINS: There's not much hope to the extent that the most influential protagonists both base their hostility on 2,000-year-old books that they believe give them title to the land.

PLAYBOY: What is your view of Jesus?

DAWKINS: The evidence he existed is surprisingly shaky. The earliest books in the New Testament to be written were the Epistles, not the Gospels. It's almost as though Saint Paul and others who wrote the Epistles weren't that interested in whether Jesus was real. Even if he's fictional, whoever wrote his lines was ahead of his time in terms of moral philosophy.

PLAYBOY: You've read the Bible.

DAWKINS: I haven't read it all, but my knowledge of the Bible is a lot better than most fundamentalist Christians'.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a favorite verse?

DAWKINS: My favorite book is Ecclesiastes. It's wonderful poetry in 17th century English, and I'm told it's very good in the Hebrew. "Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, vanity of vanities; all is vanity." The Song of Songs is terrific, and it's more bawdy in the Hebrew, almost a drinking song.

PLAYBOY: You've made the point that if Jesus existed and went to his death as described in the Bible, it was, as you put it, "barking mad."

DAWKINS: There's no evidence Jesus himself was barking mad, but the doctrine invented later by Paul that Jesus died for our sins surely is. It's a truly disgusting idea that the creator of the universe—capable of inventing the laws of physics and designing the evolutionary process—that this protégé of supernatural intellect couldn't think of a better way to forgive our sins than to have himself tortured to death. And what a terrible lesson to say we're born in sin because of the original sin of Adam, a man even the Catholic Church now says never existed.

If what you're trying to do is win the tactical battle in U.S. schools, you're better off lying and saying evolution is religion-friendly. I don't want to do that.

PLAYBOY: We hear constantly that America is a Christian nation and that the founding fathers were all Christians.

DAWKINS: They were deists. They didn't believe in a personal god, or one who interferes in human affairs. And they were adamant that they did not want to found the United States as a Christian nation.

PLAYBOY: But you hear quite often that if you let atheists run things you end up with Hitler and Stalin.

DAWKINS: Hitler wasn't an atheist; he was a Roman Catholic. But I don't care what he was. There is no logical connection between atheism and doing bad things, nor good things for that matter. It's a philosophical belief about the absence of a creative intelligence in the world. Anybody who thinks you need religion in order to be good is being good for the wrong reason. I'd rather be good for moral reasons. Morals were here before religion, and morals change rather rapidly in spite of religion. Even people who rely on the Bible use nonbiblical criteria. If your criteria are scriptural, you have no basis for choosing the verse that says turn the other cheek rather than the verse that says stone people to death. So you pick and choose without guidance from the Bible.

PLAYBOY: You've said that science is losing the war with religion.

DAWKINS: Did I say we were losing? I was just having an off day.

PLAYBOY: You are surprised science is still being challenged.

DAWKINS: I am surprised, but I'm not sure it's a losing battle. If you take the long view of centuries, there's an upward trend. Religious people like to point out that Isaac Newton was religious. Well, of course he was—he lived before Darwin. It would have been difficult to be an atheist before Darwin.

PLAYBOY: You might have been the guy who didn't believe in Zeus.

DAWKINS: I would have been skeptical of the details of Zeus hurling thunderbolts, but I probably would have believed in some supernatural being. When you look around at the living world and see the complexity of a cell and the elegance of a tree—"I think that I shall never see/A poem lovely as a tree./Poems are made by fools like me,/But only God can make a tree"—I would have been moved by that. Darwin changed all that. He provided a simple, explicable, workable story about how you can get the complexity not just of a tree but of a human by physics working through the rather special process of evolution by natural selection. If only Newton had been alive to be told about that.

PLAYBOY: The evolutionary biologist Stephen Jay Gould viewed science and religion as——

DAWKINS: Non-overlapping magisteria, or NOMA.

PLAYBOY: Completely separate.

DAWKINS: That's pure politics. Gould was trying to win battles in the creation-evolution debate by saying to religious people, "You don't have to worry. Evolution is religion-friendly." And the only way he could think to do that was to say they occupy separate domains. But he overgenerously handed the domains of morals and fundamental questions to religion, which is the last thing you should do. Science cannot at present—maybe never—answer the deep questions about existence and the origins of the fundamental laws of nature. But what on earth makes you think religion can? If science can't provide an answer, nothing can.

PLAYBOY: Some scientists say that you should stop talking about atheism because it muddies the waters in the debate over evolution.

DAWKINS: If what you're trying to do is win the tactical battle in U.S. schools, you're better off lying and saying evolution is religion-friendly. I don't wish to

condemn people who lie for tactical reasons, but I don't want to do that. For me, this is only a skirmish in the larger war against irrationality.

PLAYBOY: You've said that if science and religion are truly NOMA, Christians must give up their belief in miracles.

DAWKINS: Absolutely. Miracles are a naked encroachment on science's turf. If you ask people in the pew or on the prayer mat why they believe in God, it will always involve miracles, including the miracle of creation. If you don't allow religion to have that, you've removed the reason just about everybody who is religious is religious.

PLAYBOY: Do you get discouraged by the continuing attacks on reason?

DAWKINS: No. I go on the internet quite a lot and read what young people are saying. I see a great upsurge of good sense, rationality, irreverence. America is split into halves. There's the Sarah Palin know-nothing idiots on the one hand, and then there's a huge number of intellectual, intelligent, educated people on the other. I find it hard to believe that the Stone Age types are going to win in the end. An awful lot of people who call themselves religious simply don't know there's any alternative. If you probe what they believe, it turns out to be pretty much the same—we all have a sense of wonder and reverence at the majesty of the universe.

PLAYBOY: You're of the mind that religious belief probably evolved as an "accidental by-product."

DAWKINS: Whenever something is widespread in a species, you have to reckon it has some sort of survival value. There's probably no survival value in religion itself—though there might be—but value in lots of rather separate psychological predispositions such as obedience to authority. That has strong survival value for children. Because they're helpless and don't know their way around the world, they rely on parental wisdom. But they don't have the means of distinguishing wisdom that is wise for survival from wisdom that is nonsense.

PLAYBOY: Your parents raised you in the Anglican church.

DAWKINS: I wouldn't wish to malign my parents by suggesting they fed me religion. I was sent to some of the best schools, and as most such schools in England were at the time, they were Anglican schools. So I got daily prayers and Bible readings. I was confirmed at 13.

PLAYBOY: When did you first read Darwin's *On the Origin of Species*?

DAWKINS: Two years later.

PLAYBOY: And it blew your mind.

DAWKINS: Yes. That such a simple idea could explain the complexities of a peacock's tail, a bounding antelope, a sprinting cheetah, a flying swift, a thinking human. These are immensely complicated machines, and yet we understand why they're here.

PLAYBOY: Your parents were naturalists who you've said could identify every plant in Britain.

DAWKINS: My father read botany at Oxford. I read zoology there. I wasn't a naturalist in the way he was, but I loved going around the jungle with somebody who knew about it.

PLAYBOY: Is there any particular way he influenced you?

DAWKINS: Curiosity, scientific curiosity.

PLAYBOY: How about your mother?

DAWKINS: She didn't do a degree in science, but she had a very good knowledge of plants as well. I guess that's one of the things they did together. She educated me as a child, and I learned a great deal from her.

PLAYBOY: You were born in Nairobi. Why were your parents there?

DAWKINS: Because of his botanical background, my father joined the agricultural department of the Colonial Civil Service and was sent to East Africa, to what was then Nyasaland and is now Malawi. Then he was called up to join the King's African Rifles, which was the British regiment headquartered in Nairobi. So he went up north to Kenya and my mother followed. She had a certain amount of trouble. Since she wasn't in Kenya legally, it was quite difficult getting out. [*laughs*]

I go on the internet quite a lot and read what young people are saying. I see a great upsurge of good sense, rationality, irreverence.

PLAYBOY: What do you remember about that time?

DAWKINS: I remember a lot about Nyasaland. I remember the smells and sights and colors. It was a privileged existence, with servants. It was like setting the clock back 100 years; it was a strange paternalistic society we lived in.

PLAYBOY: When you were eight you moved with your parents to England.

DAWKINS: My father was left the Dawkins estate, which had been in the family since 1723, by a very distant cousin—so distant we'd never heard of him. This cousin wanted the farm to stay with a Dawkins, but everyone had daughters. It was a brilliant choice because my father was qualified in agriculture, albeit tropical, and had the right kind of enterprising mind to turn what had been a country gentleman's estate into a working farm.

PLAYBOY: What did he grow?

DAWKINS: We had Jersey cows, which as you know make a lot of cream. He supplied all the local hotels and the Oxford colleges with cream. And pigs. The acreage isn't that great. An eccentric Dawkins of the 19th century sold off most of the land to pay for lawsuits, so most of the family wealth disappeared.

PLAYBOY: Decades after moving to England, you wrote your first book during a blackout.

DAWKINS: In 1972 there was major industrial unrest in Britain, and for whole days there would be no power. I couldn't do my research, so I started writing *The Selfish Gene*.

PLAYBOY: You're a great fan of science fiction. What do you like about it?

DAWKINS: I prefer science fiction that takes some aspect of science and modifies it. There's a lovely novel by Daniel Galouye called *Dark Universe,* about a group of people who live in total darkness and know nothing about light. And so light has become a mythology. They use phrases like "Great Light Almighty" and have ceremonies when they feel a sacred lightbulb. Galouye changed one thing—he removed light—and looked at all the consequences.

PLAYBOY: As opposed to creating a fairyland.

DAWKINS: Princesses riding unicorns isn't science fiction.

PLAYBOY: The Playboy Advisor received this question from a reader: "I feel uncomfortable when a person I just met asks me whether I go to church, because I don't. Is there an etiquette to answering?"

DAWKINS: I would reply, "No, I do not go to church. Do you, and if so, why?"

PLAYBOY: That's what you advised your daughter in a letter you wrote her when she was 10.

DAWKINS: What I did, and what I would tell other parents to do, is encourage her to think for herself. As an illustration, for Santa I said, "Well, let's work out how many chimneys there are." I mean, it would be a fun game where we calculate that he would have to be traveling faster than the speed of light.

PLAYBOY: What if the child bursts into tears?

DAWKINS: Oh, that would be a shame.

PLAYBOY: Did having a child change your outlook in any way?

DAWKINS: I don't think so, though I'm interested in the evolutionary origins of subjective feelings. I became palpably more nervous about things like heights.

PLAYBOY: You saw danger everywhere.

DAWKINS: That's right.

PLAYBOY: You advised her that anytime someone presented her with a claim, she should ask, "What is the evidence?" Was she popular with her teachers?

DAWKINS: I don't know about her, but I have heard horror stories about children who asked too many questions of teachers of religion. *(continued on page 135)*

How to Outsmart a Millionaire

Only the "Robin Hood of Watchmakers" can steal the spotlight from a luxury legend for under $200!

I wasn't looking for trouble. I sat in a café, sipping my espresso and enjoying the quiet. Then it got noisy. Mr. Bigshot rolled up in a roaring high-performance Italian sports car, dropping attitude like his $22,000 watch made it okay for him to be rude. That's when I decided to roll up my sleeves and teach him a lesson.

"Nice watch," I said, pointing to his and holding up mine. He nodded like we belonged to the same club. We did, but he literally paid 100 times more for his membership. Bigshot bragged about his five-figure purchase, a luxury heavyweight from the titan of high-priced timepieces. I told him that mine was the ***Stauer Corso, a 27-jewel automatic classic now available for only $179.*** And just like that, the man was at a loss for words.

Think of Stauer as the "Robin Hood of Watchmakers." We believe everyone deserves a watch of uncompromising precision, impressive performance and the most elegant styling. You deserve a watch that can hold its own against the luxury classics for a fraction of the price. You'll feel the quality as soon as you put it on your wrist. This is an expertly-crafted time machine... not a cry for attention.

Wear a mechanical masterpiece for only $179! We surveyed our customers. As intelligent, high net worth individuals, they have outgrown the need to show off. They have nothing to prove; they already proved it. They want superb quality and astonishing value. And that's exactly what we deliver.

The Stauer ***Corso*** is proof that the worth of a watch doesn't depend on the size of its price tag. Our factory spent over $40 million on Swiss-made machinery to insure the highest quality parts. Each timepiece takes six months and over 200 individual precision parts to create the complex assembly. Peer through the exhibition back to see the 27-jeweled automatic movement in action and you'll understand why we can only offer the ***Corso*** in a limited edition.

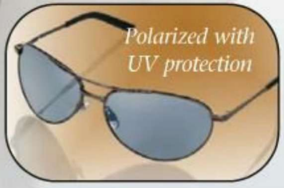
Our specialty is vintage automatic movements. The ***Corso*** is driven by a self-winding design, inspired by a 1923 patent. Your watch will never need batteries. Every second of power is generated by the movement of your body. The black dial features a trio of date complications including a graphic day/night display. The ***Corso*** secures with a two-toned stainless steel bracelet and is water-resistant to 3 ATMs.

Your satisfaction is 100% guaranteed. Test drive the Stauer ***Corso***. If you don't love it, send it back within 30 days and we'll refund every dollar of your purchase price. Spending more doesn't make you smarter. But saving thousands on a watch this stunning will leave you feeling (and looking) like a genius!

Exclusive OFFER!

*Order the Stauer Corso and these Stauer Optics™ Flyboy™ Sunglasses (a $99 value) are yours **FREE**!*

Limited to 4500 pieces... Order Today!



Another Stauer Exclusive Not In Stores

Stauer Corso Timepiece—~~$495~~ *Now $179* +S&P PLUS receive the Stauer Optics™ Flyboy™ Sunglasses FREE!

Call now to take advantage of this limited offer with our 30-day money back guarantee.

1-800-859-1626

Promotional Code CSW157-01
Please mention this code when you call.

ACCREDITED BUSINESS
Stauer has a **Better Business Bureau Rating of A+**

14101 Southcross Drive W.,
Dept. CSW157-01
Burnsville, Minnesota 55337
www.stauer.com

Stauer®

27-jeweled Vertex automatic movement - Interior dials - Transparent caseback - Dual-toned stainless steel case and bracelet band fits wrists 6 ½"–9"

IT'S BEEN 20 YEARS SINCE WE LAST SURVEYED MEN ABOUT THEIR LIVES. TIME TO CATCH UP WITH THE AMERICAN MALE

STATE OF MAN 2012

Like women, men are a mystery. But we are a mystery that can be solved. We have simple, direct needs. We express those needs in simple, direct ways. And yet, according to the self-proclaimed experts, all is not well in Testosterone Town. Some 40 years ago, the historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr. asked, "What has happened to the American male? Men are more and more conscious of maleness not as a fact but a problem." In her 1999 book, *Stiffed,* Susan Faludi documented what she said was a sense of loss among men for the days when they had a role in public life, a way to earn a decent living and appreciation at home. In fact, men have been adjusting to these and other challenges for centuries. It has been two decades since PLAYBOY last polled American males, so we asked Harris Interactive to survey 1,000 men online and weight the results to reflect the demographics of the larger population. We hoped to find out who you are, what you do and how you see life. How do you measure up?

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARK MATCHO

MONEY BY THE NUMBERS

Whatever their income, men typically have a complicated relationship with money. They feel pressure to provide, which causes them to equate money with security. Unfortunately, living below your means isn't an American trait. The past six years have not been easy: The wealth of middle-class households has fallen to levels last seen in the early 1990s (mostly due to the drop in home values), and many men have faced the stress of losing a job. We asked men to tell us about their finances and how those numbers add up in terms of personal identity. Does money buy happiness? Or delay it?

Percentage of men who are stay-at-home dads: **7**

Who own their home: **61**

Percentage of men who say they never take a week off for vacation: **26** In 1979: **26**

Who take two weeks or more: **37** In 1979: **34**

Percentage of men age 25 to 34 who say they work at least 60 hours a week: **18** 35 to 44: **8** 45 to 54: **3**

Who say they have no extra money for eating out, travel or hobbies: **23**

Who take one week a year: **37** In 1979: **40**

Who have defaulted on a debt, filed for bankruptcy or had a lien against them: **15**

Percentage who say they work at least 50 hours a week: **17**

Who have been unemployed in the past four years: **41**

WALL STREET WOES

Do you trust the American financial system?

23% YES

59% NO

18% NOT SURE

Percentage of Republican males who say they trust the system: **29**; of Democrats: **26**; of independents: **18**; of Libertarians: **34**; of Tea Party supporters: **35**.

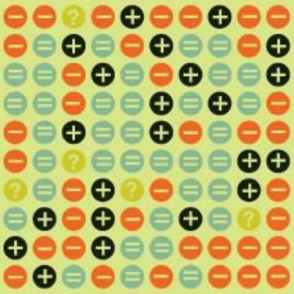
WHAT MEN EARN

Income	Percentage
$200K OR MORE	3%
$150K TO $200K	6%
$100K TO $150K	15%
$75K TO $100K	13%
$50K TO $75K	15%
$25K TO $50K	18%
LESS THAN $25K	18%

DECLINED TO ANSWER: 12%

HOW ARE YOU DOING?

We asked, "At this point in your life, do you feel you are doing better, about the same or worse than you would have expected?"



- BETTER: 22%
- THE SAME: 36%
- WORSE: 38%
- NOT SURE: 5%

Percentage among men age 25 to 34:
BETTER: 20
THE SAME: 43
WORSE: 30
NOT SURE: 7

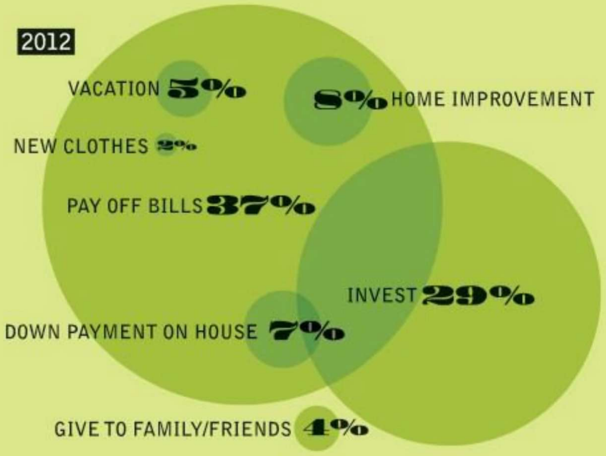
Percentage among men age 35 to 44:
BETTER: 14
THE SAME: 26
WORSE: 54
NOT SURE: 6

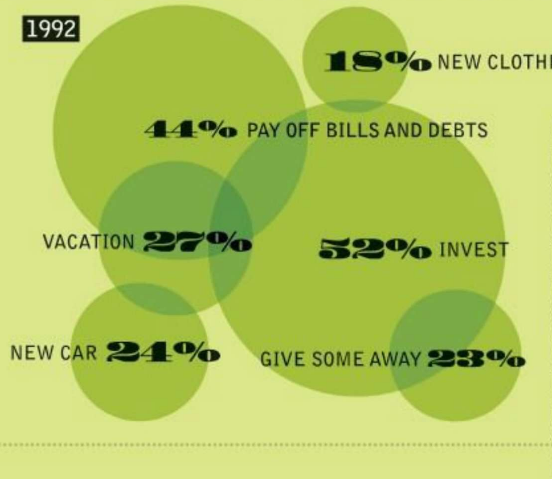
Percentage of Republican males who feel they're doing better than expected: 19; of Democrats: 30; of Tea Party supporters: 8.

MONEY

FAST CASH

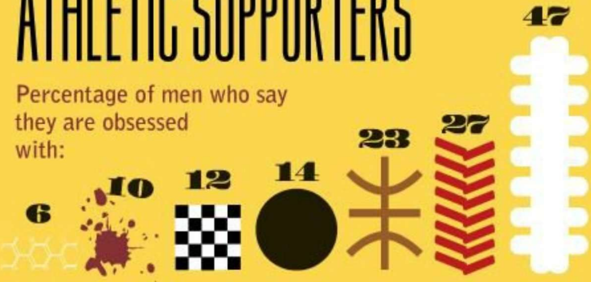
We asked men to imagine they had won $50,000 in a contest. What would they do with the money?





ATHLETIC SUPPORTERS

Percentage of men who say they are obsessed with:



HEALTH CHECK

How many times do you work out each week?

- ZERO: 18%
- ONCE OR TWICE: 18%
- THREE TIMES: 14%
- FOUR TO SIX TIMES: 31%
- SEVEN OR MORE TIMES: 19%

How often do you smoke marijuana?

- NEVER 81%
- A COUPLE OF TIMES A YEAR 3%
- A COUPLE OF TIMES A MONTH 1%
- A COUPLE OF TIMES A WEEK 1%
- DAILY 6%

How much alcohol do you consume each week?

NONE	ONE OR TWO DRINKS	THREE OR FOUR DRINKS	FIVE OR SIX DRINKS	SEVEN OR MORE DRINKS
42%	19%	9%	9%	22%

STATE OF MAN 2012

Percentage of men who have used the following substances recreationally in the past six months:

PLAY TIME

Asking men what they would rather be doing than work doesn't require a multiple-choice response. "Anything" covers it. We love our work, but we save our devotion for our mistress, leisure. The challenge for the modern man is carving out time to hit all his interests.

BY THE NUMBERS

Percentage of men who say they never watch television: **8**

Percentage who say they never play video games: **54**

Who spend at least an hour a day playing: **17**

Who never go online: **4**

Who spend at least four hours a day online: **13**

Who watch at least four hours a day: **19**

Percentage of men who say they never speak on the phone: **19**

Who say they talk on the phone about an hour a day or more: **22**

Percentage of men who say marijuana should be legalized: **56**

In 1979: **51**

Percentage of men who say they're careful about what they eat: **33**

Who say they eat whatever: **23**

Percentage who say they never read: **14**

Who read for more than about an hour a day: **30**

14 percent of men spent more than **$35K** on their current car.

53 percent chose it primarily for reliability, **18** percent for gas mileage and **13** percent for performance.

Percentage of men age 25 to 34 who have used prescription drugs to get high in the past six months: **16**

43 percent of men say personal style is an important part of their lives.

57 percent say it's not that important.

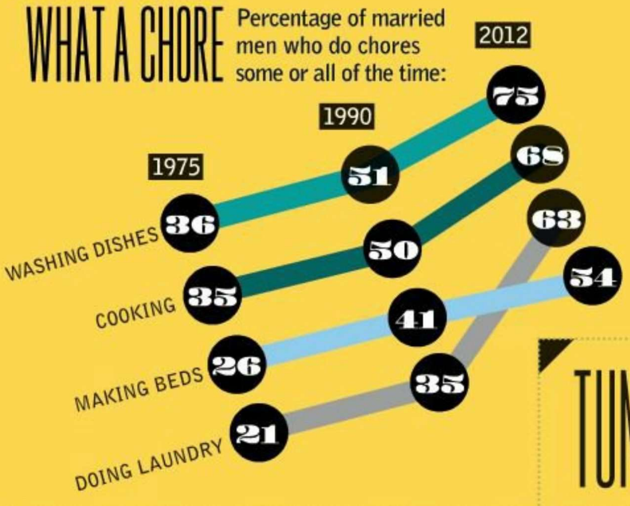
Cocaine: **8** Ecstasy: **8** Crystal meth: **4**

Percentage of males age 18 to 34 who say they smoke weed every day: **14**

Of males 65 and older: **5**

WHAT A CHORE

Percentage of married men who do chores some or all of the time:



TUNE IN

Percentage of men who are fans of each genre of music:

PUNK	HEAVY METAL	HIP-HOP	ALT ROCK	CLASSICAL	COUNTRY	POP	CLASSIC ROCK
7	15	24	24	27	27	28	49

TIME IS ON OUR SIDE

Average time spent daily by men:

WATCHING TV	SURFING THE INTERNET	READING	WATCHING MOVIES	PLAYING VIDEO GAMES	TALKING ON THE PHONE	TEXTING
2:16	2:02	1:03	:49	:36	:33	:28

SEX

We were concerned, when comparing a survey we conducted in 1992 with current numbers, to find a noticeable drop in men who said they were "very satisfied" with their sex lives. And yet nearly half are getting laid at least once a week, a figure that could be more robust but is no reason to complain (especially to the men on a monthly or annual schedule). At the same time, the percentage of men who consider themselves "fairly satisfied" has jumped, which could just mean they have fantasies left to fulfill. Who can't say that?

BY THE NUMBERS

52% of all men claim they've had sex with a person within 24 hours of being introduced.

About **1 in 3** men claim to have had a threesome.

41 percent of men have suspected a partner of cheating;

39 percent could forgive a partner they caught cheating.

Percentage of men who lost their virginity before the age of 18: **48**

Before the age of 23: **89**

Before the age of 26: **94**

48 percent of men have slept with a co-worker;

47 percent with a person of a different race;

30 percent with a neighbor;

7 percent with their boss.

Percentage of men who say they masturbate at least daily: **11**

At least once a week: **52**

At least once a month: **67**

Percentage who claim they have never masturbated: **3**

Percentage of men who say they have sex every day: **4**

At least once a week: **46**

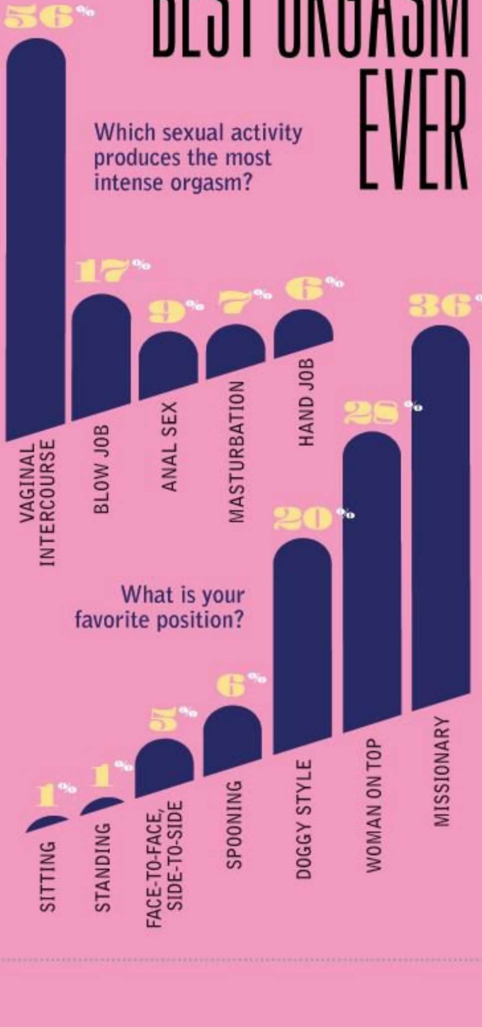
At least once a month: **63**

1 in 5 men lost their virginity during a one-night stand.

Percentage of men who say they've cheated: **39**

1 in 10 men claim they've had more than 50 partners.

BEST ORGASM EVER



I CAN'T GET NO SATISFACTION

We asked men in long-term relationships, "How happy are you with your sex life?"

STATE OF MAN 2012

HIGH & LOW TECH

Percentage of men who:

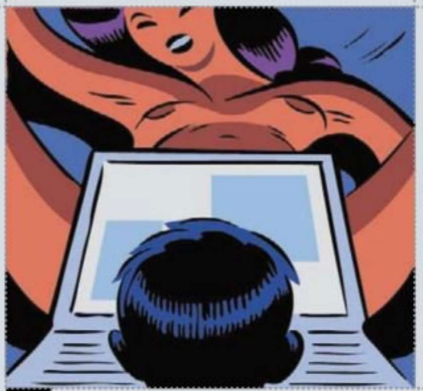
Use social-media sites
OFTEN: **41**; RARELY OR NEVER: **39**

Stream music or TV
OFTEN: **25**; RARELY OR NEVER: **57**

Stream movies
OFTEN: **23**; RARELY OR NEVER: **58**

Shop online
OFTEN: **35**; RARELY OR NEVER: **33**

Use an online dating service
OFTEN: **4**; RARELY OR NEVER: **89**



Nothing has changed life more for men in the past 20 years than technology. Our cars, phones, televisions, tools, even the lawn mower and the lights in our homes are digital. We meet partners on the computer or, failing that, store our porn there. We can be reached anywhere, at any time, for any reason. We are more connected and more isolated, walking, talking, eating and driving with our heads down so as not to miss the e-mail, text or tweet of the moment. And yet men forget that though we are being led on a straight and narrow path by a series of pings and beeps, the best-lived life has unexpected detours. Refusing to ask for directions was one of the great character-building qualities of our fathers and grandfathers. We don't get lost enough.

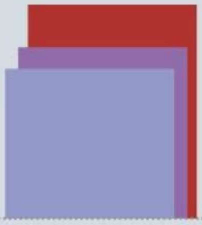
NET GAIN

Percentage of men who spend more than 30 hours a week on the internet: **13**; of Republicans: **8**; of Democrats: **14**; of Libertarians: **20**; of Tea Party supporters: **20**.

SEX AND THE INTERNET

Percentage of men who have slept with someone they met online
AGE 18 TO 24: **20**
AGE 25 TO 34: **39**
AGE 35 TO 44: **28**
AGE 45 TO 54: **23**
AGE 55 TO 64: **12**
AGE 65 AND OVER: **8**

Number of hours a day the average guy spends surfing the internet: **2:02**. Number of hours a day a single male spends surfing: **2:24**. Number of hours a day a married man spends surfing: **1:42**.



Percentage of men who spend less than four hours a week online: **19**

10 percent of men spend more than 30 hours a week online.

Percentage of men who say they watch porn on a computer:

ONCE A DAY OR MORE: **9**
MORE THAN ONCE A WEEK: **15**
ABOUT ONCE A WEEK: **10**
ABOUT ONCE A MONTH: **7**
A FEW TIMES A YEAR: **15**
NEVER: **44**

About **1/3** of men who have used an online dating site have done so while already in a relationship.

BY THE NUMBERS

32 percent of men get most of their news online.

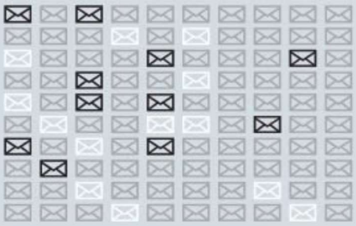
3 percent get most of their news from social-networking sites.

16 percent have been a victim of a cybercrime.

76 percent have paid bills online.

31 percent of men have tried to contact an ex online.

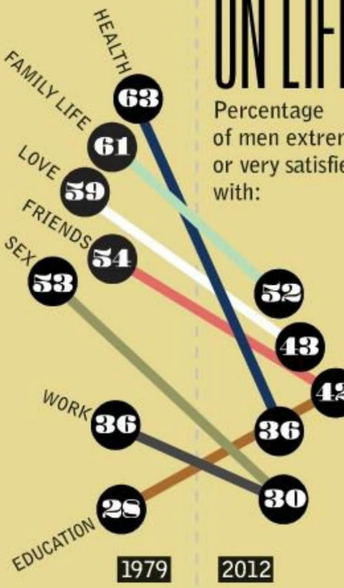
Percentage of men who say they have secretly read a partner's social-network messages or e-mail: **11**; of women: **13**.



WORLDVIEW

ON LIFE

Percentage of men extremely or very satisfied with:



As with sex, "fairly satisfied" seems to describe the average man's view of life. Less than 40% of men believe anyone in the U.S. will be blown up by a nuclear device before 2022. Nearly 40% attend religious services more frequently than the oil should be changed in a car. More than 60% are hopeful or unconcerned about the future. More men today say they are satisfied with their education, though in other areas we claim to be less satisfied—or as the optimists would say, more demanding.

82% of men say they would vote for a female presidential candidate
74% for a Hispanic
73% for an Asian
53% for a gay man or lesbian
79% for a physically disabled person

ALMIGHTY GOD

Percentage of men who say they're not religious: **32**; who say they're very religious: **19**.

How often do you attend services?

- ONCE A YEAR OR LESS: **45%**
- ONCE OR TWICE A MONTH: **4%**
- ONCE A WEEK: **18%**
- MORE THAN ONCE A WEEK: **7%**

BY THE NUMBERS

31 percent of men believe a nuclear device will be detonated in the U.S. sometime in the next **10** years.

Percentage of men who believe the U.S. is headed in the right direction: **22**

Of Republicans: **12**

Of Democrats: **42**

Percentage of men who say most politicians are trustworthy: **9**

13 percent of men are very hopeful about the future.

8 percent are very pessimistic.

MAN IN THE MIDDLE

WHO IS THE AVERAGE AMERICAN MALE? WE CULLED STATISTICS FROM A VARIETY OF RELIABLE SOURCES TO PROVIDE A SNAPSHOT

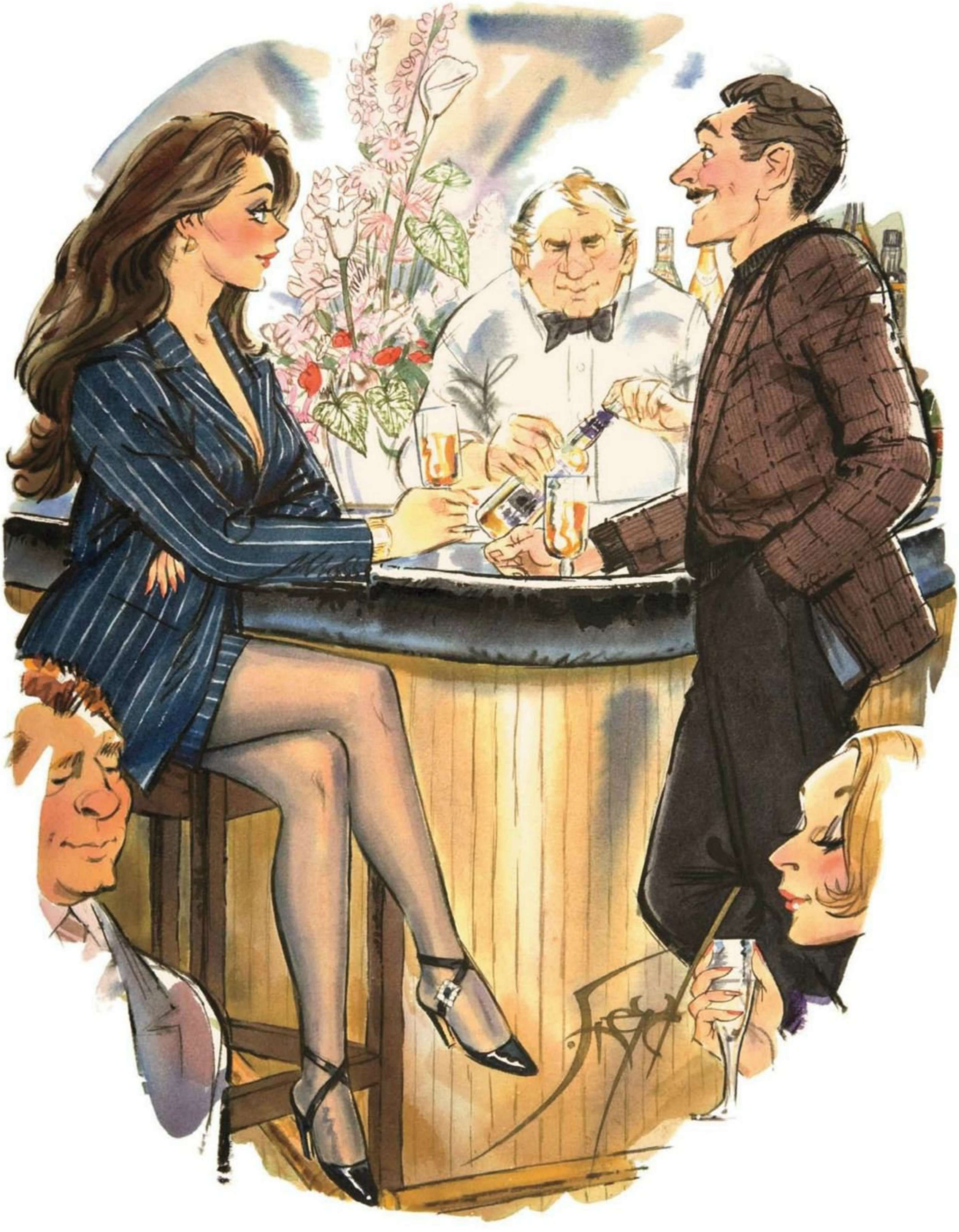
Joe is 37 years old and earns $48,387 at his full-time job. (That's the median; half of all men make more and half less.) He married for the first time at the age of 29. He stands five-nine and weighs 180 pounds. If you're shopping for him, he has a 16-inch collar, a 38-inch waist, and he wears a size 10.5 shoe. If you're sleeping with him, his erection is 6.21 inches long and 4.85 inches around. He probably has a high school diploma (85%) and perhaps a bachelor's degree (28%). He's most likely employed in management, business, science or the arts but may be in service (15%), sales or administration (18%), construction or maintenance (17%) or production and transportation (18%). At the age of 50 he will have $44,000 in savings—far from enough. If he's in reasonably good shape at 50, he should be able to run a nine-minute mile. For a guy his age and weight, Joe should manage 24 push-ups and a single bench press of about 240 pounds. He's most likely married (51%) and living with his spouse (73% of households) but may be divorced (9.6%) and a single father (7%). If all goes well, he'll live to see his 75th birthday. If all goes very well, he has about a 15% chance of living to 100—and after the age of 95, there are four women for every man.

END DAYS

What is the greatest threat to humankind?

- **35%** WAR/TERRORISM
- **19%** POPULATION GROWTH
- **13%** LACK OF NATURAL RESOURCES
- **9%** GLOBAL WARMING
- **9%** NATURAL DISASTER
- **8%** EPIDEMIC DISEASE

FOR COMPLETE RESULTS AND METHODOLOGY, E-MAIL LETTERS@PLAYBOY.COM.



"You're a Taurus? I'm a Sagittarius. Well, that's enough foreplay."

HOME ALONE

with

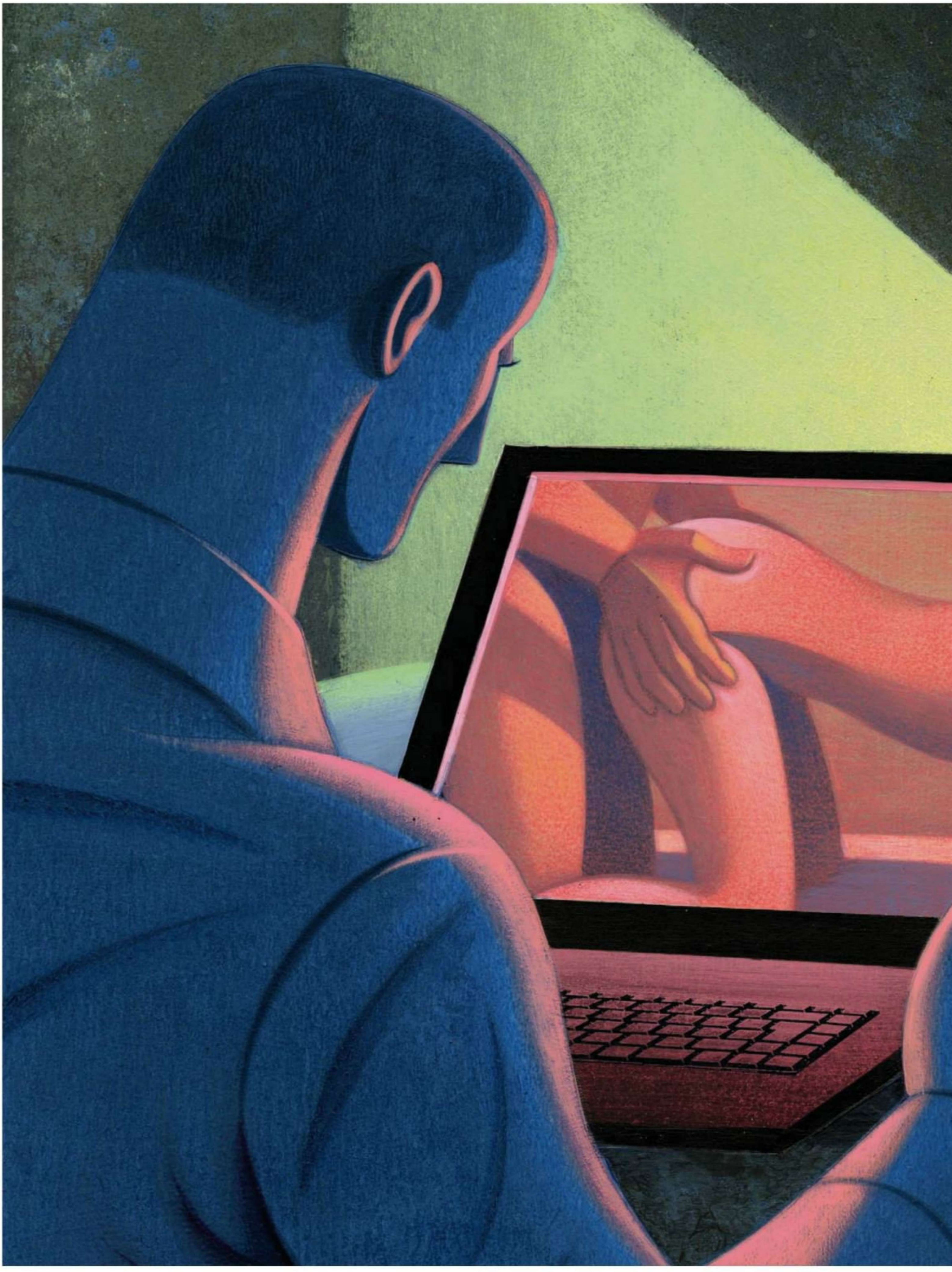
BEAU

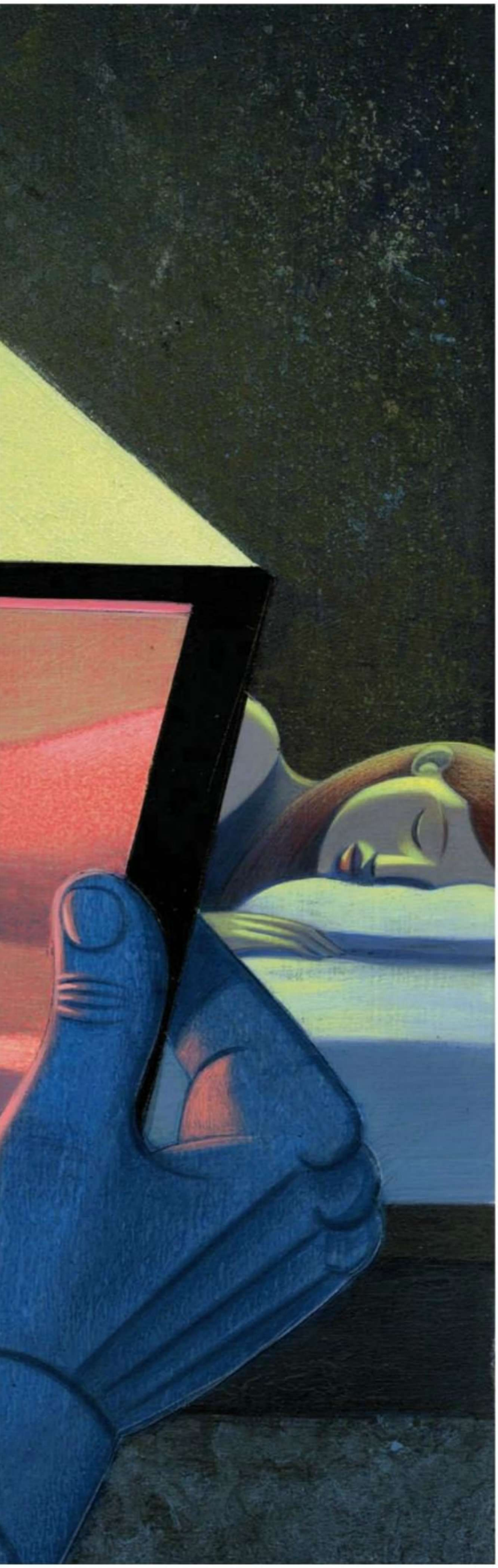
A sojourn in Amsterdam with model Beau Hesling

Stroll the cobbled streets of Amsterdam and you'll be mesmerized by its beauty. Footbridges wrought with Beaux Arts ironwork arch above glittering canals. Cafés reek of hand-rolled cigarettes and clink with the sound of kissing Heinekens (the local brew). What will strike you most, however, is the women. Over these six pages, we invite you for a private date with one such beauty—25-year-old Dutch model Beau Hesling. Born in Amsterdam, Beau grew up a tree-climbing tomboy, but she's a tomboy no more. She thinks of herself today as something of a girlie girl. We couldn't agree more. Stand near her and you'll swear you can smell the flowers of the Keukenhof Gardens. People tell Beau she's a good kisser. "Practice makes perfect," she says, her sumptuous mouth stretching into a smile. Sex is best, Beau reveals, when you think about nothing, when you surrender to the experience, though she prefers it in traditional places (such as a bedroom like the one you see here). She also says she likes sex with women as well as men. Every woman, she thinks, is a bit bisexual. So surrender to the experience with Beau in Amsterdam. Something tells us you'll want to come back.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RENÉ DE HAAN AND PATRICK KAAS

Freak on a leash





FICTION BY T.C. BOYLE

THE WAY YOU LOOK TONIGHT

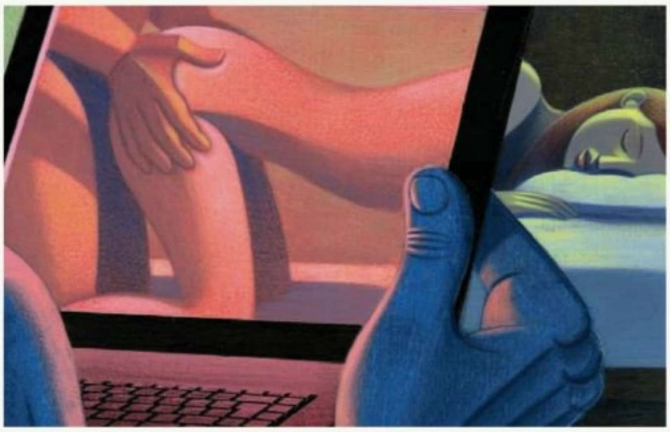
EVERYBODY HAS PAST LOVERS, OF COURSE. BUT WHY WAS THIS ONE DIFFERENT?

He was in the teachers' lounge, 7:15 A.M., sipping the latte he'd picked up on his way to work and checking his e-mail before classes started, when he clicked on a message from his brother Rob and a porno filled the screen. His first reaction was annoyance, shading rapidly through puzzlement to fear—in the instant he recognized what it was (a blur of color, harsh light, movement) he hit the exit button and shot a look around the room to see if anyone had noticed. No one had. The lounge was sparsely populated at this hour, and those who were there were sunk deep inside themselves, staring into their own laptops and looking as if they'd been drained of blood

ILLUSTRATION BY JON KRAUSE

overnight. It was Monday. The windows were dark with the drizzle that had started just before dawn. The only sound was the faint clicking of keys.

All of a sudden he was angry. What had Rob been thinking? He could be fired. Would be. In a heartbeat. The campus was drug-free, alcohol-free, tobacco-free, and each teacher, each year, was required to take a two-hour online sexual harassment course, just to square up the parameters. Downloading porn? At your workplace? That was so far beyond the pale the course didn't even mention it. His fingers trembled over the keys, his heart thumped. He clicked on the next message—some asinine joke his college roommate had sent out to everybody he'd ever known, all 30 or so of them with their e-mail addresses bunched at the top of the screen—and deleted it before getting to the punch line. Then there was a reminder from the dentist about his appointment at 3:30, after school let out, and a whole long string of the usual sort of crap—orphans in Haiti, Viagra, An Opportunity Too Unique to Miss Out On—which he hammered with the delete key, one after another, with a mounting irascibility that made Eugenie McCaffrey, the math teacher, look up vaguely and then shift her eyes back to her own screen. Rob had left no message, just the video. And the subject heading: *I Thought You'd Want to Know.*



HE SAW AN ANONYMOUS ROOM, A BED, THE INCANDESCENCE OF TOO-WHITE FLESH AND THE SUDDEN THRUST OF BODIES COHERING AS THE SCENE CAME INTO FOCUS.

By lunch he'd forgotten all about it, but when he checked his phone messages there was a text from Rob, which read only: *??????* Sandwich in hand, the noontime buzz of the lounge reverberating round him—food, caffeine, two periods to go—he called Rob's number, but there was no answer and the message box was full. Of course. He summoned his brother's face, the hipster haircut, the goofball grin, eyes surfing the crest of some private joke—when was he going to grow up?—then dialed Laurie at work because it came to him suddenly that they were supposed to go out to dinner tonight with one of her co-workers and her husband, whom he'd never met, and he was wondering how that might or might not interfere with the football game on TV, but she didn't answer either.

Then the day was over and he was in his car, heading to the dentist's. The drizzle had given way to a drifting haze that admitted the odd column of sunlight so that the last he saw of the school, for today at least, was a brightly lit shot of glowing white stucco and orange-tile roof rapidly dwindling in the rearview mirror. Traffic was light and he was 15 minutes early for the dentist, whose office was on the second floor of a vaguely Tudorish building that anchored an open-air mall—bank below, Italian restaurant with outdoor seating bottom-floor left, then real estate and a sandwich shop and on and on all the way round the U-shaped perimeter. A patch of lawn divided the parking lot. There were the usual shrubs and a pair of long-necked palms rising out of the grass to let you know you weren't in Kansas, appearances to the contrary.

He debated whether to drift over to the sandwich shop for a bite of something, but thought better of it, remembering the time the dentist had chastised him in a high singsong voice because he hadn't brushed after lunch, the point of which had escaped him, since he'd been coming in to get his teeth cleaned in any case. The thought made him shift the rearview and pull back his lips in a grimace to study his gums and then work a fingernail between his front teeth, after which he took a swig of bottled water and swished it around in his mouth before rolling down the window and spitting it out. That was just the way he was, he supposed—the kind of person who did what was expected of him, who wanted to smooth things out and take the path of least resistance. Unlike Rob.

It was then that he thought of the video. He looked round him, his blood quickening, but no one was paying any attention to him. The cars on either side were empty, and the only movement was at the door of the bank, where every few minutes someone would come in or out and the guard stationed there (slab-faced, heavy in the haunches, older—40, 45, it was hard to say) would casually nod his head in recognition. Shielding the laptop with the back of the seat and the baffle of his own torso, he brought up the video—porn, he was watching porn right there in the dentist's parking lot where anybody could see, and he wasn't thinking about students or students' parents or the rent-a-cop at the bank or the real thing either, because all at once the world had been reduced to the dimensions of the screen on the seat beside him.

He saw an anonymous room, a bed, the incandescence of too-white flesh and the sudden thrust of bodies cohering as the scene came into focus. In the center of the bed was the woman, on all fours, the man standing behind her and working at her, his eyes closed and his face drawn tight with concentration. The woman had her head down so that her own face was hidden by the spill of her hair, red-gold hair parted in the middle and swaying rhythmically as she rocked back into him. He saw her shoulders flex and release, her fingers spread and wrists stiffen against the white field of the sheets, and then she lifted her head and he saw her face and the shock of it made something surge up and beat inside of him with a fierce sudden clangor that was like the pounding of a mallet on a steel rail. He watched as she stared into the camera, her eyes receding beneath *(continued on page 126)*

"Tell me the truth, Tex…is there someone else?"

THE STARS, THE SPOILERS AND THE DARK HORSES TAKE AIM FOR THE NATIONAL TITLE

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW 2012

BY BRUCE FELDMAN

As usual, the eggheads who run college sports—the same scholars who gave us a Big Ten with 12 teams, a Big 12 with 10 teams and a Big East that will soon include San Diego State and Boise State—have been hard at work this off-season trying to improve the game, or more accurately, squeeze more money out of student athletes. More conference realignment is in the works. At least the power brokers finally signed off on a championship playoff. Unfortunately, that four-team playoff (with teams chosen by a selection committee) won't begin until 2014. So for two more years we'll have the convoluted Bowl Championship Series system—the one the Southeastern Conference has dominated, winning a staggering six national titles in a row. Maybe this is the season the streak ends. Vegas thinks so, making USC a three-to-one favorite. It's doubtful the Trojans would have been better than a 25-to-one pick had quarterback Matt Barkley jumped to the NFL early. Barkley says he has "serious unfinished business" left in college. Translation: It's national title or bust around Los Angeles.

THE TOP 25

1	USC	14–0
2	LSU	12–2
3	ALABAMA	11–2
4	OREGON	12–2
5	OKLAHOMA	11–2
6	FLORIDA STATE	12–2
7	WEST VIRGINIA	11–2
8	GEORGIA	12–2
9	MICHIGAN STATE	12–2
10	TCU	10–3
11	VIRGINIA TECH	11–3
12	SOUTH CAROLINA	10–3
13	ARKANSAS	10–3
14	WISCONSIN	10–4
15	CLEMSON	9–4
16	OHIO STATE	9–3
17	STANFORD	9–4
18	MICHIGAN	10–3
19	OKLAHOMA STATE	9–4
20	NEBRASKA	9–4
21	UTAH	9–4
22	TEXAS	9–4
23	NOTRE DAME	8–5
24	BYU	9–4
25	KANSAS STATE	8–5

ILLUSTRATION BY JON FOSTER

TOP 10

1 USC: After two seasons in NCAA jail (thanks to Reggie Bush and his rule infractions) the Trojans are now free to play in the postseason and are primed to end the SEC's six-year run of national titles. The team was liberated at a perfect time: Golden boy Matt Barkley—the most polished player in the long line of star Trojan QBs—bypassed the NFL for one more year of college. Barkley has the country's best receiving tandem (Robert Woods and Marqise Lee), a 1,000-yard rusher (Curtis McNeal) and four returning starters on the offensive line. The defense also returns its top four tacklers. And no team will be hungrier than this one. That's a good thing, because the Trojans' 37-year-old coach, Lane Kiffin, has never won a bowl game and is just 3–6 all-time against top-25 teams. PREDICTION: 14–0

2 LSU: The Tigers beat eight ranked teams last year, and only one of those opponents got within 12 points of them. Of course it was that opponent, Alabama, that came back to thump LSU in the BCS title game. LSU is still loaded on defense (as usual). The Tigers lost two first-rounders, but their defense may be even better since the rest of the unit was so young last year. The big question is whether coach Les Miles can get some decent quarterback play. Tigers fans won't miss former starter Jordan Jefferson, but we'll see how sharp Georgia castoff Zach Mettenberger is. He said he couldn't wait for Miles to flip him the keys to the offense, adding that it would be like getting a Maserati when you turn 16. Word of caution, Zach: Don't drive it into a ditch like Jefferson did last January. PREDICTION: 12–2

3 Alabama: At 60, Nick Saban has clearly established himself as the best coach in the college game. Bama had gone 13–19 the previous four seasons in SEC play when he arrived. Under Saban the past four years, the Tide has won two national titles, with a 48–6 record, playing in the roughest conference. The team plays smart and physical and, led by the nation's best offensive line, will continue to do so this fall. Quarterback A.J. McCarron, who shredded LSU's vaunted defense in the title game, is also back. The downside? Saban has to replace four of his top five tacklers. PREDICTION: 11–2

4 Oregon: The Oregon football brand has soared in the past five years thanks to edgy uniforms courtesy of Nike king Phil Knight (a proud alum) and the frenetic offensive system run by coach Chip Kelly. (Think a no-huddle offense on Red Bull.) These Duckies are no fluke. They have to replace their quarterback and starting tailback, but Kelly has two triggermen (Bryan Bennett and Marcus Mariota) who are faster and have better arms than Darron Thomas. Kelly also has De'Anthony Thomas, a dazzling sophomore running back–wideout–return man who averaged a touchdown every eighth time he touched the ball last season. The Ducks also return most of their defense, including top tackler John Boyett. The bad news? They have to play at USC this year. PREDICTION: 12–2

5 Oklahoma: Last year's preseason number one pick in both the coaches and AP polls proved to be a bigger flop than *The Hangover Part II.* The Sooners lost at home to a Texas Tech team that didn't even make a bowl, lost to Baylor and got whupped 44–10 by Oklahoma State. It has been eight years since coach Bob

Star Trojan receiver Marqise Lee against UCLA.

Stoops had a team finish in the top four, but he does have standout QB Landry Jones back and a more seasoned offensive line. Better still, Stoops's brother Mike returns to run the defense. The Stoopses have a lot of speed to work with on defense, and they're going to need it: The Sooners have to visit West Virginia and TCU, the Big 12's two most explosive teams. PREDICTION: 11–2

6 Florida State: It has been nine years since the Seminoles finished in the top 10, but that doesn't stop the pollsters from fawning over them in the off-season. FSU always looks the part, but the Noles have lacked discipline and leadership. So why might things be different this year? Quarterback EJ Manuel, a fifth-year senior, is a respected leader who has a dynamic group of receivers. The team also has arguably the fastest defense in the nation, with nine starters returning from what was the fourth-ranked defense in 2011. Oh, and the Noles' two archrivals, Miami and Florida, are in rebuilding mode. If third-year coach Jimbo Fisher can't have a breakthrough season now, he'll probably never have one with FSU. PREDICTION: 12–2

7 West Virginia: The Mountaineers' first year under offensive mastermind Dana Holgorsen was chaotic. But it ended in spectacular fashion. The team blasted Clemson 70–33 in the Orange Bowl, and it looks as though Holgorsen is just warming up. WVU dumped the Big East for the tougher Big 12, and the timing of the move is good. Holgorsen overhauled the defensive staff, which settled some rocky team chemistry. "The biggest change is that everyone's getting along with each other," said QB Geno Smith. Keep an eye on Smith, a Heisman candidate with stud

West Virginia running back Shawne Alston breaks free.

receivers Tavon Austin and Stedman Bailey. If the defense, which has six starters back, can be decent, this is a good dark-horse national-title pick. At least they won't be boring. PREDICTION: 11–2

8 **Georgia:** Longtime coach Mark Richt got himself off the hot seat last fall by winning 10 games, though the Dawgs didn't beat anyone good. They faced four top-15 teams and lost to all of them. NFL scouts love Georgia's personnel, especially on defense, where they ranked fifth in the country. Their best player on defense—All-American linebacker Jarvis Jones, a USC transfer—is a potential top-10 pick. The team's leader is Aaron Murray, UGA's starting quarterback for the third year. He doesn't have ideal size, but he can move and makes good decisions. He also has a few gifted young tailbacks to lean on, but the offensive line is green. The best news in Athens? The schedule is as favorable as you can get in the SEC, meaning they avoid LSU, Alabama and Arkansas. The only top-20 team they'll likely face in the regular season is South Carolina. PREDICTION: 12–2

9 **Michigan State:** The Big Ten doesn't have a legit national-title contender this year, but there are a handful of good teams. The Spartans—with eight of their top nine tacklers returning, including towering defensive end William Gholston—are the best of the bunch. And they have some momentum, coming off an Outback Bowl win over Georgia—MSU's first postseason win in a decade. The Spartans are a traditional grind-it-out Big Ten offense, led by 238-pound sledgehammer tailback Le'Veon Bell and an experienced offensive line. Junior quarterback Andrew Maxwell replaces Kirk Cousins. Maxwell, a six-foot-three former high jumper, is a better athlete than Cousins. We'll find out midseason if he has the same poise when MSU plays a three-game stretch with back-to-back road trips to Michigan and Wisconsin before facing off against Nebraska. PREDICTION: 12–2

10 **TCU:** The Horned Frogs have won 47 games in the past four seasons, one fewer than Alabama. But with TCU's move from the Mountain West Conference to the Big 12, it has officially made the big time. The bad news: In February, four key players, including Tanner Brock, the linebacker pegged to be the leader of the defense, were snagged in a drug bust. Coach Gary Patterson immediately booted them. Three were defensive starters. Now only five starters return on defense. The offense, though, should be even more explosive than it was in 2011, when TCU ranked ninth in scoring. Quarterback Casey Pachall and his crew of receivers now have some experience. Good thing. The Horned Frogs close the season playing Texas and then Oklahoma, against whom they are a combined 3–33 since 1968. PREDICTION: 10–3

PLAYBOY'S PRESEASON ALL AMERICA TEAM

OFFENSE

QB: MATT BARKLEY, USC. Of all the Trojan QBs over the years, none has ever had a six-touchdown game. He had *two* in November.

RB: MONTEE BALL, Wisconsin. Ball tied Barry Sanders's single-season TD record (39) last year.

RB: KNILE DAVIS, Arkansas. A 1,300-yard rusher in 2010, Davis missed the 2011 season due to an injury, but he has his wheels back, clocking a team-best 4.33 seconds in the 40 in spring.

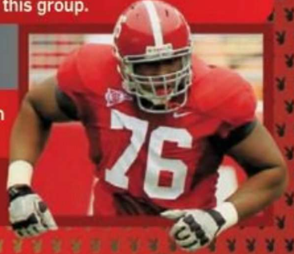
WR: TAVON AUSTIN, West Virginia. He led the nation in all-purpose yards in 2011 with 198 yards per game.

WR: SAMMY WATKINS, Clemson. As a freshman in 2011, his playmaking heroics probably helped save coach Dabo Swinney's job.

TE: TYLER EIFERT, Notre Dame. His 63 catches for 803 yards led the nation's tight ends in both categories and set school records. Not bad, considering Notre Dame's quarterbacks were horrible.

OL: KHALED HOLMES, USC. The Trojans' 305-pounder had the highest percentage of knockdown blocks on the team, topping even Matt Kalil, the left tackle who was the fourth overall pick in April's NFL draft.

OL: BARRETT JONES, Alabama. The 2011 Outland Trophy winner, Jones graded out higher than any Tide lineman in almost every game, which is really saying something with this group.



OL: RICKY WAGNER, Wisconsin. The six-foot-six, 322-pound left tackle is the latest model off the Badgers' assembly line of road-graders.

OL: CHANCE WARMACK, Alabama. Tide running backs rushed for more than 100 yards 12 times last year. Often they ran behind this 320-pound bruiser.

OL: D.J. FLUKER, Alabama. So wonderfully imposing and agile at six-foot-six and 335 pounds, he makes even Nick Saban get mushy.

DEFENSE

DE: WILLIAM GHOLSTON, Michigan State. Cousin Vernon was a first-round bust for the Jets. This six-foot-seven, 275-pound junior is a lot better.

DT: STAR LOTULELEI, Utah. The 320-pound Tongan lived up to his first name in 2011 by winning the Pac 12's award for best defensive lineman.

DT: KAWANN SHORT, Purdue. It's rare to see a defensive lineman lead his team in passes broken up. This 310-pounder is pretty special.

DE: JADEVEON CLOWNEY, South Carolina. The nation's top recruit last year was an impact freshman, forcing five fumbles, and he didn't really know what he was doing. He does now, so look out.

OLB: JARVIS JONES, Georgia. This USC transfer arrived in the SEC with a bang, sacking quarterbacks 13.5 times in 2011.

MLB: MANTI TE'O, Notre Dame. The Irish have had seven Heisman Trophy winners but zero winners of the Butkus Award (which honors the country's top linebacker). That should change this fall.

OLB: CHASE THOMAS, Stanford. He chases—and catches—everybody, thanks to his terrific pass-rushing moves. He had 17.5 tackles for loss in 2011.

DB: TYRANN MATHIEU, LSU. Nicknamed "Honey Badger," Mathieu took everything but the national title last season. Now he's *really* pissed.

DB: DAVID AMERSON, NC State. At six-foot-three and 194 pounds, he has great size. With 13 interceptions, he had five more than anyone else in the nation.

DB: ERIC REID, LSU. He's the brains of the Tigers' defense. Reid's interception on what appeared to be a sure TD for Alabama was the play of the 2011 season.

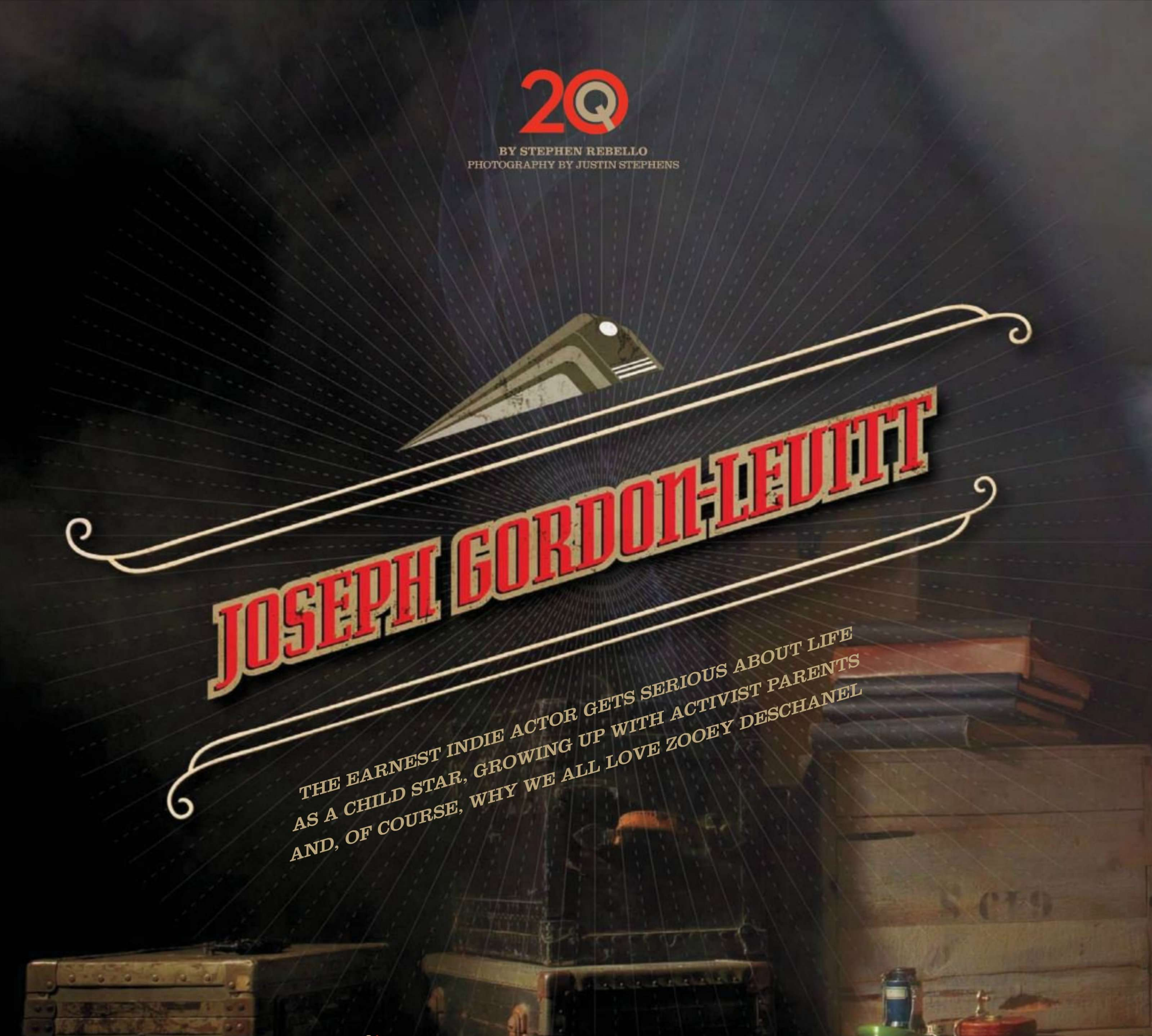
DB: NICKELL ROBEY, USC. At five-foot-eight, he doesn't have ideal size, but that didn't stop him from locking up Notre Dame's towering star receiver Michael Floyd (an eventual first-rounder).

K: CALEB STURGIS, Florida. Made three field goals of 50 yards or longer and was perfect on extra points in the 2011 season.

P: BRAD WING, LSU. This Australian import averaged more than 44 yards per punt with almost half his boots going down inside the 20.

KR: DE'ANTHONY THOMAS, Oregon. The nation's most explosive player, the 173-pound sophomore ran two kickoffs back for TDs in 2011.

COACH: NICK SABAN, Alabama. The best in the college game. The Tide had five players drafted in the top 35 and faces a brutal road schedule. But Saban will still produce a top-five team.



20Q

BY STEPHEN REBELLO
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JUSTIN STEPHENS

JOSEPH GORDON-LEVITT

THE EARNEST INDIE ACTOR GETS SERIOUS ABOUT LIFE AS A CHILD STAR, GROWING UP WITH ACTIVIST PARENTS AND, OF COURSE, WHY WE ALL LOVE ZOOEY DESCHANEL

Q1

PLAYBOY: We're about to see you play a bike messenger chased by a twisted cop in the big-screen action thriller *Premium Rush.* Meanwhile, audiences are still arguing about whether *The Dark Knight Rises* is the best-ever *Batman* flick, and your profile has kept rising since you did *Inception* and *(500) Days of Summer.* Having acted in commercials and TV shows such as *3rd Rock From the Sun* since you were six and having made your 1992 movie debut at the age of 11 as Student #1 in *Beethoven,* do you look back on your childhood as a bit skewed?

GORDON-LEVITT: I wouldn't say I was a normal kid. I'd say I was a lucky little kid, because unfortunately it's not normal to have extraordinarily good parents who love and support you. I played baseball, did gymnastics, took piano lessons and started acting as just another one of the things I did. I wasn't pressured into it. But it was acting I loved. I had a really cool acting teacher who taught us how to become a character, to be realistic and feel those feelings, so I hated being expected to behave like an idiot in TV commercials because they seem to think that's what sells toys or whatever. I remember on *Beethoven* we weren't allowed to pet the dog because it would have distracted him. For a dog lover that was disappointing and weird.

Q2

PLAYBOY: Back then, just as now, you never seemed to get caught up in any of the missteps that have turned many promising young actors into tabloid fodder. How?

GORDON-LEVITT: Being on TV when I was a teenager in high school was way harder than anything I've experienced since. It prepared me for what it is to work in pop culture. I've learned I have basically two different interactions with *(continued on page 146)*

THRILL *of* BRAZIL

Surrender to the samba beat of Miss September

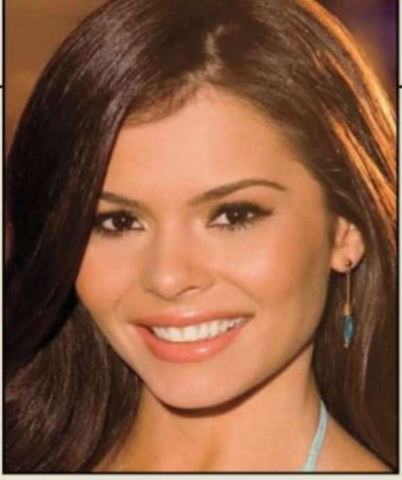
Alana Campos came of age in the Brazilian city of Florianópolis, a subtropical paradise so spellbinding that it's called the Island of Magic. Among its enchanting qualities: 42 pristine beaches where dolphins and sea turtles swim and pro surfers converge to ride world-renowned waves. "It's beautiful there," Alana says. "You're completely surrounded by the ocean. Plus everybody is always smiling. I try to take that happy energy with me wherever I go." There is, however, one problem with Florianópolis. "All the girls are gorgeous," Alana says. "When you go out at night, you become just another pretty face. It's very annoying." Nevertheless, Alana's unforgettable visage caught the attention of Ford Models after she won a series of local beauty pageants, including one sponsored by her favorite soccer club, Avaí. "I never dreamed of becoming a model," she says. "I actually wanted to become a flight attendant so I could travel for free. But now I love modeling because I'm always having fun and looking good." On a lark, she decided to submit photos to PLAYBOY. "I had never shot nude before or even gone topless on a beach," she says. "To be honest, I wasn't expecting a response." But within three months of her submission, Hef had selected her as Miss September. "I feel lucky," she says, beaming. Then with giddy spontaneity, Alana bursts into a torrent of Portuguese. "*Estou muito feliz por estar aqui representando a beleza do meu país Brasil. Estou amando ser uma Playmate!*" The translation: "I'm very happy to be here representing the beauty of my country, Brazil. And I love being a Playmate!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

MISS SEPTEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Alana Campos



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Alana Campos

BUST: 36C WAIST: 25" HIPS: 36"

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 118

BIRTH DATE: 11-5-90 BIRTHPLACE: Florianópolis, Brazil

AMBITIONS: Buying my own home and enjoying a successful modeling career.

TURN-ONS: Broad shoulders, strong legs and, most important, beautiful eyes that make me melt.

TURNOFFS: In Brazil we have an expression, "cabeca de camarão," which means "shrimp head". It refers to guys who carry a lot of nothing inside their heads. Don't be one!

RECIPE TO MY HEART: One cup of honesty, one tablespoon of humor and as much appreciation and passion as you've got.

WHAT ALWAYS MAKES ME LAUGH: Being tickled on my tummy! ☺

MY PHILOSOPHY: Dreams come true. If you believe and work hard, you will get what you want. Look at me!

At a soccer game.

Usual day—at the beach!

Blowing kisses to my fans! ☺

See more of Miss September at playboy.com.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A frustrated wife bought a pair of crotchless panties in an attempt to spice up her sex life. She put them on and sat on the sofa opposite her husband.

"Get up!" the husband screamed. "Get up!"

She jumped up from the couch and asked, "What's wrong?"

"Oh, you're wearing crotchless panties," the husband said, relieved. "I thought you sat on the cat."

A Catholic boy and a Jewish boy were talking. The Catholic boy said, "My priest knows more than your rabbi."

"Of course he does, dipshit," the Jewish boy said."You tell him everything!"

I hate that your mother doesn't like me," a girl told her boyfriend.

"Don't take it personally," he assured her. "She's never liked anyone I've dated. I once dated someone exactly like her, and that didn't work out at all."

"What happened?" the girl asked.

He replied, "My father couldn't stand her."

I'll get it," a wife said to her husband when the phone rang.

On the line a pervert, breathing heavily, said, "I bet you have a tight asshole with no hair."

"Yes," she responded. "He's watching TV."

A man went to a palm reader on a whim.

"You are a very lonely man," she told him.

"You can tell that just from my love lines?" he asked.

"No," she responded, "from the calluses on your hand."

Life is like a cock: Simple, straight and relaxed—it's the women who make it hard.

My doctor says that if I don't give up sex, I'll be dead in a week," a man told his friend.

"Why is that?" the friend asked.

The first replied, "I'm fucking his wife."

How was your first day as a masseur?" a man asked his male roommate.

"I was fired," the roommate replied. "Apparently the instruction 'finish off on her face' doesn't mean what I thought it did."

On the eve of a couple's 10th wedding anniversary, the still-slim wife was looking in the mirror and bragging about her figure. "You know, I can still get into the skirts I had before we were married," she said.

"Oh yeah?" the husband replied. "I wish I could too."

If a female sex addict is called a nymphomaniac, what's a male sex addict called?

A man.

Expecting an important letter, a man went home during his lunch hour to check the mail. "Has the mailman come yet?" he shouted to his wife as he walked through the door.

"Almost there," a man's voice answered back.

What seems to be the problem?" a doctor asked his elderly patient.

"I'd like my sex drive lowered," the man responded.

"Sir," the doctor said, "at your age I think your sex drive is all in your head."

"I know," the man replied. "That's why I want it lowered."

A very large and surly woman took a man's order in a restaurant during a busy lunch hour. "Sorry about the wait," she told him in an insincere tone.

"Don't worry about it," he said. "Hopefully you'll lose it someday."

Send your jokes to Playboy Party Jokes, 9346 Civic Center Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. PLAYBOY *will pay $100 to the contributors whose submissions are selected.*

"Did you ask for groom service?"

PLAYBOY STYLE ICONS 2012

MAN UP YOUR STYLE

FASHION BY JENNIFER RYAN JONES

A NEW BREED OF GENTLEMAN IS SETTING THE STANDARD FOR HOW TO DRESS: HE'S DECIDEDLY MASCULINE AND HE ISN'T AFRAID TO SPEND A LITTLE EXTRA EFFORT OR MONEY TO LOOK HIS BEST. HERE ARE THE NEW STYLE ICONS AND HOW TO GET THEIR LOOK.

2

the BESPOKE BRUISERS

TOUGH GUYS WHO KNOW HOW TO WEAR A SUIT

These men have two things in common: They're perfectly fit, and their suits fit perfectly. (No point putting in time at the gym if you're not going to show it off.) While the average guy doesn't have a wardrobe stylist at his disposal like A-list actors and athletes do, we're fortunate enough to live in an era when designers are cutting their suits slimmer. And a leaner, meaner look can come in handy at the office or on the town.

3

4

5

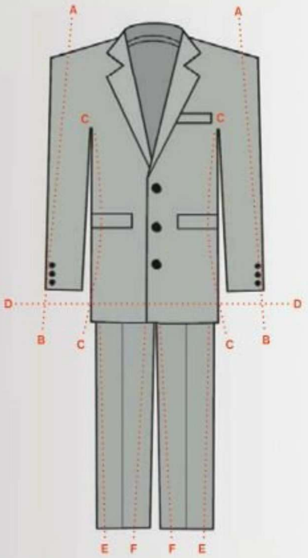
1

1. Daniel Craig: The broad shoulders and slim waist say "Craig. Daniel Craig." **2. Channing Tatum:** You can tell he's buff even when he's not going full monty. **3. Shia LaBeouf:** Whether in a *Lawless*-style bootlegger suit or something more bespoke, the guy looks tough. **4. Tom Hardy:** Six-pack abs plus a three-piece suit equals the guy who almost kicked Batman's ass. **5. LeBron James:** He proves sharp suits are not just for coaches.

Suit Yourself

HOW TO GET THE PERFECT FIT

Not all 42 regulars are created equal, especially when body types run the gamut from gym-toned to supersized. Getting the right fit is a multistep process that's well worth the investment.



A SHOULDERS FIRST
The point where the padding meets the sleeve seam should end where your shoulder ends. Get this right in the store, and you're on your way.

B SLIM THE SLEEVES
Here's where the tailor comes in. The sleeve should break just above the wrist joint and leave half an inch of shirt cuff exposed. Slightly taper the sleeves if they look too baggy.

C GET WAISTED
Alter the jacket to nip in slightly at the waist for a cleaner, leaner silhouette.

D COVER YOUR ASS
Pick a jacket that hangs no lower than your balls. Your legs will look longer. You'll look taller.

E CHOP TROU
Take in the trousers to fit comfortably at the waist without a belt.

F BREAK IT DOWN
Hem the pants so they just hit the top of the shoe. Slightly taper the legs so they don't flap around like Hammer pants.

the

GEEK-CHIC ATHLETES

HIGH PERFORMANCE MEETS HIGH STYLE

Take a cue from these athletes, who know the game of life is as much about fashion as it is about action. Whether you're a pro or a joe, you should look smart off the court or the field. A crisp collared shirt, a fitted sweater and above all a pair of plastic-frame eyeglasses will do the trick.

1. Amar'e Stoudemire: Pink pants, red bow tie, no apologies. **2. Tom Brady:** Even in a newsboy cap the dude looks all-American. **3. Kevin Durant:** Gingham and glasses do not diminish the thousand-mile stare. **4. David Beckham:** He knows that pomade and scruff can take a sweater from professorial to tough.

Specs Appeal

LOOK SMART IN RETRO GLASSES

DSQUARED2 TORTOISESHELL FRAMES, $350.

STYLE ICONS 2012

Cologne Ranger

SMELL LIKE A WINNER WITH THESE INVIGORATING, FRESH AND CITRUSY SPORT COLOGNES

ISSEY MIYAKE L'EAU D'ISSEY POUR HOMME SPORT, $79.

GIVENCHY PLAY SPORT, $75.

DIOR HOMME SPORT, $57.

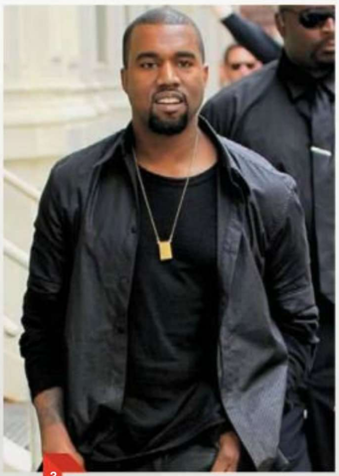
the

REAL ROCK STARS

THEY OWN THE STREETS THE WAY THEY OWN THE STAGE

Over the years, "rock and roll" has been used to describe a look that often veered a bit too costumey (Cee Lo Green channeling *Mad Max;* Elton John channeling himself). Today it means wearing something with a little attitude (leather, dark sunglasses and a well-chosen hat)—a performance these musicians have mastered and anyone can pull off.

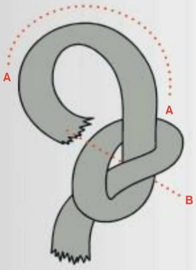
STYLE ICONS 2012



1. Bruno Mars: With super-black shades and a vivid cap, he uses attitude as an accessory. **2. Adam Levine:** When in doubt, he mixes business with leather to great success. **3. Kanye West:** The gold standard for wearing just the right amount of bling.

How to Rock a Scarf

Nothing takes an outfit from run-of-the-mill to rock royalty more than a rakishly tied scarf. Of all the ways to tie one, the "fake knot" hits that sweet spot between intentional and casual.



A Drape the scarf around the back of your neck and tie a loose knot at one end.

B Pass the other end through the knot.

C Tighten the knot until it comes up just to your Adam's apple.

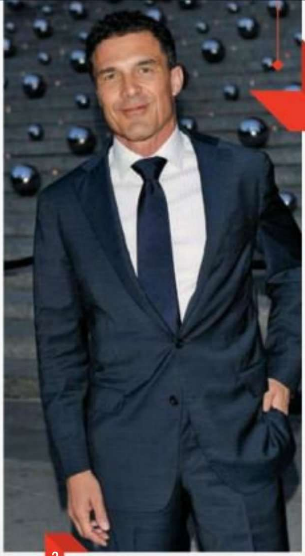
John Varvatos's 3 Rules for Dressing Like a Rock Star

Menswear designer, *Fashion Star* mentor and hard-core audiophile John Varvatos designs clothes that help mere mortals channel their inner rock god and actual rock gods achieve sartorial splendor. (Artists from Iggy Pop to ZZ Top have appeared in his ad campaigns.) Here are his rules for dressing like a rock star.

1 EMBODY IT
"Not everybody has a rock-god body—most rockers were rail thin—so the most important thing to think about is what's going to look good on you. You need to be comfortable with what you're wearing. Not a lot of guys can show up in a top hat like Slash does and not have everybody laugh at them. Swagger is key."

2 INVEST IN A CLASSIC LEATHER JACKET
"The best leather jackets are the ones that feel as if they have a history to them, like they've been around forever. You want one that will feel just as relevant when you pull it out of the closet 10 years from now."

3 DON'T SKIP THE SHADES
"Sunglasses give an air of intrigue and inaccessibility. I'm writing a book for HarperCollins about rock and roll in fashion, and there's a quote from Patti Smith where she says her sunglasses are such an important part of her look that she couldn't conceive of going onstage without them any more than she'd go onstage without her guitar."



2

3

4

the FORWARD FORMALISTS

FOR THESE MEN, LOOKING GOOD IS BLACK AND WHITE

We're living in the golden age of the tuxedo: The mobster black-on-black look is out and the Sinatra traditional look is back—but not so much that you can't tweak tradition. These gentlemen grace the red carpet with a style that's the perfect balance of formal and personal.

STYLE ICONS 2012

1

1. Guy Pearce: A skinny tie and chunky glasses do nothing to detract from the actor's luxe tux. **2. André Balazs:** The hotelier wears a Windsor knot and formal suit to elegant effect. **3. Bradley Cooper:** Don't shave. Do put on a shawl-collar jacket. **4. Alexander Skarsgård:** Note the lack of standard-issue prom studs—and the jaunty yet subtle addition of a pocket square.

Linked In

CUSTOMIZE YOUR TUX WITH THESE SHARP CUFF LINKS

The New Rules of Black Tie

Although tuxedos have gotten more casual in recent years, that doesn't mean you should coordinate your bow tie with your date's gown. A tuxedo should be black. The shirt should be white. And yes, you should buy one. Here's the new formal formula.

1 DO THE MATH
Factor in the rental cost plus the time spent on fitting, picking up and then returning the tuxedo, and you might as well buy. The Italian-made Ludlow tuxedo from J. Crew costs about $700 and will serve you at all three of your weddings.

2 BOW TIE NOT REQUIRED
You can wear a normal tie with a tuxedo that's cut on the slim side.

3 PASS ON THE PLEATS
A crisp white dress shirt looks sharp and can be worn with a regular suit the rest of the year. Nothing says senior prom like tuxedo studs in a pleated shirt.

4 COPY CLOONEY
Whether you rent or buy, emulate George Clooney for that classic old-Hollywood look: single-button jacket with a notch lapel, bow tie, no cummerbund.

2

the ALPHA ARTISTS

CASUAL, CREATIVE, IN CONTROL

A true artist tells a story even when he's not on-screen. These actors wear classic clothes with a weathered look that speaks of experience and a life well lived.

STYLE ICONS 2012

3

4

1

1. James Franco: There's an art to picking the perfect one-of-a-kind leather jacket. **2. Jack Huston:** Is that a necklace or a sunglasses holder? It's both. And it works. **3. Ryan Gosling:** The shades are very Steve McQueen. The style is all Gosling. **4. Johnny Depp:** Not everyone can pull off two watch fobs like Johnny can. But anyone can match their lenses to their shirt.

The Art of Dressing Down

Casual can be creative with classic clothes that have a sense of history.

OILED-SUEDE JACKET BY ROGUE, $695.

BUTTON-FRONT VEST BY JOHN VARVATOS, $498.

ARKANSAS BOOTS BY FRYE, $298.

KNIT CAPS BY BLOCK HEADWEAR, $38 EACH.

BANDANA PRINT SCARF BY JOHN VARVATOS, $198.

50 YEARS *of the* PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

Jay-Z

A look back at our classic 2003 interview with hip-hop's most enduring and respected artist

When PLAYBOY interviewed rapper, producer and entrepreneur Jay-Z in 2003, we dubbed him "the Don Corleone of rap…a street-hardened former drug dealer who drinks Cristal, smokes cigars and trusts almost no one. Especially women." Others have described him as "the hip-hop Sinatra," hip-hop's "reigning kingpin" and, contradicting his often-reported-on swagger, "a grown-up, levelheaded, career-minded adult who has stayed at the top of the charts."

The last is indisputable. Jay-Z has sold more than 50 million albums and has a net worth of more than $450 million. He holds the record for the most number-one albums by a solo artist, has won 14 Grammys and founded a successful record label. His ventures transcend music. Jay-Z is part owner of the Brooklyn Nets NBA team, has a line of clothing (Rocawear) and last year launched Life + Times, a popular website.

Almost a decade after our interview, Jay-Z remains one of the most successful and relevant artists in music. Last year's *Watch the Throne,* a collaboration with Kanye West, debuted at number one and has sold 1.5 million copies to date. He has also remained newsworthy for his life outside music. He's been lambasted for his ego—he's called himself Hova, god of the microphone. Bill O'Reilly accused him of damaging children with cursing and "corrosive lyrics," to which Jay-Z replied, "Fuck Bill O'Reilly."

When our interviewer, Contributing Editor **Rob Tannenbaum,** asked Jay-Z about a rumor that he was dating Beyoncé, the rapper was coy, admitting that yes, he'd like her to be his girlfriend. He usually seems to get what he wants; they married in 2008, and this year they had a child, Blue Ivy Carter. Jay-Z, now 42, has repeatedly announced his retirement and claimed that "you can't be a rapper at 50," but there's no sign he'll be disappearing anytime soon.

Excerpted from the April 2003 issue

PLAYBOY: Rap careers are usually over fast: one or two hits, then styles change and a new guy comes along. Why have you endured while other rappers haven't?
JAY-Z: I would say that it's from still being able to relate to people. It's natural to lose yourself when you have success, to start surrounding yourself with fake people. In *The 48 Laws of Power,* it says the worst thing you can do is build a fortress around yourself. I still got the people who grew up with me, my cousin and my childhood friends. This guy right here [*gestures to the studio manager*], he's my friend, and he told me that one of my records, *Volume 3,* was wack. People set higher standards for me, and I love it.
PLAYBOY: But we were just in a chauffeured car, on our way to free courtside seats at a Nets game, and we saw your new music video playing on BET.
JAY-Z: Yeah. [*laughs*] I'm still separated. You

told me to separate—I'm still looking in on that guy. Like, Wow, that guy's doing it!

PLAYBOY: So how can people relate to you when you possess so many things they don't have?

JAY-Z: I've been through a lot of things, so I could write songs off memory for another four years.

PLAYBOY: You refer to yourself as "the $40 million boy" on *Blueprint 2.* Is that an accurate number?

JAY-Z: I don't know the math. How'd I get that number? I might be past that by now.

PLAYBOY: We bet you know exactly how much you have at any given moment.

JAY-Z: Everyone should, don't you think? Especially in rap music. There's nothing worse than putting in all this work and waking up broke. I've seen it happen, and I vowed it won't happen to me.

PLAYBOY: Jam Master Jay of Run-DMC died broke. How does that happen?

JAY-Z: I always have to blame it on the accountants. They have to be tough; they have to be willing to quit if a guy calls up and says, "I want to buy a new car."

PLAYBOY: Have any of your accountants ever said no to you?

JAY-Z: I fire my accountant every year. Every time I pay taxes, he's fired. Uncle Sam did not go in that recording booth with me. He didn't bang his head against the wall until he came up with the hook for "Hovi Baby." It's crazy, the checks that I send to the government, for nothing. And then my accountant says, "Be happy that you're fortunate enough to cut this check." Oh yeah? Fuck you! You're fucking fired! That's my response. Then I hired him back, because he's right.

PLAYBOY: All that money, and you still release records more often than any other rapper. Why work so hard? Is it just for the money?

JAY-Z: I'm doing it for the artistry. I'm doing it to try new things, to create, to invent. I'm a guy who wants to see rap go further, even after me. I want people to open their minds, start making different types of music. Don't follow what's going on. That's what hip-hop is about. It's a rebellious voice. You're going left? Then I'm going right. But say it like this: [*sneers*] I'm going *right.*

PLAYBOY: How did growing up in the Marcy Projects shape you?

JAY-Z: It was a poor neighborhood, but you learned loyalty and integrity. You learned to respect other people, because it was a minefield. If you disrespect somebody or act dishonorable, you get hurt. Somebody puts you in your place. So I learned integrity. It's a beautiful place to grow up, as far as having honor.

PLAYBOY: Was it dangerous?

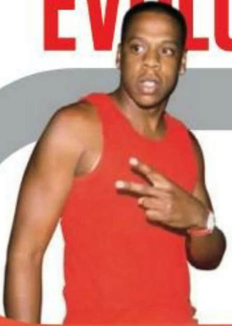
JAY-Z: It wasn't safe. Everyone there was poor and trying to get ahead. There was not much hope. Everyone's on top of everybody else. That's a powder keg. Then crack hit around 1985. You had so many people strung out. I mean, everybody. It was an epidemic.

PLAYBOY: And have those projects changed since you were a kid?

JAY-Z: [*Shakes his head*] There's no lawyers, no doctors, no psychiatrists. Everyone that makes money moves out. They just go. I want to tell kids, "Yo, I'm Jay-Z...." Not even Jay-Z. "I'm Shawn Carter, from 5C. I lived in that building right there, the one you live in now. And it can happen for you. *(continued on page 130)*

JAY-Z'S STYLE EVOLUTION

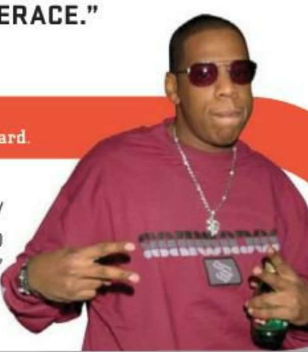
Armed with an encyclopedic knowledge of fashion and impeccable style, Jay-Z is hip-hop's resident sartorialist. The man can rock a four-in-hand cravat and a pin-striped Savile Row suit one day and a plain black T-shirt with a $25,000 ostrich-skin backpack the next—all while avoiding looking like (a) a banker or (b) a tool. But the mogul isn't merely dressing for the paparazzi. Jay-Z's lyrics are peppered with more knowing references to Prada, Gucci and Maison Martin Margiela than a lecture at Parsons School of Design. Forthwith, a time line of Jay-Z's ever-evolving personal style and obsession with fashion.



"I moved from **LEVI'S** to **GUESS** to **VERSACE.** Now it's diamonds like **LIBERACE.**"

—"Coming of Age"

1996 Releases his platinum-selling debut album, *Reasonable Doubt.* His lyrics are fashion forward.



"Say bye to **REEBOK,** say hi to **CHANEL.** Say hi to **GUCCI, PRADA** as well."

—"Get Your Mind Right Mami"

1999 Launches his own fashion line, Rocawear, with partner Damon Dash.

"**FRESH** to death. Head to toe till the day I rest. And I don't wear **JERSEYS,** I'm 30 plus. Give me a crisp pair of **JEANS,** nigga, button-ups."

—"What More Can I Say"

2005 Becomes president of Def Jam Recordings, where he helps launch the careers of Rihanna and Kanye West. Amps up his CEO style.

"**NORTH BEACH LEATHERS,** matching **GUCCI SWEATER. GUCCI SNEAKS** on to keep my outfit together."

—"Blue Magic"

2007 Sells Rocawear to Iconix for $204 million cash.

"I know you riding with a nigga through the **GUCCI** store, all through **PRADA,** but what if I had nada?"

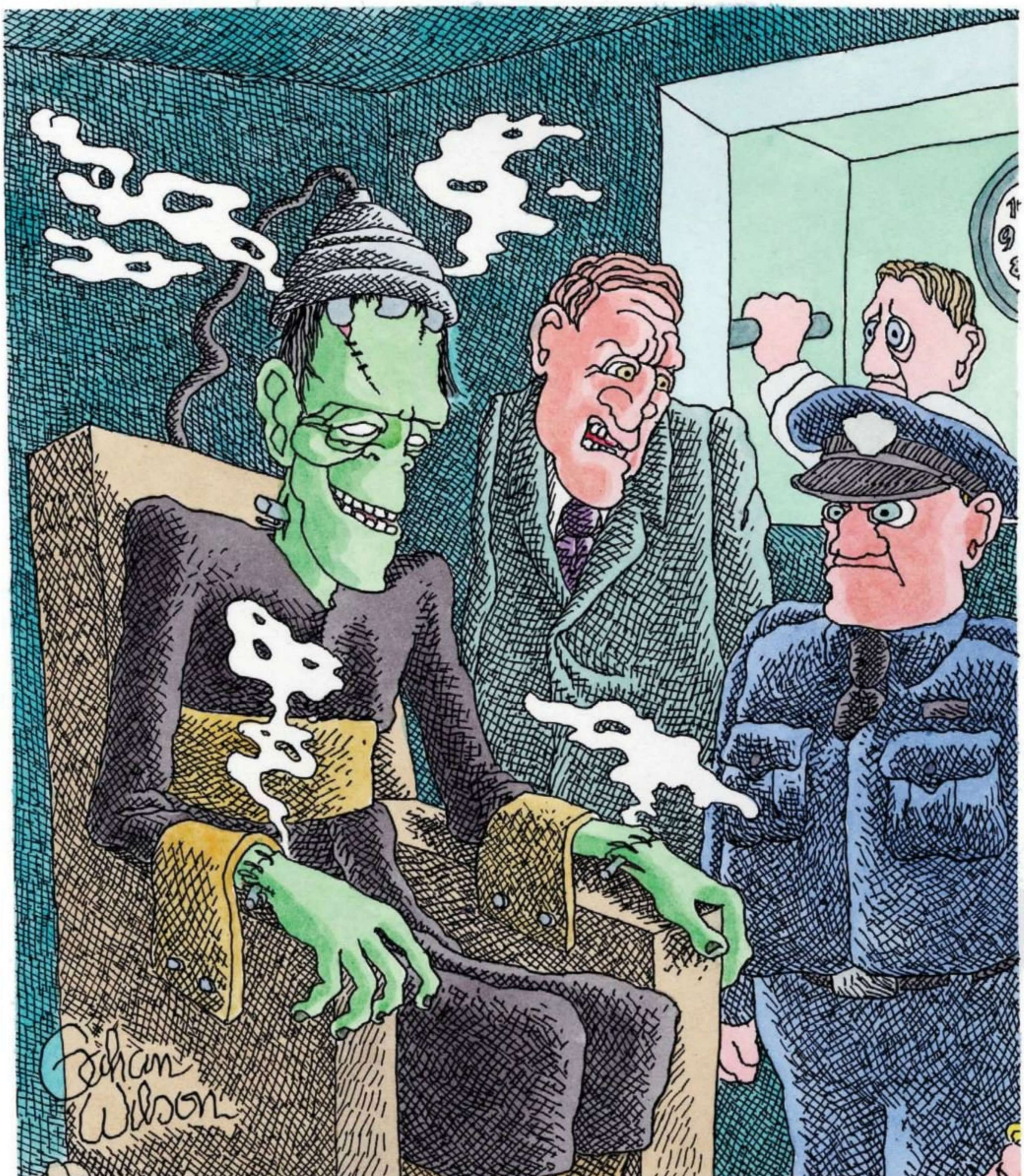
—"When the Money Goes"

2011 Blogs a picture of his $925 Maison Martin Margiela high-tops.

"New watch alert, **HUBLOTS.** Or the big-face Roley, I got two of those."

—"Otis"

2012 Is rumored to be working on a deal with Swiss luxury watchmaker Hublot.



"It's just perking him up!"

Death of a Salesman

DON LAPRE WAS ONCE THE KING OF INFOMERCIALS, THE MAN WHO CONVINCED VIEWERS HE COULD MAKE THEM RICH. HE CONVINCED HIMSELF TOO, AND THAT'S ONE REASON HE'S DEAD

BY NEAL GABLER

Before the tragedy that resulted in his death, you were likely to remember Don Lapre, if at all, from the mid-1990s, standing on a beach in an open-collared sport shirt, the waves lapping gently behind him, his hair black and gel-slicked, his face baby smooth, his body leaning conspiratorially toward the camera, his hands, fingers splayed, semaphoring nonstop, his eyes widening and squinting in punctuation, his mouth taking small gulps of air before each sally as if he needed an oxygen boost to fuel his excitement and his tone, as his voice rose into its higher register, halfway between beseeching and wheedling. In those days he was a phenomenon—maybe the most visible and imitable pitchman on late-night TV. "The *sssssecret* is learning how to take one tiny classified ad [*gulp*] that made $30 to $40 profit in a week [*gulp*] and to realize that you could now take that same exact ad [*gulp*] and place it in up to 3,000 other newspapers around the country," he told his viewers. "That's how I generated over $50,000 a week out of my one-bedroom apartment!" And he added in the same cheery, high-pitched delivery, "You may start making so much money you may not want to do anything else!" And there were the testimonials: the bearded man who was making so much money he couldn't stop smiling in shy disbelief ("It don't even sound right"); the gaunt, triangular-faced man in the cranberry shirt who called

ILLUSTRATION BY CRISTELA TSCHUMY

Don Lapre
2 37
281-845-2199
30 Day Money Back Guarantee

it "phenomenal"; the doughy young man with hair piled high atop his head who testified that he had visited Don Lapre's office and had seen with his own eyes "stacks and stacks and stacks and stacks" of tracking sheets for the classified ads Lapre had placed.

This was the half-hour program called *The Money Making Show With Don Lapre* (pronounced la-PREE), and according to Jordan Whitney, Inc., a company that monitors infomercials, back in the 1990s it consistently ranked in the top 10 in number of viewers and frequency of airings. It also seemed to do its job. Lapre once claimed to have sold 500,000 "Money Making" kits in a five-year period, and one source estimated that at one point his company was grossing $60 million a year. But money wasn't the only measure of his success. Lapre became a minor pop culture icon. David Spade imitated him on *Saturday Night Live*. David Letterman invited him on his show to spoof himself. He appeared on the MTV Video Music Awards. He became friends with Mike Tyson.

If Lapre made an impression, it was no doubt because he was different from most of the TV hucksters selling magic real estate plans or miracle diets or slice-and-dice machines or exercise contraptions. For one thing, he was young—only in his 20s when he began. For another, he didn't act as if he was out to pick your pocket. He had a personal story he always shared in his broadcasts, and that gave him a patina of sincerity. He had been poor. He didn't have a high school diploma. He lived in a one-bedroom apartment. He was going nowhere fast. And then…and *then,* he learned the key to success—the way to make money fast and easy, which he was now passing on to his viewers. Lapre wasn't selling just a scheme. As one of his attorneys later put it, "Don was selling opportunity." He was selling the American dream in no small measure because Lapre, the very personification of 1990s exuberance, seemed to be living the American dream himself.

WHAT MADE HIM SUCCESSFUL WAS THAT HE WAS A TRUE BELIEVER IN A TV WORLD OF CYNICAL MANIPULATORS.

•

Don Lapre's rise began, as Lapre would enunciate it in his infomercials, in "a ONE [*pause*] BEDROOM [*pause*] APARTMENT" situated in a large bi-level, red-tile-roofed, tan stucco complex called Woodstone in Phoenix, just off Interstate 17 on Cactus Road, not far from where Lapre had grown up. At the time he moved in, Lapre was a housepainter, like his father, and he was doing well enough, but his dreams always exceeded his paycheck. He would spend his nights at his desk scribbling ideas on a yellow legal pad—ideas he hoped would make him rich. At 23 he got a sudden inspiration that young singles had a difficult time meeting one another outside the bar scene. His remedy was what he called the 1828 Club, named after the age range of his prospective clients. The way Lapre imagined it, he would advertise and host a huge party with food and kegs of beer at a Phoenix park where singles could mingle for a nominal admission fee.

Like many of Lapre's ideas, it wasn't exactly bad. But when the big day of the party arrived, almost no one showed up. Lapre lost everything. Ever resilient, he began a credit-repair service that was quickly closed by the Arizona attorney general for overpromising customers. Still undeterred, he found another opportunity the same way his customers would: by watching an infomercial late one night on his old black-and-white TV with tinfoil crimped around the antennas. The ad extolled the money one could make by searching for uncollected Federal Housing Administration insurance refunds. Lapre discovered there was nothing in the kit he couldn't produce himself, which is exactly what he did. It cost him $4 to print. He sold it for $75. He called it MIP, Mortgage Insurance Premium, and it constituted Lapre's crossover moment—the realization that he could make more money by telling other people how to make money than by doing what he was telling them to do.

With MIP, he crossed another line too—the fateful line to television. He had come to the attention of an infomercial entrepreneur named Bobby Singer, who pitched how to win at blackjack. As a child, Lapre had dreamed of being an entertainer, and Singer, recognizing Lapre's sales talent, hired him to pitch one of Singer's own schemes in exchange for a royalty on the kits sold. When Lapre feared that Singer was shortchanging him, he decided to produce his own infomercial.

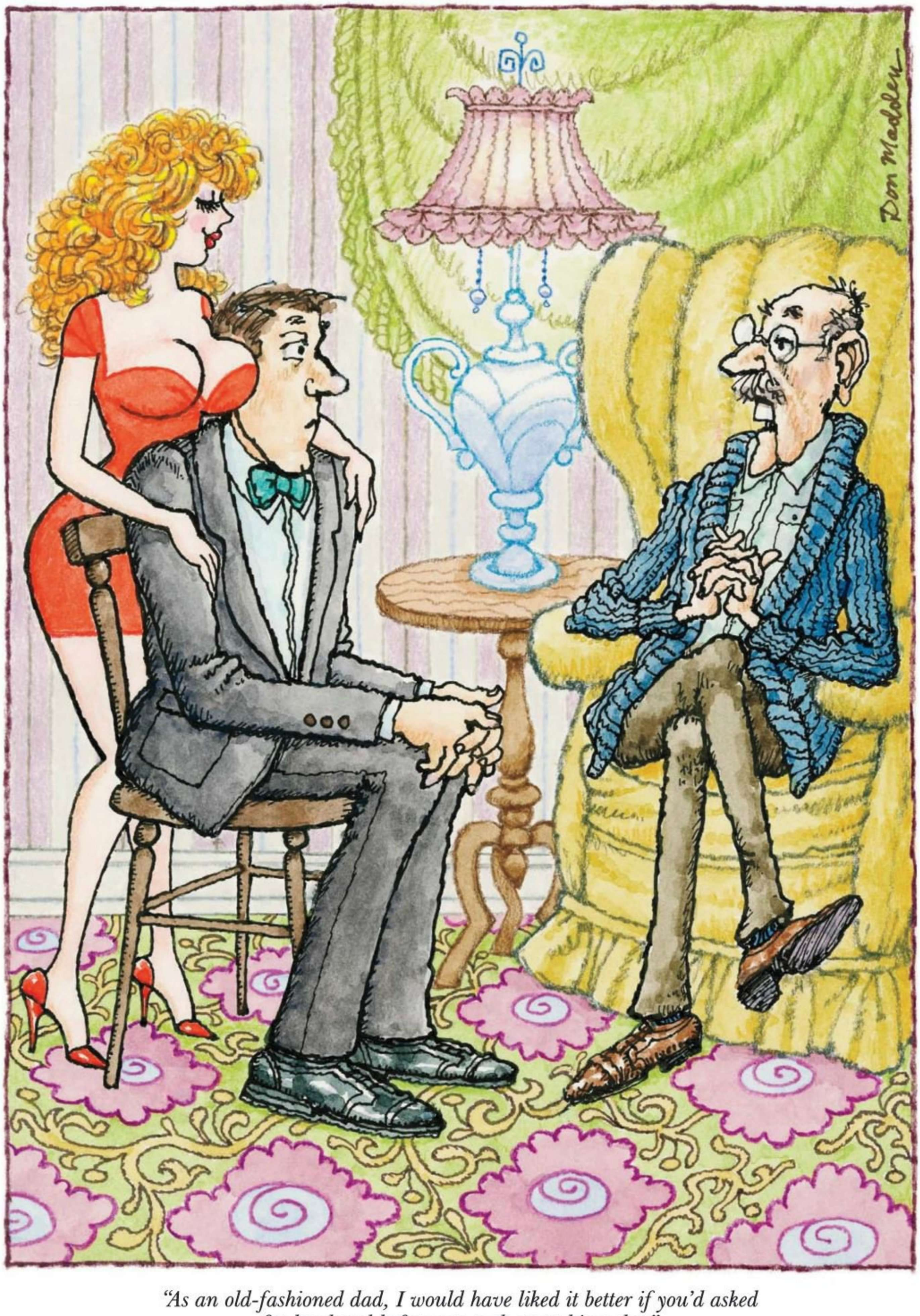
All this time Lapre had continued painting houses, until another entrepreneur introduced him to 900 lines. People would call the numbers, pay a fee to chat or to get a psychic reading, and a bureau in Las Vegas, which set up the lines and provided the folks to answer them, would give the owner a kickback. In 1989 Lapre bought a chat line for lonely people who just wanted someone to talk to, then advertised it in "tiny classified ads" in newspapers across the country. (One line could have hundreds of extensions.) This time he hit pay dirt. "Debbie, oh my God!" he told his sister, sounding like one of his own testimonials. "I'm making $1,800 in my sleep." But that was only a drop in the bucket. In no time his ads drove thousands of callers to his lines. When he later said he was making $50,000 a week from his one-bedroom apartment, he actually *was* making $50,000 from his one-bedroom apartment. His sister Debbie says that some weeks he made as much as $90,000. And he was barely 25 years old.

But it was never really about the money. It was about the thrill, Debbie says, the challenge of seeing how many more things you could do, how much further you could extend your vision. Since he was making so much money with his own 900 numbers, he decided to sell 900 numbers to other people like him, or rather, since it cost $1,800 to buy a line, he would sell extensions to them at the cut-rate price of $99 and take a percentage of each call. The idea was that the customers could advertise their extensions in "tiny classified ads" just as Lapre had. Then he decided he would sell them the "tiny classified ads" himself and charge them $79 for the service. Then he began selling them a full package that told them how they could do exactly what he had done: buy lines and advertise. That was *The Money Making Show With Don Lapre,* which began airing its infomercials early in 1992.

And that was what made Don Lapre a star.

•

But it wasn't what made Don Lapre successful. What made him successful was that he was a true believer in a TV world of cynical manipulators. He would *(continued on page 139)*



"As an old-fashioned dad, I would have liked it better if you'd asked for her hand before you took everything else."

A

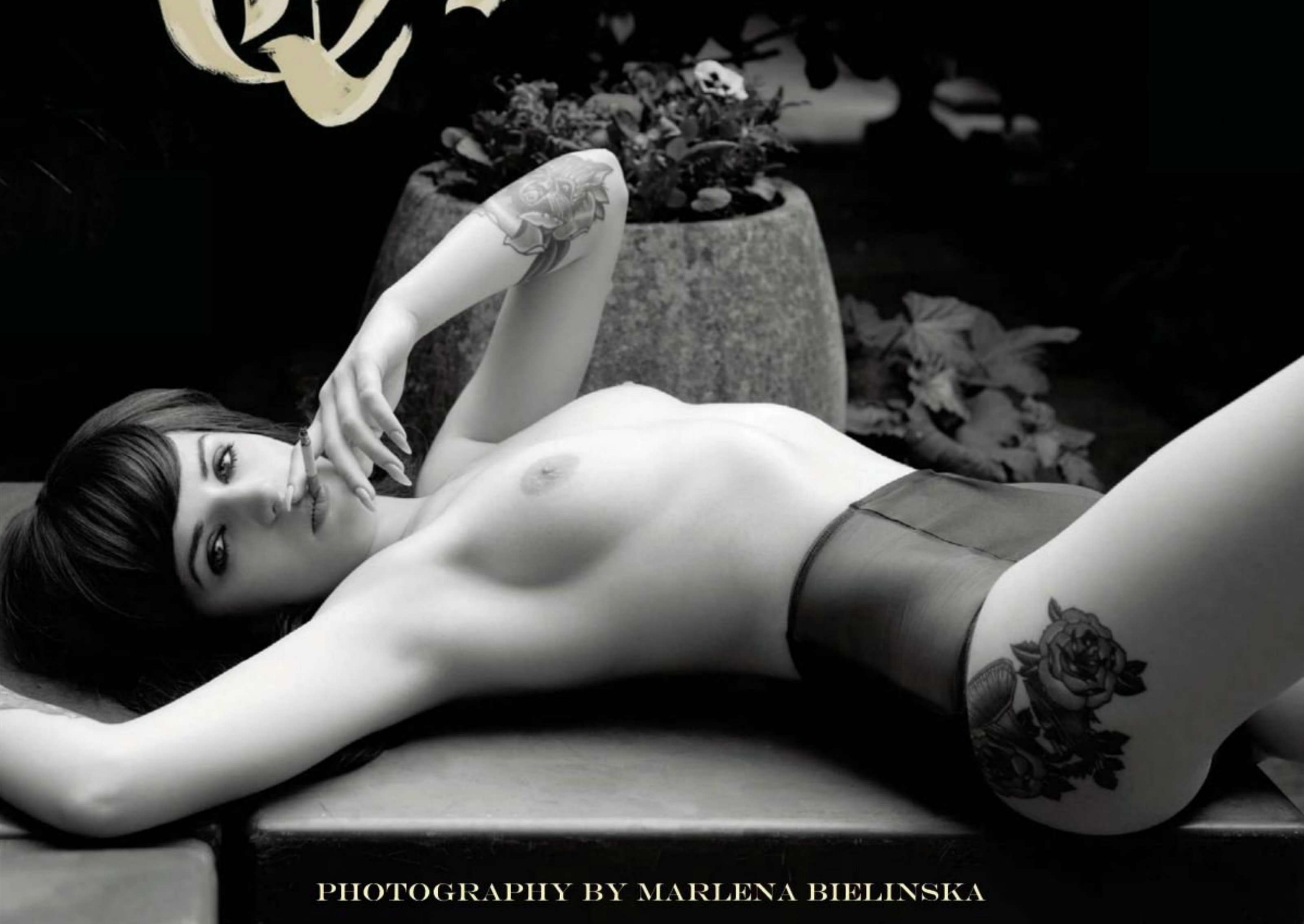
PRIVATE DANCE

with

BRITISH BURLESQUE SENSATION

KATRINA DARLING

GOD SAVE THE Queen



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARLENA BIELINSKA

There is no telling where the engines of fate will lead you. Take Katrina Darling. Early last year Kat was a 20-year-old burlesque dancer with a show called *God Save the Queen,* living in a coastal English city. By night she performed in small local clubs for fun, working day jobs in retail and finance to make ends meet and not thinking too much about tomorrow. Then one day in April, while she was in Glasgow to perform a show, an unfamiliar number appeared on her cell phone. A reporter was calling to ask Kat about her second cousin Kate Middleton—Prince William's fiancée. Kat Darling, related to the royal family? "It was the most ridiculous thing I ever heard," she says, laughing. Turns out Kat *was* the second cousin of Ms. Middleton, the future Duchess of Cambridge, a bona fide royal.

Suddenly this sensuous young burlesque dancer's face was all over the worldwide press, from the *New York Post* to endless tabloids in Britain. Her cell phone wouldn't stop ringing. "At first I thought it was hilarious," she says. "It's not every day something like that happens. It got completely out of control, however. It brought a lot of scary things to my doorstep." Lines now formed outside the underground clubs and cabarets where Kat performed *God Save the Queen* (the name of the show taking on a wonderful irony). What did Kat Darling do? You bet: She went on stage and knocked 'em dead. "Burlesque is a platform for me to explore these kinds of things," she says. Is the show meant to be political? "Not really," she says. "It plays on the whole thing in a British satirical way, just poking fun." The show has taken off, gathering big audiences all over Britain. Kat brought her stage show across the pond to New York, where she wowed audiences with her sardonic brand of sexiness.

For your enjoyment, Kat has offered us a private dance, a taste of burlesque the likes of which you'll find nowhere else, here in the pages of this magazine. What goes through her mind when she's performing on stage or in front of the camera lens? "I try to keep as in the moment as I can," she says with a sultry British accent. "The more into it the audience is, the more into it I am." We're loving it, Kat. Long live the queen.

See more of Katrina at
playboy.com.

"THE MORE INTO IT
THE AUDIENCE IS,
THE MORE INTO IT I AM."

THE WAY YOU LOOK

(continued from page 84)

the weight of the moment—Laurie's eyes, his wife's—and then he slapped the screen shut. *I Thought You'd Want to Know.*

•

For a long moment he sat there frozen, unable to move, unable to think, the laptop like a defused bomb on the seat beside him. He wanted to look again, wanted to be sure, wanted to feel the surge of shock and fear and hate pulse through him all over again, but not now, not here. He had to get home, that was all he could think. But what of the dentist? Here he was in the parking lot, staring up at the bank of windows where Dr. Sedgwick would be bent over his current patient, finishing up with the pads and the amalgam and all the rest in anticipation of his 3:30 appointment. But he couldn't face the dentist now, couldn't face anybody. He was punching in the dentist's number, the excuse already forming on his lips (food poisoning; he was right out there in the lot, but he was so sick all of a sudden he didn't think he could, or should... and maybe he'd better make another appointment?), when he became aware that there was someone standing there beside the car window. A girl. In her 20s. All made up and in a pair of tight blue pants of some shiny material that caught the light and held it as she bent to the door of the car next to his while another girl clicked the remote on the far side and the locks chirped in response. She didn't look at him, not even a glance, but she was bending over to slip something off the seat, on full display, every swell and cleft and crease—inches from him, right in his face—and all at once he was so infuriated that when the dentist's secretary answered in her bland professional tone he all but shouted into the phone, "I can't make it. I'm sick."

There was a pause. Then the secretary: "Who is this? Who's speaking, please?"

He pictured her, a squat woman with enormous breasts who doubled as hygienist and sometimes took over the simpler procedures when Dr. Sedgwick was busy with an emergency. "Todd," he said. "Todd Jameson?"

Another pause. "But you're the 3:30——"

"Yeah, I know, but something's come up. I'm sick. All of a sudden, and I——" The car beside him started up, the long gleaming tube of the chassis sliding back and away from him, and there was the lawn, there were the palm trees, but all he could see was Laurie, the way her fingers stiffened on the sheets and her eyes went on gazing into the camera but didn't register a thing.

"Our policy is for a 24-hour cancellation or else we have no choice but to charge you."

"I'm sick. I told you."

"I'm sorry."

The moment burst on him like one of those rogue waves at the beach and he came within a hair of shouting an obscenity into the receiver but he caught himself. "I'm sorry too," he said.

At home, he found he was shaking so hard he could barely get the key in the door, and though he didn't want to, though it wasn't even four yet, he went straight to the kitchen and poured himself a shot of the tequila they kept on hand for margaritas when people came over. He didn't bother with salt or lime but just threw it back neat and if this was the cliché—your wife has sex with another man and you go straight for the sauce—then so be it. The tequila tasted like soap. No matter. He poured another, downed it, and still he was trembling. Then he sat down at the kitchen table, opened the laptop, clicked on Rob's e-mail and watched the video all the way through.

This time the blow was even harsher, a quick hot jolt that seared his eyes and shot through him from his fingertips to his groin. The whole thing lasted less than 60 seconds, in medias res, and what had preceded it—disrobing, a kiss, foreplay—remained hidden. The act itself was straightforward as far as it went, no acrobatics, no oral sex, just him behind her and the rhythmic swaying that was as earnest and inevitable as when any two mammals went at it. Dogs. Apes. Husbands and wives. At the moment of release, she looked back at the guy doing it to her and as if at a signal rolled over and here were his knees in the frame now and his torso looming as he covered her with his own body and they kissed, their two heads bobbing briefly in the foreground before the screen went dark. The second time through, details began to emerge. The setting, for one thing. Clearly, it was a dorm room—there was the generic desk to the left of the bed, a stack of books, the swivel chair with the ghosts of their uninhabited clothes thrown over it, Levi's, a belt buckle, the silken sheen of her panties. And Laurie. This was Laurie before she'd cut her hair, before her implants, before he'd even met her. Laurie in college. Fucking.

The tequila burned in his stomach. There was no sound but for the hum of the refrigerator as it started up and clicked off again. Very gradually, the light began to swell round him as the sun searched through the haze to fill the kitchen and infuse the walls with color—a cheery daffodil yellow, the shade she'd picked out when they bought the condo two years ago on her 29th birthday. "This is the best birthday present I ever had," she'd said, her voice soft and steady, and she'd leaned in to kiss him in the lifeless office where the escrow woman sat behind her blocklike desk and took their signatures on one form after another as if she'd been made of steel and the factory had run out of movable parts.

They'd celebrated that night with a bottle of champagne and dinner out and sex in their old apartment on their old bed that had come from Goodwill in a time when neither of them had a steady job. He looked round the room now—the most familiar room in the world, the place where they had breakfast together and dinner most nights, sharing the cooking and the TV news and a bottle of wine—and it seemed alien to him, as if he'd been snatched out of his life and set down here in this overbright echoing space with its view of blacktop and wires and the inescapable palm with its ascending pineapple ridges and ragged windblown fronds.

The next thing he knew it was five o'clock and he heard her key turn in the lock and the faint sigh of the door as she pushed it shut behind her and then the drumbeat of her heels on the glazed Saltillo tile in the front hall. "Todd?" she called. "Todd, you home?" He felt his jaws clench. He didn't answer. Her footsteps came down the hall, beating, beating. "Todd?"

He liked her in heels. Had liked her in heels, that is. She was a surgical nurse, working for a pair of plastic surgeons who'd partnered to open the San Roque Aesthetics Institute five years back, and she changed to flats while assisting at surgery but otherwise wore heels to show off her legs beneath the short skirts and calibrated tops she wore when consulting with prospective patients. "Advertising," she called it. The breast implants—about which he'd been very vocal and very pleased—had come at a discount.

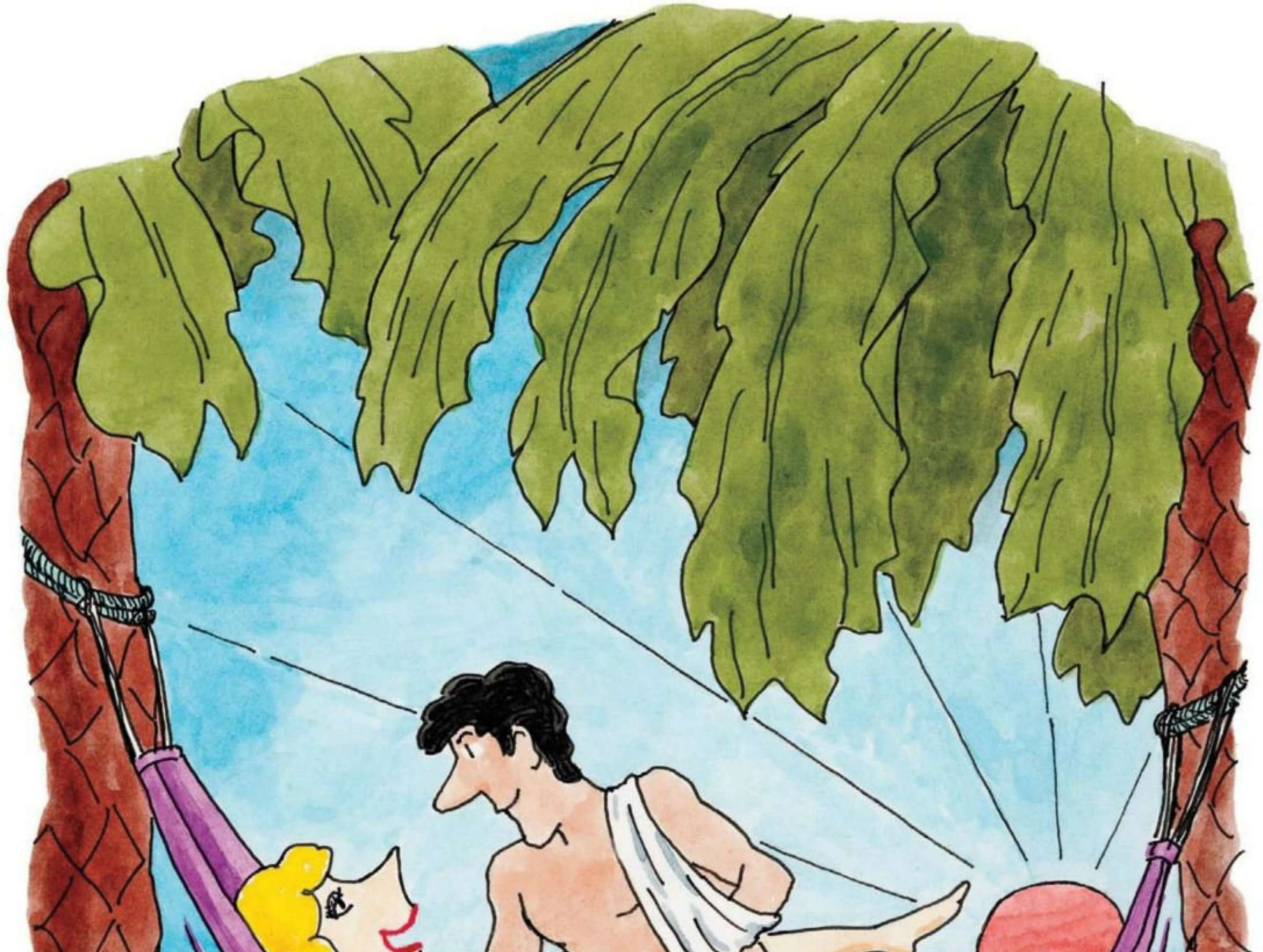
He was still at the table when she walked into the kitchen, the bottle on the counter, the shot glass beside him, the laptop just barely cracked. "What's this?" she said, lifting the bottle from the counter and giving it a shake. "You're drinking?" She came across the room to him, laid a hand on his shoulder and ran it up the back of his neck, then bent forward to lift the empty glass to her nose and take a theatrical sniff.

"Yeah," he said, but he didn't lift his eyes.

"That's not like you. Tough day?"

"Yeah," he said.

"Well, if you're partying"—and here her voice fluted above him, light and facetious, as if the world were still on its track and nothing had changed—"then I hope you won't mind if I pour myself a glass of wine. Do we have any wine left?" Her hand dropped away and he felt a chill on the back of his neck where her palm had been. He heard her heels tapping like typewriter keys, then the wheeze of the vacuum seal on the refrigerator door, the cabinet working on its hinges, the sharp clink as the base of the wineglass came into contact with the granite counter, and finally the raucous celebratory splash of the wine. Still he didn't look up. Her attitude—this sunniness, this self-possession, this blindness and blandness and business-as-usual crap—savaged him. Didn't she know what was coming?



"Well, if you insist, but remember what happened last time."

Couldn't she feel it the way animals do just before an earthquake strikes?

"That guy you used to date in college," he said, his voice choked in his throat, "what was his name?"

He looked up now and she was poised there at the counter, leaning back into it, the glass of wine—sauvignon blanc, filled to the top—glowing with reflected light. She let out a little laugh. "What brought that up?"

"What color hair did he have? Was it short, long, what?"

"Jared," she said, her eyes gone distant a moment. "Jared Reed. From New *Joisey*." She lifted the glass to her lips, took a sip, the gold chain she wore at her throat picking up the light now too. She was wearing a blue silk blouse open to the third button down. She put a hand there, to her collarbone. Sipped again. "I don't know," she said. "Brown. Black, maybe? He wore it short, like Justin Timberlake. But why? Don't tell me you're jealous"—the facetious note again when all he could think of was leaping up from the table and slapping every shred of facetiousness out of her—"after all these years? Is that it? I mean, what do you care?"

"Rob sent me a video today."

"Rob?"

"My brother. Remember my brother? Rob?" His voice got away from him. He hadn't meant to shout, hadn't meant to be accusatory or confrontational—he just wanted answers, that was all.

She said nothing. Her face was cold, her eyes colder still.

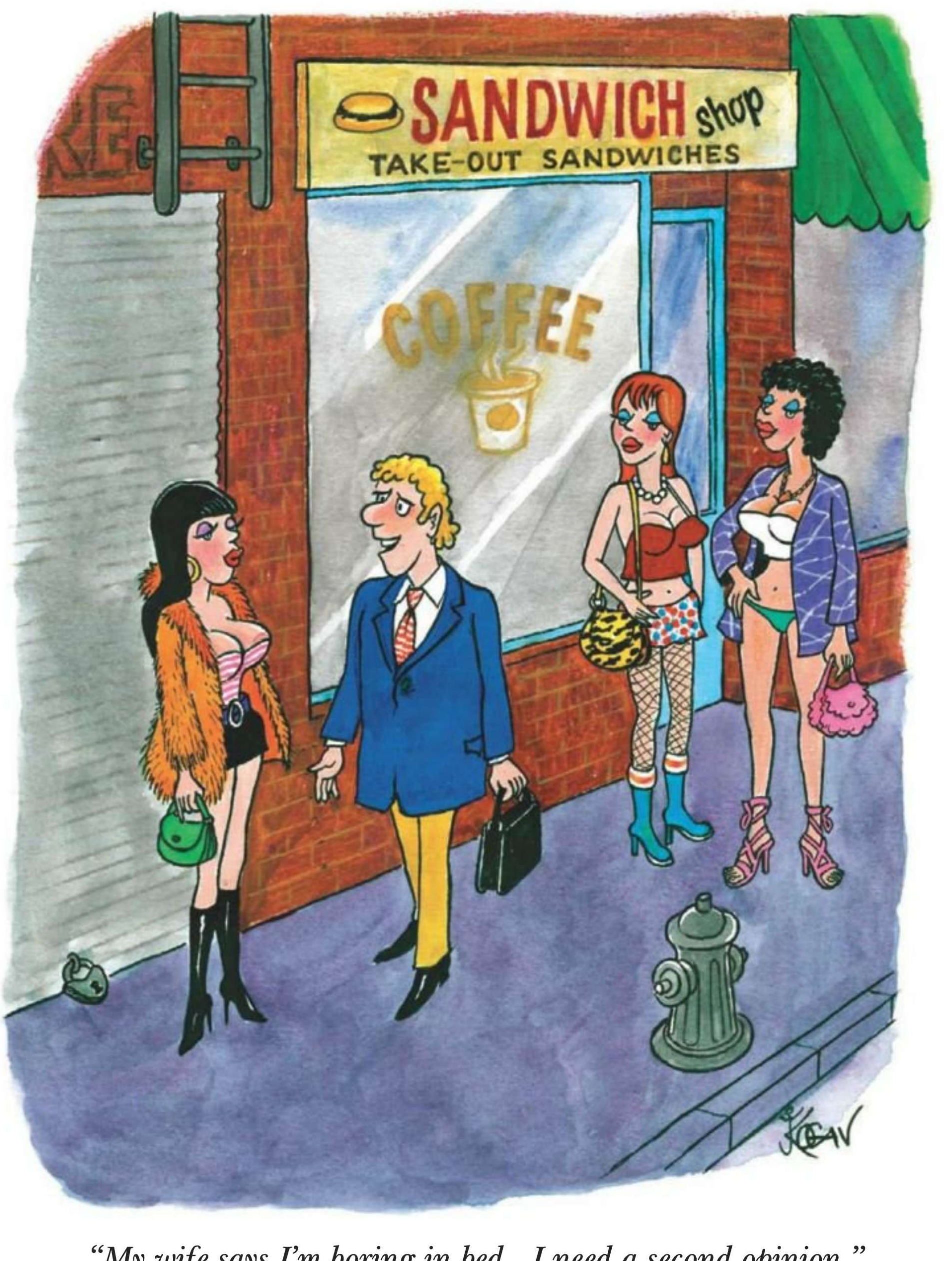
"Maybe"—and here he flipped open the laptop—"maybe you ought to have a look at it and then you tell me what it is." He was up out of the chair now, the tequila pitching him forward, and he didn't care about the look on her face or the way she cradled the wine and held out her hands to him and he didn't touch her—wouldn't touch her, wouldn't touch her ever again. The kitchen door was a slab of nothing, but it slammed behind him and the whole house shook under the weight of it.

•

Later, as faces wheeled round him and the flatscreen TV behind the bar blinked and shifted over the game that was utterly meaningless to him now, he had the leisure to let his mind go free. School didn't exist—lesson plans, papers to grade, none of it. Laurie didn't exist either. And Jared Reed was just a ghost. And whether he had brown hair or black or muscles on top of muscles or a dick two feet long, it didn't matter because he was just a ghost on a screen. Nothing. He was nothing. Less than nothing.

But here was the bartender (30s, with a haircut like Rob's and dressed in a cowboy shirt with embroidery round the pockets like icing on a cake) looming over him with the Jameson bottle held aloft. "Yeah," he said, and he would have clarified by adding, *Hit me again,* but that would have been too much like being in a movie, a bad movie, bad and sad and pathetic. He wasn't a drinker, not really, and he hadn't wanted the tequila except that it was there because they didn't keep anything in the house beyond that and a couple bottles of wine they got when it was on sale, but when they went out, he always ordered Jameson. Jameson was all he ever drank, aside from maybe a beer chaser, which he wasn't having tonight, definitely wasn't having. Rob drank it too. And their father, when he was alive. It was a family tradition, and how many times had they sat at dinner when they were kids and their father would say, *Just wait till old man Jameson kicks off, then we'll be rich,* and they would chime, *Who's Jameson?,* and he'd say, *Who's Jameson? The Whiskey King, of course.* And their mother: Don't hold your breath.

And then the drink was there and he was sipping it, thinking of the last thing Rob had sent him as an attachment, and when was it? A week ago? Two? It was an article he'd downloaded from some obscure website and he'd forwarded it under the heading, *Look What Our Glorious Ancestor Was Up To.* The ancestor in question—if he was an ancestor, of course, and there was the joke—was James Jameson, heir to the whiskey fortune. In 1888 Jameson was 31 years old, same age as Todd was now, and he was a wastrel and an adventurer, and because he was limp with boredom and had done all the damage he could in the clubs and parlors of Ireland, England and the Continent, he signed on for an African expedition under Henry Morton Stanley, of Livingstone fame. They were in the Congo, in the heart of the heart of darkness, stuck on some river Todd had forgotten the name of though he'd read the article over and over with a kind of sick fascination—stuck there and going nowhere. One morning when Stanley was away from camp, Jameson got the idea that he might like to visit one of the cannibal tribes to see how they went about their business and make a record of it in his sketchbook. From the beginning of the expedition, he'd made detailed drawings of tribesmen, game animals, erratic vegetation and crude villages scattered



"My wife says I'm boring in bed...I need a second opinion."

along the banks of the rivers, and now he was going to draw cannibals. At work. For six handkerchiefs—not a dozen or two dozen, just six—he bought a 10-year-old slave girl and gave her as a gift to the cannibals, then sat there on a stump or maybe a camp chair, one leg crossed over the other, and focused his concentration. He drew the figure of the girl as she was stripped and bound to a tree, drew her as the knife went in under the breastbone and sliced downward. She never struggled or pleaded or cried out but just stood there bearing it all till her legs gave way, and he drew that too, his hand flashing and the pencil growing duller while the mosquitoes hummed and the smoke of the cook fire rose greasily through the overhanging leaves.

Was there a theme here? Was he missing something? Laurie had run out the door shouting, You don't own me! as he'd backed the car out of the drive, the windows up and the motor racing. And Rob had sent him the video. And the article too. Just then, a groan went up from a booth in the corner behind him and he glanced vaguely at the screen before digging out his phone and hitting Rob's number. The referee on the screen waved his arms, music pounded, the bottles behind the bar glittered in all their facets. He got a recording. The message box was full.

The strangest thing, the worst thing, had been those first few minutes when he had to struggle with himself to keep from bulling his way back into the kitchen to see the look on her face, to see her shame, to see tears. He'd slammed the door so hard the cheap windows vibrated in their cheap frames and one of Laurie's pictures—the silhouette of a couple on a moonlit beach he'd always hated—crashed to the floor, glass shattering on the tiles. He didn't stoop to clean it up. Didn't move, not even to shift his feet. He just stood there rigid on the other side of the door, picturing her bent over the screen, her face stricken, the wine gone sour in her throat. But then the thought came to him that maybe she liked it, maybe it turned her on, maybe she was proud of it, and that froze him inside.

When she did come through the door—and she'd had enough time to watch the thing three or four times over—she didn't look contrite or aroused or whatever else he'd expected, only angry. "Jared is such an asshole," she hissed, glaring at him. "And so's your brother, so's Rob. What was he thinking?"

"What was he thinking? What were you thinking? You're the one on the sex tape."

"So? So what? Did you think I was a virgin when we got married?"

"You tell me—how many men did you have? Fifty? A hundred?"

"How many women did you have?"

"I'm not the one putting out sex tapes."

She stood her ground, tall on her heels, her face flushed and her arms folded defensively across her chest. "You want to know something—you're an asshole too."

If ever he was going to hit her, here was the moment. He took a step toward her. She never even flinched.

"Listen, Todd, I swear I didn't know that creep was making a video—he must have had a hidden camera going or something, I don't know. I was in college. He was my boyfriend."

"What about the lights?"

She shrugged. An abortive smile flickered across her lips. "He always liked to do it with the lights on. He said it was sexier that way. He was an artist, I told you that, really visual——"

Everybody had past lovers, of course they did, but they were conveniently reduced to shadows, memories, a photo or two, not this, not this hurtful flashing resurrection in the flesh, the past come home in living color. *An artist.* All he knew was that he hated her in that moment.

"How was I to know? Really, I'm sorry, I am. To put that tape up—where is it, on the net somewhere?—I mean it's really disgusting and stupid. He's a shit, a real shit."

"You're the shit," he said. "*You're* disgusting."

"I can't believe you. I mean, really—what does it have to do with you?"

"You're my wife."

"It's my body."

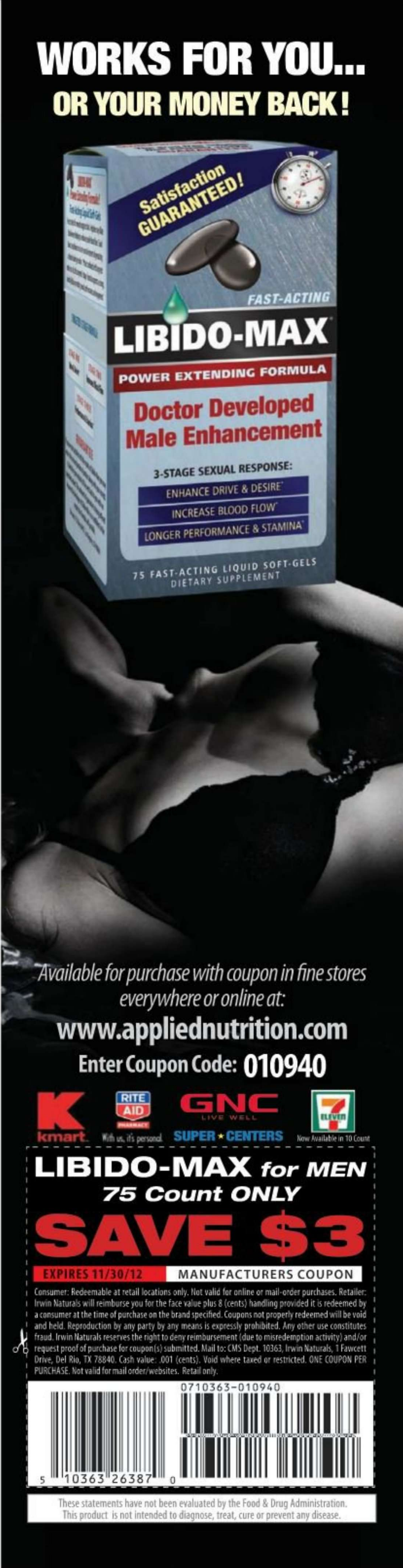
"Yeah? Well, you can have it. I'm out of here."

And that was when she chased him down the drive and put on a show for the neighbors, her voice honed to a shriek like something out of the bell of an instrument, a clarinet, an oboe, abuse of the reed, the pads: *You don't own me!*

•

It was getting late. The game was over, long over, and he was sitting there in a kind of delirium, waiting for his phone to ring, waiting for Rob—or maybe her, maybe she'd call and pour her soul out to him and they could go back to the way they were before—when he noticed the couple sitting at the end of the bar. They were kissing, long and slow, clinging fast to one another as if they were out in a windstorm, as if all the contravening forces of the universe were trying to tear them apart, two untouched drinks standing sentinel on the bar before them and the bartender in his cowboy shirt steering round them as he poured and wiped and polished. The girl's arms were bare, her jacket—blue suede, with a fake-fur collar—draped over the chair behind her. He couldn't see her face, only the back of her head, her shoulders, her arms, beautiful arms, stunning actually, every muscle and tendon gently flexed to hold her lover to her, and he looked till he had to look away.

He became aware of the music then, some syrupy love song seeping out of the speakers, and what was it? Rod Stewart. Rod Stewart at his worst, hyperinflated love delivered in a whisper, as manufactured as a pair of shoes or a box of doughnuts, and here was this couple sucking the breath out of one another, and what was he doing here, what was he thinking? He was drunk, that was what it was. And he hadn't had anything to eat, had he? Eating was important. Vital. He had to eat, had to put something in his stomach to absorb the alcohol—how else could he get behind the wheel? Drunken driving on top of everything else. He pictured it: the cuffs, the cell,



his corner in the teachers' lounge deserted and Ed Jacobsen, the principal, wondering where he was—not a phone call? Couldn't he even have called?

The thought propelled him up off the stool, down the length of the bar past the stupefied sports fans and the clinging couple and the bartender with the haircut like Rob's, You have a good night now, and out onto the street. He stood there a moment outside the door, patting down his pockets, wallet, keys, cell phone, taking stock. The air was dense and moist, fog working its way up the streets as if the streets were rivers and the fog a thing you could float on. He could smell the ocean, the rankness of it. He thought he'd go to the next place, get a burger and coffee, black coffee—wasn't that how it was done? Wasn't that taking the cliché full circle? That was how it had been in college after he'd gone out cruising the bars with his dorm mates, lonely, aching, repressed, gaping at the girls as they took command of the dance floor and never knowing what to do about it. A burger. Black coffee.

He started down the street, everything vague before him, trying to think where to go, who would be open at this hour. Things glittered in the half-light, the pavement wet, trash strewn at the curbs. A single car eased down the street, headlights muted, taillights bleeding out into the night. He made a left on the main street, heading toward a place he thought might be open still, a place he and Laurie sometimes went to after a late movie, focused now, or as focused as he could be considering the whiskey and the hammer beating inside him, reverberating still, when a woman's voice cut through the night. She was cursing, her delivery harsh, guttural, as if the words were being torn from her, and then there was the wet clap of flesh on flesh and a man's voice, cursing back at her—figures there, contending in the shadows.

He wanted to call out, wanted to defy them, bark at them, split them apart, get angry, get furious—there they were, just ahead of him, the woman lurching into the man, the man's arms in dark rapid motion, their curses propulsive, shoes shuffling on the concrete in a metastasized dance—but he didn't. There was a suspended moment when they felt him there and they switched it off, in league against him, and then he was past them, his footsteps echoing and the curses starting up behind him in a low seething growl of antipathy.

How he made it home he couldn't say, but he remembered standing at the door of the car fumbling with his keys on a street so dark it might as well have been underground and feeling the cell buzz in his pocket. Or thinking he felt it. He kept it on vibrate because of teaching, because of class—the embarrassment factor—but half the time he never felt it there against his skin and wound up missing his calls. Which was why he had to check messages all the time…but it was buzzing and he had it in his hand and flipped it open, the only light on the street and a dim light at that. Rob. Rob calling.

"Hello?"

"Hey, Todd, hey, bro—you okay? I mean I been calling for like three hours now and I'm worried about you, because I mean, it's tough, I know, but it's not like the end of the world or anything——"

"Rob," he said, his voice ground down so that he barely recognized it himself. "Rob, can you hear me?"

"Yeah, yeah, I can hear you."

"Good. Because screw you. That's my message: Screw you." And then he turned the phone off and thrust it deep in his pocket.

•

When he came in the door the house was silent. There was a lamp on in the hallway and the night-light in the kitchen was on too, but Laurie, in her meticulous way, had turned off all the rest and gone to bed. Or so it seemed. He moved slowly, heavily, his breath coming hard and his feet working as if independent of him, far away, down there in the shadows where the baseboard ran the length of the hall and conjoined with the frame of the bedroom door. If she had a light on in there—if she was up, waiting for him, waiting for what came next—he would have seen it in the crack at the bottom of the door, the tile uneven there, treacherous even, shoddy workmanship like everything else in the place. Very slowly, he turned the handle and eased the door open, wincing at the metallic protest of the hinges that needed a shot of WD-40, definitely needed WD-40, and then he was in the room and looking down at the shadow of her where she lay in bed, on her side, her back to him. It took him a moment to see her there, his eyes adjusting to the dark and the stripes of pale trembling light the streetlamp outside the window forced through the shades, but very gradually she began to take on shape and presence. Laurie. His wife.

He saw the way she'd tucked her shoulder beneath her, saw the rise there, the declivity of her waist and the sharp definition of her upthrust hip. He'd always loved her hips. And her legs. The indentation of her knees. The way she walked as if carrying a very special prize for someone she hadn't quite discovered yet. He was remembering the first time he'd ever seen her, a hot summer day with the sun arching overhead and her walking toward him with a guy from school he liked to hang out with on weekends, and he didn't know a thing about her, didn't know her name or where she came from or that they liked the same books and bands and movies or that her whole being would open up to his and his to hers as if they had the same key and the key fit just exactly right. What he saw was the sun behind her and the shape of her revealed in silhouette, all form and grace and the light like poured gold. What he saw was the sway of her hips against the fierce brightness of the sun and the shadow of her legs caught in the grip of a long diaphanous dress, her legs, sweet and firm and purposeful, coming toward him.

He remembered that. Held that vision. And then, as quietly as he could, he pulled back the covers and got into bed beside her.

JAY-Z

(continued from page 112)

PLAYBOY: Like you, most of the kids you grew up with didn't have fathers.

JAY-Z: I could name the ones who did. [*laughs*] There were about three in the whole project.

PLAYBOY: Your dad split when you were 11. What happens when a boy grows up without a dad?

JAY-Z: He learns how to be a man in the streets. Everyone needs that role model, that blueprint, to guide you through. Depending on your environment, it could be a bad thing.

PLAYBOY: You've talked about your dad in a few songs, especially "Where Have You Been."

JAY-Z: In hindsight, I was hard on the guy in a lot of songs. At that time, everyone was leaving. They were leaving before the kid was born. He wasn't totally a scumbag—not totally. After those songs, I told my mom I wanted to talk to him. I can't keep living in the past. My mom got in touch with him. The first time he was supposed to come to my house, he didn't come. I figured it was embarrassing for him, going to his son's house. I got mad again. Like, "All right, forget it, then! I ain't reaching out no more!" Then my mom told me he was finally ready to come over, and we just kicked it—I told him everything that was on my mind. And we shook hands, like men.

PLAYBOY: You went to high school with Notorious B.I.G. How did you end up recording together?

JAY-Z: We always said we was going to do something together, and I was doing my first album, so we went into the studio and did "Brooklyn's Finest." He was sitting there, trying to memorize. After that, we spoke every day.

PLAYBOY: Who do you think killed Biggie?

JAY-Z: I don't know, man. I have no idea. [*pause*] I don't want to further that. I don't want to talk about what I think.

PLAYBOY: Did Biggie's death, and Tupac's, make you more cautious about starting beefs with people?

JAY-Z: No, because I don't believe either one of them got killed over rap music. That was just something to help the media sell magazines.

PLAYBOY: They were both rappers. They both got shot. So obviously they pissed off someone.

JAY-Z: Not rapping.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of the *Los Angeles Times* story last year that said Biggie paid gang members to kill Tupac?

JAY-Z: That was irresponsible-journalism bullshit. It's terrible to throw dirt on a guy's name who's not here. If it would have been about a politician, or somebody else powerful, there would be lawsuits. There would be hell to pay. It's a lack of respect when they deal with rappers.

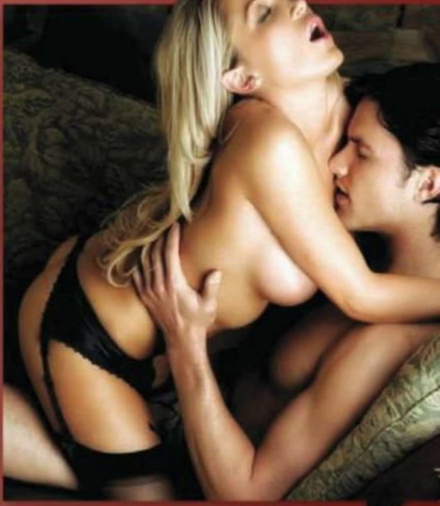
PLAYBOY: The guy who has cornered the market on disrespecting rap music is Bill O'Reilly.

JAY-Z: He's just doing shock TV. Now he knows, "Oh shit, the power of hip-hop—if I say something about them, my ratings go right up."

How would *you* handle these 3 sexual situations?

Oh, no! Your wife read about anal sex and wants to try it. Now what?

Quick! Your hot new girlfriend wants to try something daring. Any new ideas?



Yikes! Is she faking it? Now give her orgasm after orgasm – guaranteed!

May we send you 3 Better Sex DVDs FREE?

(**WARNING:** Real Couples Demonstrating Real Sex.)

Hours of Highly Erotic Material. For adults only! $60 value – ***YOURS FREE!***

Which new sex position will you use tonight?

These may well be the most erotic series of "how to" sex DVDs ever filmed. And now we would like to send you the first 3 DVDs in this mind-blowing series – **absolutely free!**

You may be a good lover now. But wait until you get your hands on the tips and techniques in these throbbing DVDs.

Hour after hour of real couples demonstrating real sexual positions will show you how to achieve explosive orgasms night after night, year after year!

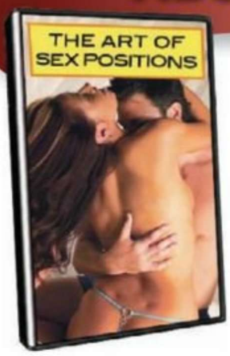
Whether you learn to master the art of tantric oral sex or discover new positions that maximize orgasmic G-spot pleasure, your sex partners will beg for more after you add these jaw dropping *"Better Sex"* DVDs to your personal library.

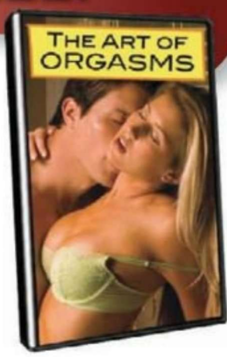
Uncut & uncensored, this remarkable collection of erotic footage will be one pleasure you deserve to see.

Simply buy 4 DVDs for only $29.90 and get 3 bonus DVDs **FREE!** That's a $60 value! If dissatisfied, get a full refund within 90 days.

Say "YES!" and get these 3 DVDs

ABSOLUTELY FREE!





To protect your privacy, your order will be packaged and delivered discreetly.

Enter code **8PB245** into the search box to receive $6.00 S&H and your **3 FREE DVDs.**

ORDER ONLINE: BetterSex.com **8PB245** Search

For fastest service with credit cards or for a FREE catalog

call: **1.800.955.0888** ext. 8PB245

Or mail to: Sinclair Institute, ext. 8PB245
PO Box 8865, Chapel Hill, NC 27515

	ITEM NO.		TOTAL
The Art of Oral Sex (Free with purchase)	#3766		FREE
The Art of Sexual Positions (Free with purchase)			FREE
The Art of Orgasm (Free with purchase)	#5120		FREE
Vol. 1: Better Sex Guide to Great Oral Sex	#5302	14.95	
Vol. 2: Creative Positions for Lovers	#1785	14.95	
Vol. 3: Maximizing G spot Pleasures	#3539	14.95	
Vol. 4: Better Sex Guide to Anal Pleasure	#2645	14.95	
Buy The 4-Volume Set and Get 50% Off!	#5820	~~59.80~~	29.90
		P&H	6.00
		TOTAL	

☐ Bank Money Order ☐ Check ☐ VISA ☐ MC
☐ AMEX ☐ Discover

Name

Address

City State Zip

Card # Exp. Date

Signature*

(*I certify that I am over age 18.)

NC orders please add 6.75% sales tax. Canadian Orders add U.S. $9 shipping. Sorry – No Cash or C.O.D. 8PB245 ©2012 Sinclair Institute.

SINCLAIR Institute®

CREDITS: PHOTOGRAPHY BY: P. 5 PABLO CAMPOS, BRENNAN CAVANAUGH, COURTESY OF BRUCE FELDMAN, COURTESY OF NEAL GABLER, BERNARD HOLDYS, MIZUNO, TODD PLITT/CONTOUR BY GETTY, JUSTIN STEPHENS; P. 7 MARLENA BIELINSKA; P. 8 ARNY FREYTAG, MATT JONES/TRUNK ARCHIVE, JUSTIN STEPHENS; P. 15 BRYANT HOROWITZ, ELAYNE LODGE (4), LIZ MARTINEZ, MICKEY PIERSON; P. 16 KENNETH JOHANSSON (4), ELAYNE LODGE (10); P. 17 STEPHEN WAYDA; P. 18 ZACHARY JAMES JOHNSTON; P. 22 GETTY IMAGES (4); P. 24 CORBIS, CORBIS OUTLINE, GETTY IMAGES (2); P. 26 GETTY IMAGES, NEWSCOM; P. 28 ELIZABETH DANIELS, WINNIE MA, BENNI VALSSON/CORBIS OUTLINE; P. 30 JAMES IMBROGNO; P. 32 ZACHARY JAMES JOHNSTON; P. 34 CORBIS, ZACHARY JAMES JOHNSTON (3); P. 36 AP/WIDE WORLD (4), COURTESY FX, COURTESY WARNER BROS.; P. 37 COURTESY ABC, CRAIG BLANKENHORN/© 2012 CBS BROADCASTING INC., COURTESY GEARBOX SOFTWARE, AUTUMN DE WILDE/FOX, BOB MAHONEY/NBC/NBCU PHOTOBANK, JACK ROWAND/THE CW; P. 38 GETTY IMAGES (3); P. 41 AP/WIDE WORLD, COURTESY DOLLIE A. COLE/NATIONAL CORVETTE MUSEUM, COURTESY GM (2), GETTY IMAGES; P. 44 COURTESY © 2012 CHRYSLER GROUP, COURTESY BENTLEY MOTORS, COURTESY MICHAEL ROSS (2), COURTESY OF LAMBORGHINI, COURTESY OF MASERATI; P. 45 GREG SLATER; P. 46 COURTESY SAMSUNG, ZACHARY JAMES JOHNSTON (4); P. 52 EVERETT COLLECTION; P. 57 AP/WIDE WORLD; P. 58 AP/WIDE WORLD (2); P. 59 GETTY IMAGES; P. 60 AP/WIDE WORLD, COURTESY THE REALIST ARCHIVE PROJECT, GETTY IMAGES; P. 61 AP/WIDE WORLD, GETTY IMAGES; P. 88 GETTY IMAGES, US PRESSWIRE; P. 89 US PRESSWIRE (6); P. 105 AP/WIDE WORLD, GETTY IMAGES (3), MATT JONES/TRUNK ARCHIVE; P. 106 GETTY IMAGES (2), ZACHARY JAMES JOHNSTON (2), SHERYL NIELDS/AUGUST, JENNIFER POTTHEISER/NBAE VIA GETTY IMAGES; P. 107 SPLASH NEWS (3); P. 108 GETTY IMAGES (4), ZACHARY JAMES JOHNSTON (3); P. 109 ZACHARY JAMES JOHNSTON (5), SPLASH NEWS (3), JEFF VESPA/CONTOUR BY GETTY IMAGES; PP. 110–111 DAVID ROSE; P. 112 GETTY IMAGES (6); P. 115 GETTY IMAGES (5); P. 147 ADVERTISING ARCHIVE/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, R. SCOTT HOOPER, STEPHEN WAYDA; P. 148 COURTESY COLLEEN MARIE, COURTESY NATALIA SOKOLOVA, JOEL FLORA, ARNY FREYTAG, CHARLEY GALLAY/WIREIMAGE.COM; P. 150 MATTHIAS CLAMER, MIZUNO, MATT WAGEMANN, ADITHYA SAMBAMURTHY/*THE BAY CITIZEN*. PP. 32 GROOMING AND STYLING BY KAREN LYNN FOR KAREN LYNN & ASSOCIATES, INC.; PP. 90–91 GROOMING BY DIANA SCHMIDTKE FOR THE WALL GROUP, SET DESIGN BY JUSTIN ALLEN FOR ATELIER MANAGEMENT, WARDROBE STYLING BY JENNY RICKER FOR THE WALL GROUP; PP. 92–102 HAIR AND MAKEUP BY MARIE-FLORE BEAUBIEN, WARDROBE STYLING BY HIROMI OSHIMA, PRODUCED BY STEPHANIE MORRIS; PP. 118–125 HAIR BY CHOCCY, WARDROBE STYLING BY KATIE BURNETT FOR ATELIER, PRODUCED BY PATTY BEAUDET-FRANCÈS; P. 119 UNION JACK JACKET BY NADIA WILCOCK FOR ANY OLD IRON, NYC; PP. 118–120 MAKEUP BY LINDA JOHANSSON; P. 121 MAKEUP BY CHARLOTTE REID; PP. 122–125 MAKEUP BY LINDA JOHANSSON. COVER: MODEL: KATRINA DARLING, PHOTOGRAPHER: MARLENA BIELINSKA, MAKEUP: LINDA JOHANSSON FOR ONE MAKEUP, HAIR & STYLING, HAIR: CHOCCY FOR ONE MAKEUP, HAIR & STYLING, WARDROBE STYLING: KATIE BURNETT FOR ATELIER MANAGEMENT, PRODUCER: PATTY BEAUDET-FRANCÈS.

PLAYBOY: Would you ever go on his show and explain your point of view?

JAY-Z: Why? He don't care. He's doing what he do—he's feeding his family. It's not about his understanding. I don't believe he wants to understand. It's obvious he's not researching the truth.

PLAYBOY: You say that you're going to record only one more album, but you have been talking about retiring since your first record.

JAY-Z: You don't understand. When I said *Reasonable Doubt* was going to be my first and only album, I meant it. "He made one album, then, *puff,* he's gone with the wind." But now I really mean it. Write the book, release *The Black Album,* go head Universal.

PLAYBOY: And maybe do a guest spot on other people's records?

JAY-Z: Not a guest spot at 50. That's disrespectful. That's just embarrassing.

PLAYBOY: You can't be a rapper at 50?

JAY-Z: No, forget it. Just a guru.

PLAYBOY: Only one rapper has sold more records than you: Eminem. Is that because he's white?

JAY-Z: He's an extraordinary talent. He's a genius, bottom line. But race has something to do with it. If you listen to his record "White America," he addresses that topic.

PLAYBOY: He says if he were black, he'd have sold half as many records.

JAY-Z: Right. It might be less than that. [*laughs*]

PLAYBOY: So who are your peers? Who do you compete with?

JAY-Z: There was one person: Big. If I heard "Who Shot Ya" in a club, I would leave and go make some music. That's not to take anything away from Eminem or Nas, I just don't look at them as that.

PLAYBOY: Something else that's new on *Blueprint 2*—your mistrust of women has softened.

JAY-Z: Right. People already know my paranoia about women. Before I was a rapper who didn't know who his friends were, I was a hustler who didn't know who his friends were. When it's a song about women, it's usually the single, which makes people say, This guy is dissing women on every fucking record. [*laughs*] "Big Pimpin'," "Can I Get a Fuck You," those are the hits. But the slower ones are usually more meaningful and serious.

PLAYBOY: Do you think women are less trustworthy than men?

JAY-Z: No. But guys don't want to date me for my money, so I don't have to worry about them.

PLAYBOY: If you're going to have kids, you have to get over that paranoia.

JAY-Z: Yeah, I'm learning. I'm growing. I'm growing slow.

PLAYBOY: You tell a story in "This Can't Be Life" that you were almost a father. True story?

JAY-Z: Yeah. The girl I was seeing about four years ago had a miscarriage. But I wasn't sad. I didn't even grieve. Maybe it happened because I wasn't ready to be a dad.

PLAYBOY: And now you're dating a woman who doesn't need your money, either.

JAY-Z: Is that right?

PLAYBOY: How did you meet Beyoncé Knowles?

JAY-Z: I used to see her all the time. [*quickly*] We're not engaged or anything, by the way. We're just cool. We're just friends. We don't really, ah, know each other like that yet.

PLAYBOY: Do you wish she was your girlfriend?

JAY-Z: She's beautiful. Who wouldn't wish she was their girlfriend? Maybe one day. [*smiles*]

PLAYBOY: We're not quite convinced. We know you like to keep parts of your life private. If she were your girlfriend, would you tell us?

JAY-Z: Probably not.

PLAYBOY: Well, you're pretty cool—hard to read at times.

JAY-Z: Thank you, brother. [*raises a glass of Cristal*] Toast to that.

PLAYBOY: Does that create problems in relationships?

JAY-Z: Yeah, it could. I'm not the most I-love-you guy. That's one of my problems. "What, you want me to tell you? Those are just words—everyone is going to tell you. Look at what I do." I have to change that.

PLAYBOY: How are you going to change that?

JAY-Z: I know it. That's half the battle.

PLAYBOY: But only half.

JAY-Z: But half! Shit. It was zero before—be happy.

PLAYBOY: If we were going to play amateur psychiatrist——

JAY-Z: That's what this feels like.

PLAYBOY: Here's what we would say: As a kid, you loved your dad. But he left and you felt rejected, and that hurt so much, you don't want to love anyone else the same way.

JAY-Z: Definitely. That could be 100 percent true. There's no worse pain. That's why a lot of things didn't affect me growing up.

PLAYBOY: For instance, you had a fight with your own brother, when you were 12, and shot him. He lived, but it was an intense experience.

JAY-Z: Yeah. [*pause*] You know what? Let's not. I'll tell you that one day, you as a person. Does he have to relive it every time someone talks to me about it? Is that fair to him?

PLAYBOY: Where did you get the gun?

JAY-Z: That story's even worse. I was 12. I didn't know better. The person who gave me the gun had to be 20 or 21—you're an adult. Damn, why would you do that? How could you even…I don't understand. But I can't blame nobody but myself.

PLAYBOY: Someone gave you a gun so you could shoot your brother?

JAY-Z: [*Pauses*] Yeah. Terrible. That's the one thing to this day I regret.

PLAYBOY: Why did you shoot him?

JAY-Z: My brother was a really, really, really tough person to get along with. He was messed up on drugs really bad.

PLAYBOY: Then a few years later, when you were selling drugs, someone shot at you three times on the street.

JAY-Z: It was a little bit farther than me to you.

PLAYBOY: Who shot at you?

JAY-Z: I ain't going into that. I know who it was. He was a friend of mine. It was a misunderstanding. We've talked about it and laughed.

PLAYBOY: On "Dead Presidents II," you talk about being shot at and say it was "divine intervention" you weren't killed. Do you think God protects drug dealers?

JAY-Z: I think God protects anyone with a good heart. People say, "That's a comfort blanket so you can do whatever the fuck you want." But my intention was good. I was in a place where there's no hope. It was like, Fuck, man, I ain't going to continue to live like this. I've got to do something. Then I got addicted to that life. It was fun. It helped my situation, helped everyone around me.

PLAYBOY: When you were dealing, did you use drugs?

JAY-Z: No. Never. I'd seen my brother. After my father, that was the next person I looked up to. He had all the girls, he played basketball. Then he was a whole different person.

PLAYBOY: We've heard you only recently started smoking pot.

JAY-Z: [*Laughs*] There would be 10 of us, out in the Hamptons, and we won't finish one joint. "Ooh, we high!" "That's too strong! Put that out!" I don't smoke pot no more.

PLAYBOY: From listening to your songs, people might believe that you're always drinking——

JAY-Z: Cristal at 10 in the morning, right. Although I was drinking champagne and eating caviar this afternoon.

PLAYBOY: Where?

JAY-Z: I went shopping today, at Jacob the Jeweler. Had champagne and Beluga caviar.

PLAYBOY: Were you buying a present for Beyoncé?

JAY-Z: Ha-ha. No.

PLAYBOY: We heard you have a wristwatch worth so much money, you won't wear it outside your house.

JAY-Z: What kind of silly shit is that? Then why would I get it? I got a one-of-one, an Audemars Piguet. There's no other watch like it in the world. It's like a piece of art.

PLAYBOY: How much did it cost?

JAY-Z: A little bit. I'm trying to get grown up and not talk about figures anymore. I'm learning that the big cats don't talk about money, only us ignorant rappers. I have to get sophisticated with my paper. I'm not nouveau money.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about sex. Which have you done more often, turned down sex or accepted it?

JAY-Z: I think every artist has turned it down more. I hope. Shit. [*laughs*] If the place is filled with 20,000 people, 10,000 of them are screaming women. I never got carried away. I have always been a person who's more interested in business first.

PLAYBOY: If there's a beautiful woman on one side of the room, and a business deal on the other——

JAY-Z: I'd take the business deal. Sorry. I know people will be like, "You fucking asshole! You dummy!"

PLAYBOY: You rapped with Eminem and DMX and Biggie, all of whom are highly respected. You also rapped with Puff Daddy and Ja Rule, who aren't respected. Does it make a difference to you who you rap with?

JAY-Z: I rap with people for different reasons. Sometimes I like them, sometimes I respect them. I was on a Juvenile remix because I liked this record he had, called "Ha." He did something new. So I called him and said that I would love to do the remix.

PLAYBOY: So why rap with Puffy?

JAY-Z: I respect Puff on a creative level. As a rapper, you ain't got to respect him. As a producer, he gave "Juicy" to Biggie. Biggie didn't want to do it. [The song made Biggie a star.] "That beat is soft. I ain't doing that." As a rapper, I can't say I want to hear him. He's not a rapper.

PLAYBOY: Do you want to follow Puffy into movies?

JAY-Z: I do. I have a bunch of scripts, from Wesley Snipes, Denzel. Chris Rock said, "Boy, you better take these movies. There ain't no telling if you're going to be hot tomorrow."

PLAYBOY: How about female rappers? Years ago, you had Queen Latifah, MC Lyte. Now all the top female rappers—Foxy Brown, Lil' Kim—have to be sexy and trashy, wearing fur bikinis. Why is that?

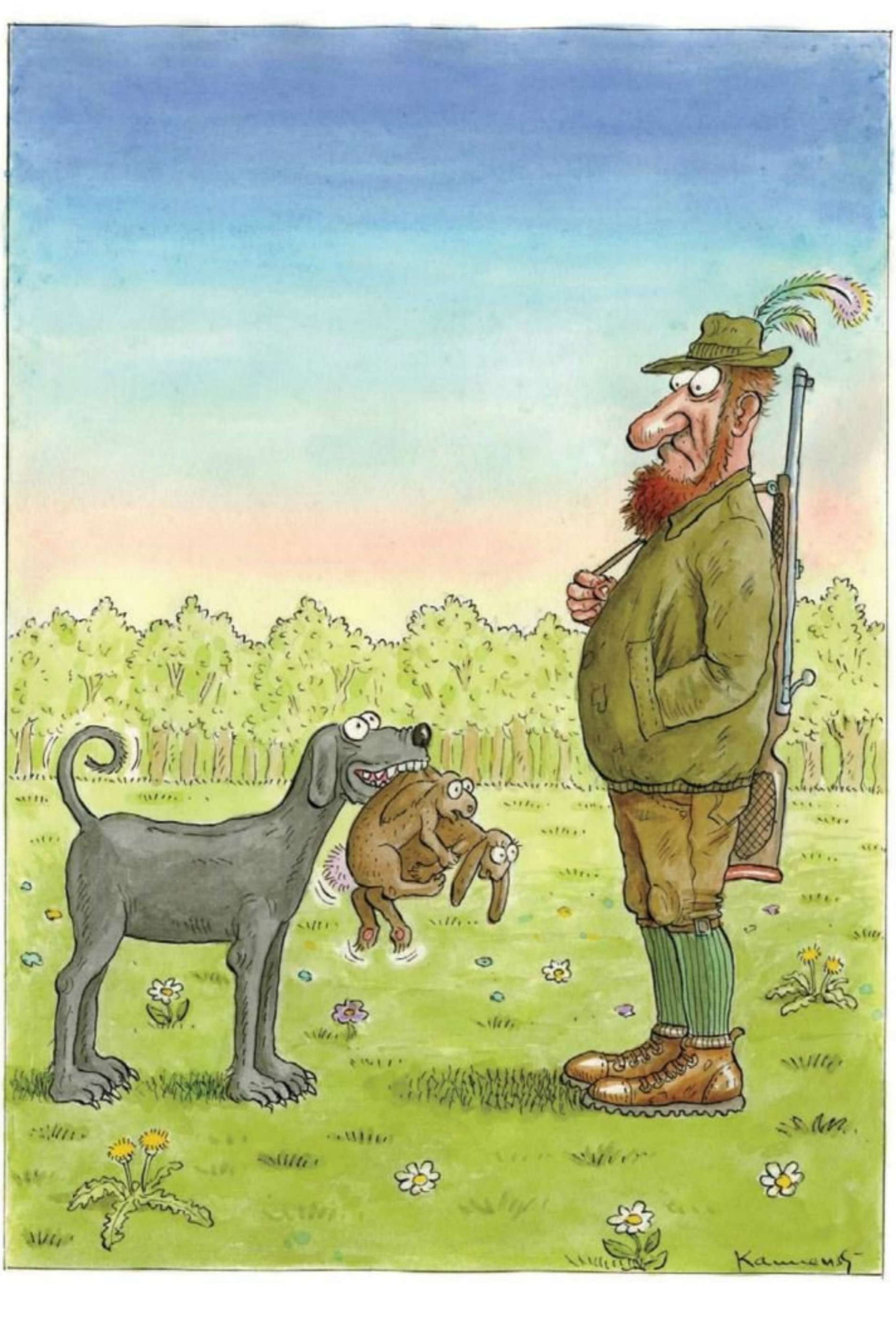
JAY-Z: Maybe it's because rap is so angry. "Breakin' off on a motherfucker like that!" A girl don't have no street credibility. You don't believe a girl when she's saying, "I'm holding a gat to the motherfucker."

PLAYBOY: Especially if she's wearing a fur bikini when she says it.

JAY-Z: [*Laughs*] You're like, You can't run fast in those stilettos.

PLAYBOY: Last year you made a record with R. Kelly, *The Best of Both Worlds*. Just before it came out, he was arrested on 21 counts of child pornography, over a videotape that seems to show him having sex with an underage girl. The music video you were going to make was canceled, the tour was canceled, the record didn't sell. Was that your biggest disappointment in music?

JAY-Z: I would say so. I had such high expectations for it. I made the album with somebody I think is the greatest writer of our time. And we didn't finish the story, with the videos and performing.



PLAYBOY: Do you think that Kelly's career is over?

JAY-Z: I have no idea. It's going to be really tough.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that he might be guilty?

JAY-Z: I don't want to speculate, man. I don't know what half of America is doing behind closed doors.

PLAYBOY: You've said before that rap is like wrestling. What do you mean?

JAY-Z: When I say that, I'm talking about all the beefs going on. Everybody is from a place where they had nothing. Now they're getting a little bit of something—they're not going to risk that over "I rhyme better than you." All that muscling up, all that sticking out your chest, it's all wrestling. "Come here, boy!" Nobody is gonna do nothing to nobody. It's all just a show.

PLAYBOY: Just hype?

JAY-Z: There you go. A lot of attention to your record.

PLAYBOY: And yet rappers are always saying, "I'm keepin' it real."

JAY-Z: Someone recently told me, "Real is just a foundation for a great fantasy." That's deep.

PLAYBOY: You've had a big battle with Nas—he made a song about you, you made a song about him, back and forth. If it was just wrestling, does that mean you never got mad?

JAY-Z: You get angry, but at the end of the day, I'm not going to do nothing. It just pushes you to make better records. I got mad and went into the studio.

PLAYBOY: Which got you angrier: When he called you ugly or when he implied you're gay?

JAY-Z: Ugly? A guy's not supposed to judge another guy. So that didn't bother me. But there's an imaginary line in the sand, and most people cross it when they are off balance. You don't say things about another guy's genitalia.

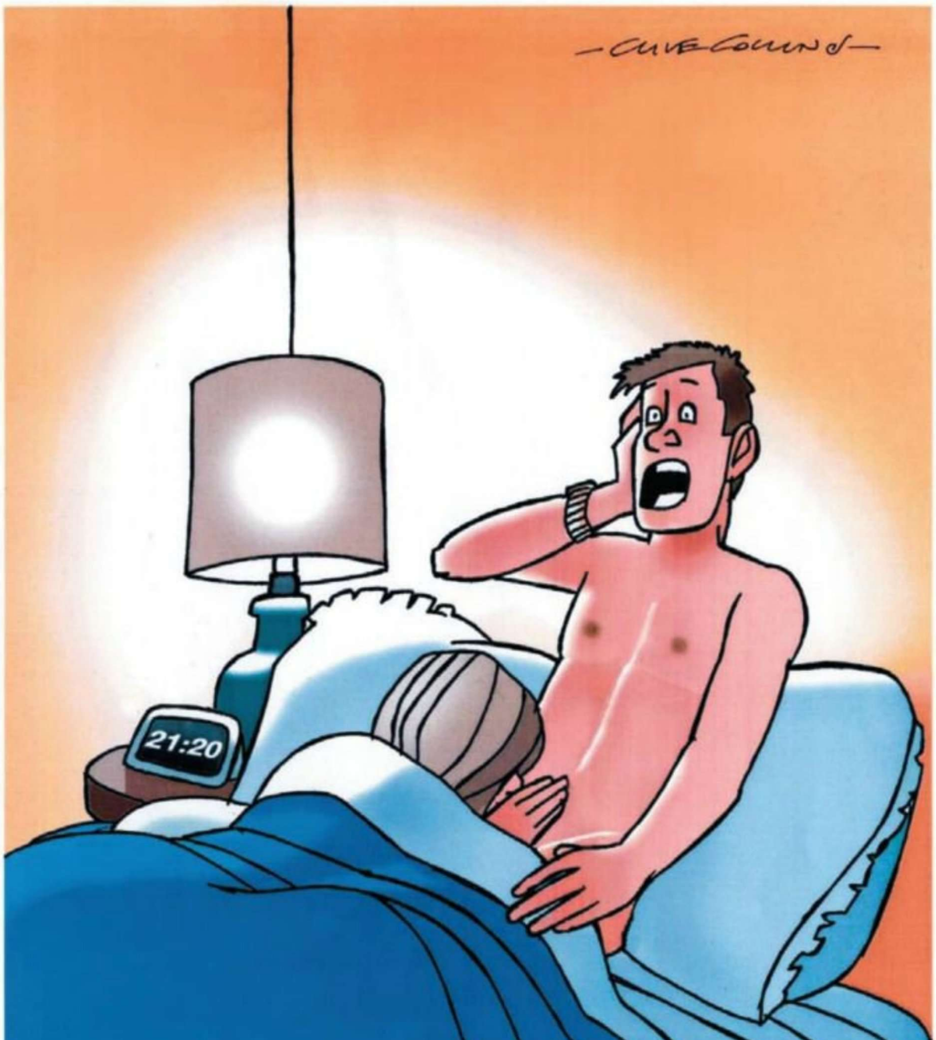
PLAYBOY: He said that you should suck his dick.

JAY-Z: Yeah. You can't say that to a man.

PLAYBOY: You offered to settle the fight in a boxing ring. Was there ever a chance that would happen?

JAY-Z: No, too much to lose. Especially in rap. People get knocked out, they lose that image. When you're listening to a record, "I'm the illest!" I don't know, man, I just saw you get knocked out. [*laughs*]

PLAYBOY: On "The Ruler's Back," you liken yourself to Martin Luther King Jr. and Rosa Parks.



"Then it's the car! It must be the car! You must have done something to the car!"

JAY-Z: What did I say?

PLAYBOY: We have to tell you? You've written so many songs, you can't remember your own lyrics?

JAY-Z: Word up. Friends have to tell me my rhymes all the time.

PLAYBOY: "I'm representing…."

JAY-Z: "I'm representing for the seat where Rosa Parks sat/Where Malcolm X was shot, where Martin Luther was popped." Yeah. I believe that every black person has a responsibility. When you do good, everyone is looking at you—every black person. So you're the same person as Rosa Parks and Martin Luther King and Malcolm X. I'm not just representing the hood and Roc-A-Fella Records. I'm representing for the whole culture. A lot of people look at me like they looked at Martin Luther King.

PLAYBOY: Some people might say, "What's a rapper who used to deal drugs doing comparing himself to Dr. King?"

JAY-Z: I'm not like a politician who says he never did nothing wrong. I'm not a saint—I did bad things. I fucked up. But I'm a very legit person. I try not to do bad things anymore. I try to be a decent citizen.

PLAYBOY: But you're not always so level-headed and orderly. In December 1999 you were arrested for stabbing Lance "Un" Rivera in a nightclub and pleaded guilty to misdemeanor assault. What happened that night?

JAY-Z: A fight got out of hand.

PLAYBOY: Why did you have a knife on you that night?

JAY-Z: I don't want to talk about the knives. Just leave that one alone.

PLAYBOY: Let's put it this way: At any given time, do you have protection on you?

JAY-Z: No. One time I heard Russell Simmons say, "I don't even want to see a gun. I don't want no friends with guns." I was like, He's crazy. But now I feel the same way. What's wrong with me? I'm a gangsta rapper. [*makes a mean face*] From the hood.

PLAYBOY: From your first album to the last, you use the word *fag* a lot. Are you homophobic?

JAY-Z: Um, I think rap is homophobic. I don't know. I could be. My friends and I play a game called Pause—if you say something that sounds gay, like, "I was with the dude the other day," you have to say, "Pause." That could be viewed as homophobic. I stopped playing Pause this year—I'm too grown. So maybe I'm getting better.

PLAYBOY: But not playing Pause doesn't mean you're no longer homophobic.

JAY-Z: I mean, it's a start, man. Shit. Goddamn. [*laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Could there ever be a successful gay rapper?

JAY-Z: That would be extremely tough. Rap is all, "Pickin' off a motherfucker like that. [*makes a mean face*] I'm from the hood."

PLAYBOY: Every time you say, "I'm from the hood," you screw up your face like a cartoon villain.

JAY-Z: Because it's funny. "I'm from the hood." It's a joke. You can't take that seriously. Rappers, we ain't from the hood. We got nice homes and nice cars. We from the mansion.

RICHARD DAWKINS

(continued from page 66)

PLAYBOY: All the atheists we met at the skeptics convention in Las Vegas seemed to have a story about being kicked out of Sunday school.

DAWKINS: Yes, that's terribly funny. What a Sunday school teacher should say is "Let's look at the evidence." Instead they get cross. And the reason they get cross is that there isn't any evidence.

PLAYBOY: They get cross with you as well. You are asking a religious person to change his or her worldview.

DAWKINS: I want people to change their worldview such that they demand evidence for something they're going to believe. It's not a good reason to believe because "our people have always believed that." If you'd been born in Afghanistan or India, you'd believe something else. Another lousy reason is because you have an inner feeling it must be true, or you've been told by a priest it's true.

PLAYBOY: Ken Miller, author of *Finding Darwin's God,* once scolded you by saying atheists and agnostics are more evangelical than religious people. Is that your experience with atheists?

DAWKINS: You can be passionate about the need to look at the evidence and passionately angry at people who won't do that. That's not evangelical; that's just angry.

PLAYBOY: You like Miller's book, though.

DAWKINS: It may well be the best refutation of creationism, though it goes off the rails when it tries to justify Christianity. One of the reasons I recommend it is not just because it's good but because it is written by a Christian. Unfortunately it's written by a Catholic, and many of the people we're talking about think Catholics are worse than atheists. [*laughs*]

PLAYBOY: In 2010 you spoke at a rally in London to protest a state visit by Pope Benedict XVI.

DAWKINS: Only about 2,000 people were expected, and 15,000 turned up.

PLAYBOY: You dismissed the pope as an enemy of children, gay people, women, truth, poor people, science and humanity.

DAWKINS: It was a speech at a rally, so I used rhetoric.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe, as Christopher Hitchens did, that the pope should be arrested?

DAWKINS: Hitchens wrote me suggesting we should arrest him, but we soon gave up on the idea of literally making a citizen's arrest by creeping up with handcuffs or something. Instead we asked Geoffrey Robertson, a distinguished human rights lawyer, to speak about the legal case against the pope for covering up pedophilia. He also looked at the alleged immunity of the pope from prosecution as the head of a state, calling into question the notion of the Vatican as a legitimate sovereign state. I responded to the pope's uncalled-for truculence when he landed in Edinburgh. The first thing he said was to blame atheists for Hitler. Although I don't blame the pope for being a member of the Hitler Youth, as he was very young, I felt this was pretty cheeky, really. If I were him I'd keep my head down over Hitler.

PLAYBOY: You were impressed by a few of the signs at the rally.

DAWKINS: Two of my favorites were KEEP YOUR ROSARIES OFF MY OVARIES and HANDS OFF MY EGGS, BENEDICT. [*laughs*]

PLAYBOY: The pope apologized for the sexual abuse of children in the Catholic church. Isn't that enough?

DAWKINS: Oh, big deal. He hasn't handed over any records to the police. He apologized with great reluctance after enormous pressure was brought to bear.

PLAYBOY: You gave a speech in Dublin in which you argued that sexual abuse is less damaging to a child than the psychological damage of bringing him up Catholic. What was the response?

DAWKINS: I got an ovation. I want to make clear I was not talking about the sort of violent sexual abuse we've now learned had been repeatedly going on. I was talking about mild caressing, which is bad enough, but bringing up a child to believe in hellfire is worse.

PLAYBOY: Let's turn to evolution, which many people misunderstand, such as believing we descend from apes.

DAWKINS: We *are* apes. We descend from extinct animals that would have been classified as apes. We are not descended from modern chimps or bonobos or gorillas. They've been evolving for exactly the same length of time as we have.

PLAYBOY: So what makes us human?

DAWKINS: We are a unique ape. We have language. Other animals have systems of communication that fall far short of that. They don't have the same ability to communicate complicated conditionals and what-ifs and talk about things that are not present. These are all unique manifestations of our evolved ape brain, which some evidence suggests came about through a rather limited number of mutations.

PLAYBOY: Peter Singer, who co-founded the Great Ape Project, suggests apes deserve basic rights. Do you agree?

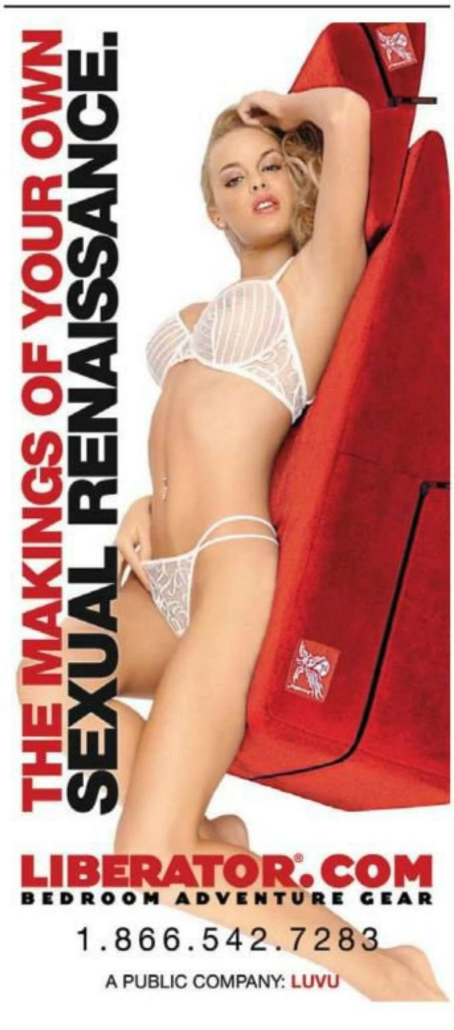
DAWKINS: Why stop at apes? Why not pigs?

PLAYBOY: But apes are our cousins.

DAWKINS: So what? We're all cousins. What if octopuses, which are much more distant cousins, had evolved an intelligence equivalent to ours?

PLAYBOY: But they didn't.

DAWKINS: You can base your morals on kinship if you want, but why should you? I'd prefer to go with Jeremy Bentham and base my morals on the question, Can they suffer? Singer's rather keen on the word *speciesism.* We have a common ancestor with chimps who lived 6 million years ago. If you imagine holding the hand of your mother, who holds the hand of her mother, who holds the hand of her mother, and you go on and on to the common ancestor, the line would stretch a few hundred miles. And in its other hand the grand ancestor holds her daughter's hand who holds her daughter's hand, and you go forward to modern chimps. As you go back, every one of those mother-daughter



relationships would include members of the same species.

PLAYBOY: So there was no first human.

DAWKINS: No, never. But suppose an intermediate species hadn't gone extinct. Suppose relict populations are discovered in the African jungle. In order to deny chimpanzees rights, you would have to set up apartheid-like courts to decide whether this individual counts as human. Because it's a continuum. As a practical matter, the intermediates haven't survived, so it's possible to give humans basic rights and give chimpanzees none. But I think it's a worthwhile argument.

PLAYBOY: Are you pro-life?

DAWKINS: People who say they're pro-life mean they are pro-*human* life. A four-cell embryo or a 64-cell embryo, or indeed one much larger than that, has no nervous system. You should have rather less compunction in killing such a creature than you would in killing an earthworm, because an earthworm has a nervous system and very likely can suffer. So objecting to the abortion of very young human embryos is utter nonsense. Objecting to older human embryos being killed is not utter nonsense. There's no reason to suppose that their capacity to suffer is any greater than the capacity of an adult pig or cow to suffer.

PLAYBOY: Do we know which came first—bigger brains or bipedalism?

DAWKINS: Bipedalism came first.

PLAYBOY: How do we know that?

DAWKINS: Fossils. That's one place the fossils are extremely clear. Three million years ago *Australopithecus afarensis* were bipedal, but their brains were no bigger than a chimpanzee's. The best example we have is Lucy [a partial skeleton found in 1974 in Ethiopia]. In a way, she was an upright-walking chimpanzee.

PLAYBOY: You like Lucy.

DAWKINS: Yes. [*smiles*]

PLAYBOY: You've said you expect mankind will have a genetic book of the dead by 2050. How would that be helpful?

DAWKINS: Because we contain within us the genes that have survived through generations, you could theoretically read off a creature's evolutionary history. "Ah, yes, this animal lived in the sea. This is the time when it lived in deserts. This bit shows it must have lived up mountains. And this shows it used to burrow."

PLAYBOY: Could that help us bring back a dinosaur? You have suggested crossing a bird and a crocodile and maybe putting it in an ostrich egg.

DAWKINS: It would have to be more sophisticated than a cross. It'd have to be a merging.

PLAYBOY: Could we re-create Lucy?

DAWKINS: We already know the human genome and the chimpanzee genome, so you could make a sophisticated guess as to what the genome of the common ancestor might have been like. From that you might be able to grow an animal that was close to the common ancestor. And from that you might split the difference between that ancestral animal you re-created and a modern human and get Lucy.

PLAYBOY: You've accused creationists of fighting dirty.

DAWKINS: Sure they do.

PLAYBOY: Is that why you and other evolutionary biologists won't debate them?

DAWKINS: Partly. It also gives them a respectability they don't deserve. A colleague of mine likes to respond, "That would look great on your CV, not so good on mine."

PLAYBOY: What arguments do creationists typically hit you with?

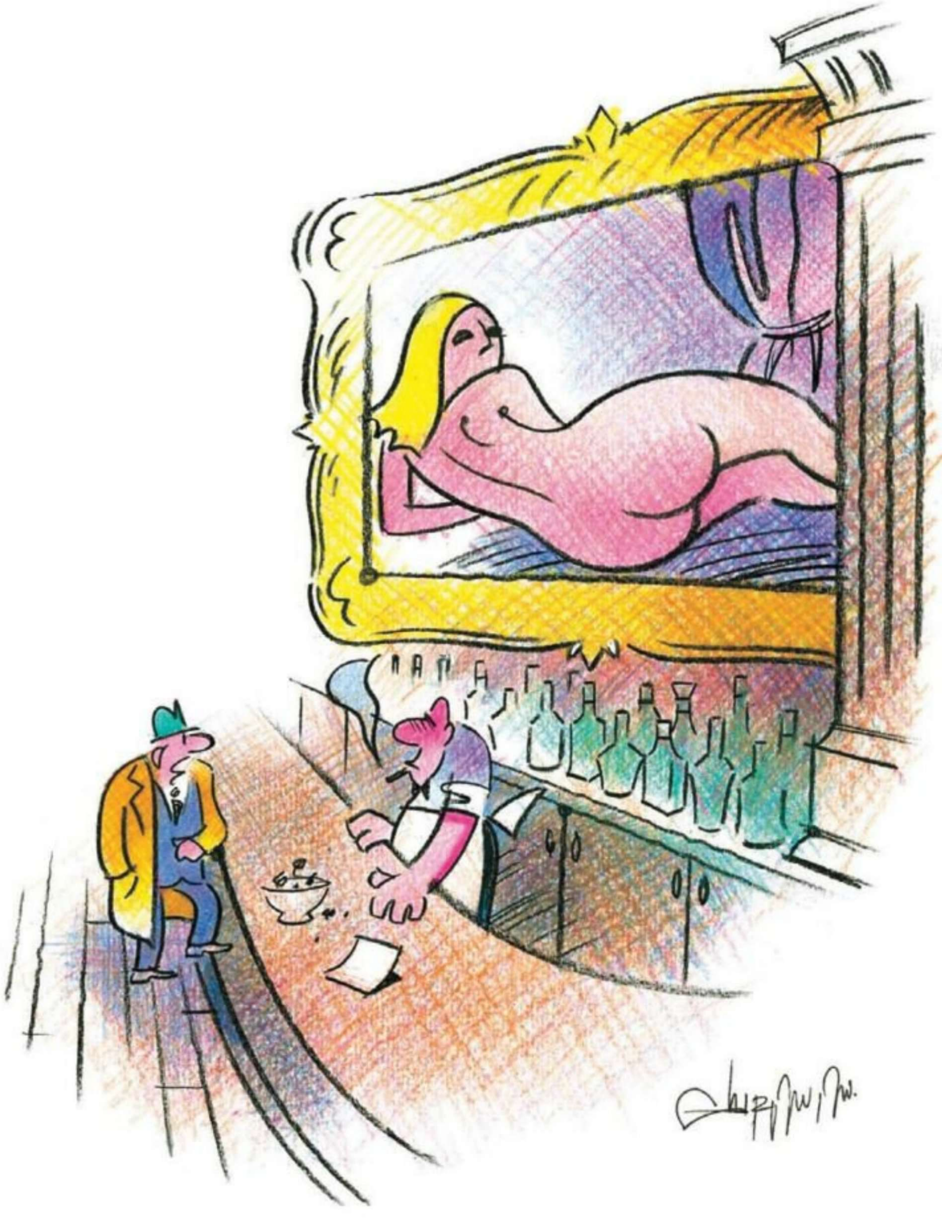
DAWKINS: Ignorant nonsense. They say things like "Well, if we're descended from chimpanzees, how come chimpanzees are still around?" It isn't difficult.

PLAYBOY: You often hear evolution described as "just a theory." Is it?

DAWKINS: The word *theory* can mean a hypothesis. But the word is also used in a more serious sense as a body of knowledge. It's better to use the word *fact*. Evolution is a fact in the same sense that the earth orbits the sun.

PLAYBOY: There is disagreement about what drives evolution.

DAWKINS: Natural selection is the driving force, but there is disagreement about what the selection pressure was. For example, we know the human brain grew bigger. Was it because the more ingenious individuals were the best at finding food or evading predators? Or was it because they were the most sexually attractive? It's possible an enlarged brain is rather like a peacock's tail. Darwin proposed a second version of natural selection, which he called sexual selection. If peahens choose peacocks for the brightness of their finery, then never mind about surviving. The ones with the biggest tails survive less well, because the tail is a burden. Nevertheless if they're more attractive to females, then the genes for making big tails are more likely to end up in the next generation. It is quite possible the human brain also got bigger due to sexual selection. Intelligence is sexy.



"A piece of beer, please."

MAKE IT LAST...
For him, there's Mandelay® with an active ingredient to delay his climax and prolong the intimacy.
For Him
PROLONG SEXUAL PLEASURE
MANDELAY
CLIMAX CONTROL GEL
Formulated to Delay Ejaculation
MANDELAY
NET WT. 1 OZ. (28.35g)
For Her
ENHANCE SEXUAL PLEASURE
Femystique
AROUSAL GEL
Formulated to Heighten Sensation
FEMYSTIQUE
NET WT. .88 OZ. (25.00g)
MAKE IT HOT!
For her, there's Femystique®, a sensual arousal gel featuring L-Arginine plus six additional exotic oils that will increase excitement and intensify her sexual pleasure.
© 2012 Majestic Drug Company, Inc.
Available at RITE AID PHARMACY or at your favorite drug counter.
www.mandelay.com

Maybe the most intelligent males had the gift of the gab. They may have been good talkers, good at remembering the sagas and myths of the tribe, or dance steps.

PLAYBOY: Or that she likes antelope.

DAWKINS: Something like that. If a peahen chooses a male with a long tail, it's because she knows he couldn't have survived with a tail like that unless he had something going for him. It's all about showing females you are resistant to disease. There's a dual selection—females become better diagnostic doctors, and males become better at being diagnosed, even if they're actually ill.

PLAYBOY: What role does chance play in evolution?

DAWKINS: Mutation, the raw material for natural selection, is random in the sense that it is not systematically directed toward improvement. But natural selection is highly nonrandom, because it's choosing improvements from that pool of variation that mutation throws up. There's also an awful lot of chance in which species go extinct. When a comet hit the earth, all the dinosaurs went extinct except birds. A few mammals survived, and we're descended from those few mammals, perhaps those that were hibernating underground.

PLAYBOY: You've described life as a "replication bomb."

DAWKINS: If you look around the universe, there's dead world after dead world. Physics goes on and chemistry goes on, but nothing else happens. And suddenly in one place there's an explosion, which comes about because of replication. For some reason, the laws of chemistry give rise to a molecule that self-replicates. Maybe this planet is the only time it's ever happened. But the arising through some accident of chemistry of a molecule that makes copies of itself has momentous consequences.

PLAYBOY: Creationists often try to ambush you, such as the Australian film crew that hit you with "Can you give me an example of a genetic mutation or an evolutionary process that can be seen to increase the information in the genome?" and then, because you paused, portrayed you as not having an answer.

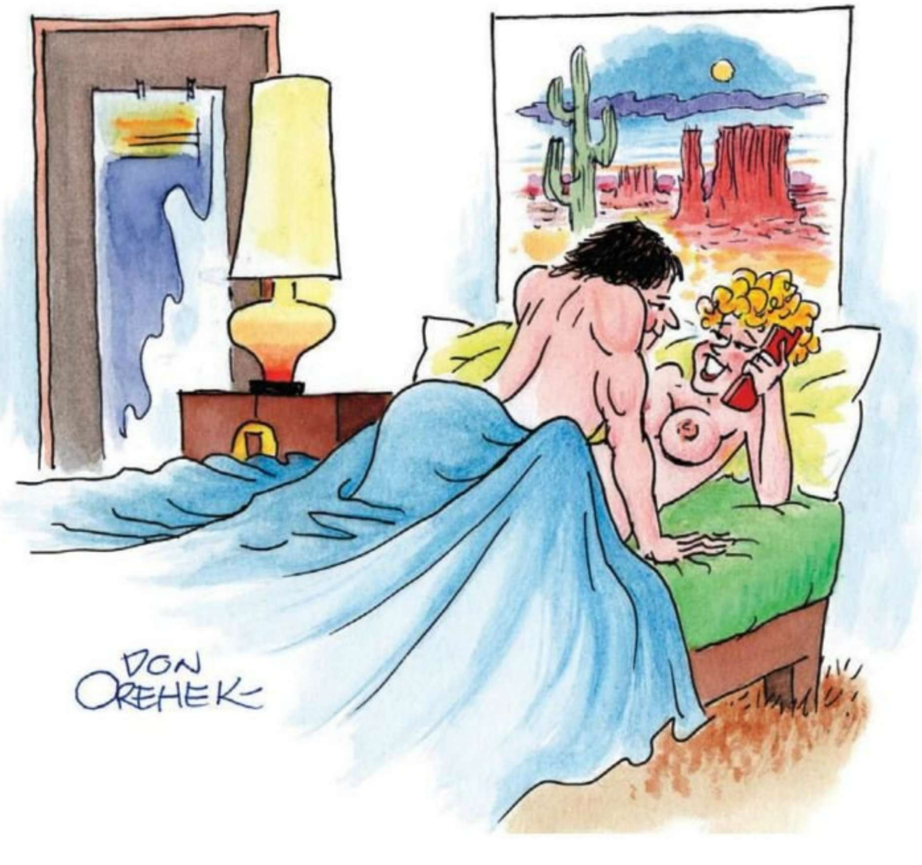
DAWKINS: The way it happens is through gene duplication. You have lengths of the genome that do some useful thing, and then a chunk gets copied and pasted somewhere else, where it's free to evolve in a different direction.

PLAYBOY: So why didn't you respond?

DAWKINS: I was thinking, Am I going to throw these people out? This is a question only a creationist would ask, and they hadn't told me they were creationists. What they did was splice the question and the long pause with my answer to a different question, so it looked as though I was being evasive. It was an absolutely scandalous piece of mendacity.

PLAYBOY: Most objections to evolution seem to come down to complexity. People can't understand how something like an eye could have evolved.

DAWKINS: No matter how complex the eye may be, it's not as complicated as a god.



"Oh, just looking at the ceiling. And you?"

PLAYBOY: Creationists love to cite gaps in the fossil record, such as the large one that precedes the Cambrian explosion, the period about 530 million years ago during which there was exponential growth in complex life-forms. How can you explain it?

DAWKINS: Of course there are gaps; fossilization is a rare event. But if we didn't have a single fossil, the evidence for evolution would be absolutely secure because of comparative anatomy, comparative biochemistry, geographical distribution. The gap before the Cambrian explosion is interesting because it's a big one. But if you think about it, there are major groups of animals that have no fossils. For example, today we saw in the natural history museum an almost microscopic creature called a tardigrade. They don't fossilize because they're soft. Presumably before the Cambrian, most of the ancestors of the Cambrian creatures were soft and small.

PLAYBOY: How do we know they existed if there are no fossils?

DAWKINS: That's not quite the right question, is it? Their descendants existed in the Cambrian, so unless you seriously think they were created in the Cambrian, they must have existed. You may say that's not evidence, and I'm saying you could say the same of any soft creature for which we have no fossils. How do we know it wasn't created in 1800? It doesn't make sense.

PLAYBOY: What about this one, another favorite of creationists: If modern animals such as monkeys evolved from frogs, why haven't we found any fossils from a transitional creature such as a fronkey?

DAWKINS: The fallacy is thinking of modern animals as descended from other modern animals. If you take that seriously, there should be not just fronkey fossils but crocoduck or octocow fossils. Why on earth would you expect you could take any pair of animals and look for a combination of them? We're looking at the tips of the twigs of the tree. The ancestors are buried deep in the middle, in the crown of the tree. There are no fronkeys because the common ancestor of a frog and a monkey would be some kind of fishy, salamandery thing that looks like neither a frog nor a monkey.

PLAYBOY: Creationists are fond of arguing that if you remove one part and it doesn't work, then there's no way it could have evolved.

DAWKINS: Quite a good analogy here is an arch, where you have stone, stone, stone, and then it meets in the middle and stands up. But take away any one part and it collapses. You might think it's difficult to build an arch until you have the whole thing in place, but you're not considering that they used scaffolding, which has since been taken down. That's one answer. Another is to point out that you don't need all the bits of an eye in order to see. You can have a very imperfect eye that can see only the difference between light and dark. That's still useful if you can see the shadow of a predator. So it's not true that half an eye is not useful. Half an eye is half as good as a whole eye, and it's better than nothing.

(continued from page 116)

be accused of preying on poor innocents who didn't know any better, on losers and dreamers, on aimless young insomniacs hoping for a first score and on retirees hoping for a last one, on recent immigrants who thought America would reward them and on working-class families who thought their ship had finally come in. Eventually his life would come apart for seeming to have scammed them. But his biggest moneymaking secret was that he could sell to them because he was one of them. His belief was their belief, his faith their faith. You can talk to the people who knew Don well, and you will hear the same thing repeatedly. He thought he was providing his customers a service by teaching them what he had discovered himself. As one longtime employee put it, "His passion was for success."

This was practically part of Don Lapre's DNA. The Lapres—the name is French Canadian—had moved from Massachusetts to Phoenix when Don was seven. As Don's older brother Michael remembers it, theirs was a poverty-stricken childhood, especially after their father suffered a back injury and couldn't work for two years and their mother had to take a job as a cashier at Safeway. On weekends Mrs. Lapre would drive the children in her white station wagon to the Goodwill bin outside the supermarket, where Michael would lower Don through the opening and Don would pull out the most promising articles for his mother to scrutinize and then toss away or keep to sell at a swap meet.

Still, of all the children, Don seemed unaffected by the strife. He was always upbeat—"always in a good mood," his sister Debbie says. In childhood, as in later life, he would sit for hours with pens and a pad of paper, concocting schemes that would make him rich. By the time he was in the third or fourth grade he was buying value packs of Bubble Yum and selling individual pieces to his classmates for a profit. They called him Candy Boy.

The Lapres knew there wasn't enough money for college, and Don left high school one half-credit short of graduation. At 16 he had gone to work for the department store chain Gemco, which now offered him a managerial position in Bakersfield, California. He took it, but Don was too ambitious for Gemco, and he soon returned to Phoenix, found his one-bedroom apartment, began house painting and schemed furiously at night on his yellow pads, impatient to score. He was even impatient romantically. It was at this time that Lapre, then 24, met Sally Redondo, a darkly complected, petite, pretty 20-year-old student, one night in Tempe at the dance club Devil House, named after the Arizona State University Sun Devils. Lapre asked her for a dance, and they exchanged numbers. Then he called persistently.

A little over a week after they met, he invited her to a friend's wedding and, after the ceremony, blurted, "We should get married." Lapre wasn't drunk. He never drank alcohol or took drugs. It was just his impulsiveness. He and Sally spent the rest of the evening hunting for a wedding chapel, to no avail. They resolved to meet the next day and drive to Las Vegas, where they were wed at the Silver Bell Wedding Chapel. "There was something about him that intrigued me," Sally says now, but she was so terrified about how her mother would react to the sudden marriage that she had Don break the news over the phone.

He took his bride back to the one-bedroom apartment at Woodstone, where he promptly announced he was $35,000 in debt thanks to the 1828 Club and that he would have to declare personal bankruptcy. Sally was astonished, especially when Don told her to shove their unpaid bills in a drawer. Don didn't seem fazed by it. "He was so confident in his ability to make money, and he believed in these ideas so much," Sally recalls, "that there was no way to fail."

Roaring optimism was Lapre's natural state. He hated when Sally's enthusiasm didn't match his, and Sally once insisted on marriage counseling to get him to understand that she didn't have to be as ebullient as he was all the time. But Lapre told the counselor that he couldn't fathom mood swings. "I'm always happy," he said. The zeal viewers saw on the infomercials was no act. "Exactly the way he was on TV was how he would be," Sally says. "He was always on a high."

•

The manifestation of Don Lapre's empire of happiness and of his enormous success was his headquarters at 3255 Elwood Street, a modern building sheathed in reflective glass in southeast Phoenix in a quiet grove of office parks where he had moved in November 1993, when *The Money Making Show* was soaring. One measured Suite 100, his headquarters, not in square footage but in acreage. The selling floor was a bright, cavernous expanse of white linoleum with high ceilings and endless windows. There were no cubicles, just rows of small desks, and even Lapre's office, right off the floor, had glass partitions so people could see him at all times, usually pacing, seldom in repose. The walls were decorated with murals of tropical scenes because the beach was Lapre's idea of nirvana, and he placed trays of coconut suntan lotion around the room to add a tropical scent. He named his parent company Tropical Beaches, though it had no connection to a beach.

Within this faux tropical cavern housing his 400 employees were amenities: everything from free catered lunches and a Cinnabon wagon to a basketball half-court outside his office to incentives that included down payments on a home. The atmosphere was loose, like Don; employees could take breaks whenever they chose. Lapre himself wore a "uniform" of cargo shorts, running shoes, a Ralph Lauren polo shirt and a yellow baseball hat turned backward. At the Monday morning pep talks he held on the sales floor to motivate his staff, he would say, "I want everybody to want to come to work." They would often explode in cheers.

And then there was the money. The telemarketers who made the sales calls often earned between $100,000 and $200,000 a year. "The commission split for them was way in excess of practical," says Michael Lapre, a successful insurance broker who occasionally advised his brother on business. But then, Michael also observes, "What he was selling was making a lot of money.... Get everybody believing in the same hype."

Yet people who knew him insist it wasn't just business that caused Lapre to overpay his employees. He was naturally generous, which may have been the real propulsion behind his entire enterprise. Lapre liked to give people things, liked to see them happy, liked to be the benefactor. One longtime employee calls him "the most generous person I've ever known in my life." He bought his parents and his in-laws homes and gave Sally's sister a down payment for one. He would take prized employees and their families with him, at his expense, on trips to Honolulu or to a ski resort. For one employee's father who had suffered a heart attack, he secured a top-rated cardiologist and paid for an experimental treatment.

In doing so, he was always mindful that if he was luckier than most, he was nevertheless no different from most. He had a Christmas Eve ritual, a kind of reversal of his own childhood ritual at the Goodwill bins, in which he took his two young daughters to an ATM, withdrew a large amount of money, drove around town looking for unfortunates who needed aid and then had his girls give them the cash. In a line that would later carry a haunting irony, he would tell them, "Don't believe because we are not hurting that we are better than they are."

He wasn't hurting then. He drew a salary of roughly $500,000 a year, but he eschewed extravagance. He lived in a handsome but not ostentatious house in the Ahwatukee section of Phoenix. Though he bought a red Mercedes SL500 convertible, he gave it away to an investment partner when the partner admired it. Sally briefly had a Range Rover, which was financed, then gave it up too. He trimmed his own hair over the sink. Dressing up meant clothes from the Gap. His only indulgences besides his largesse were the vacations on which he frequently took his extended family.

Extravagant or not, Lapre was the "King of Infomercials." He had added a National Lifetime Reminder Service that, for $390, provided customers with 100 kits they could then sell for $39 apiece, allowing those who bought them to keep track of friends' and relatives' birthdays and other special anniversaries and have gift baskets automatically sent to them. He teamed up with television personality Alan Thicke for a new infomercial hawking the Incredible Products Store, which was a store to be set up in malls across the country where anyone with an incredible product could buy a screen on which Lapre would show ads he produced for the products. Money was pouring in—$80,000 a day, Lapre claimed, on the National Lifetime Reminder Service alone. He was writing checks for up to $1 million a week for media buys for

his infomercials, which were playing more than 300 times a week on stations across the country. And "one-bedroom apartment" and "tiny classified ads" had become national catchphrases.

•

But as the decade drew to a close there were already signs of trouble in the beach paradise. The entire operation was predicated on aggressive telemarketers who would get lists of "leads," people who had called in to order the moneymaking kits. The telemarketers would then make follow-up calls to try to sell them additional services—what telemarketers call "reloading." Would you like to buy more lines, more ads, even more secrets? The full treatment could cost as much as $5,000. Lapre was cautious that his telemarketers not overpromise. He had his attorneys vet a script for the marketers to read that *suggested* customers could make money without coming right out and telling them they would, and he recorded calls to make sure his telemarketers stuck to the script. Lapre was adamant that his intention in having lawyers scrutinize the pitch wasn't to find ways to skirt the law; his intention was to operate fully within it.

Still, some telemarketers had twinges of conscience. "Anyone who is buying this idea either does not have the highest mental capacity of a regular person," says Elliot Storch, who worked for Lapre in the 1990s, "or they're desperate and they really want something, so of course they're going to believe what they want to hear, and they want to hear that they can make it. In either situation, you're taking advantage of somebody." Storch wouldn't sell the most expensive packages, though he didn't believe Lapre was a con artist. On the contrary, he thought Lapre had actually conned himself into believing his own pitch that anyone could make money if he worked at it.

That self-delusion turned out to be a problem. Lapre was intoxicated by his own irrational exuberance. As Sally puts it, he had "ADD with his business plans. Something would work, and it would be successful and it would be good and it should have just stayed that way. But he'd tweak it, he'd tweak it, he'd tweak it." Sometimes he would tweak it into oblivion. The Incredible Products Store bombed. Then he switched out his original *Money Making Show* infomercial for a new infomercial promoting websites that promised three new ways to make money. That bombed too.

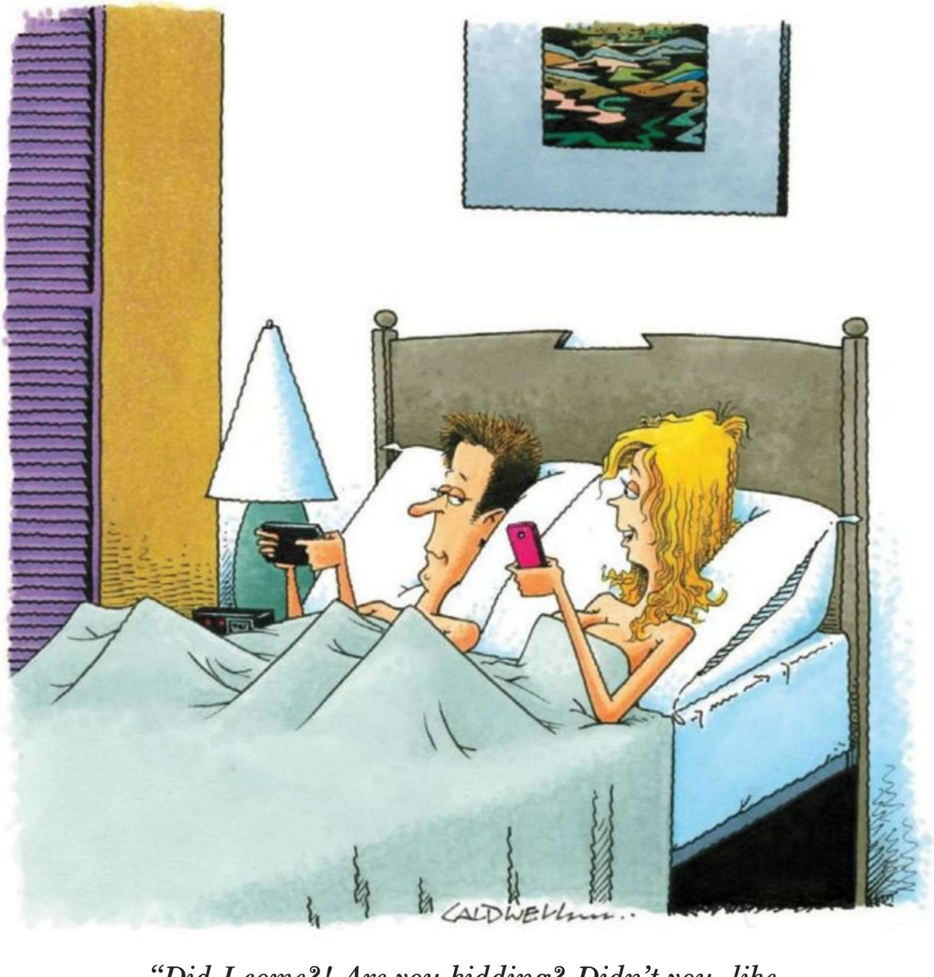
And there was worse to come—much worse. After deciding to take his family on a vacation to Puerto Vallarta, Mexico, he suddenly hatched a new idea: to build a nine-acre resort complex of 18 villas and 56 condominiums that he called La Playa Estates. He thought of it as a place where his staff could vacation.

Michael Lapre had warned Don not to invest in Mexican real estate. "And everything I said would go wrong did," Michael says. The plan was to fast-track the construction, so Don pulled money—$4 million in total—out of the company to finance it on the assumption that it would soon be up and running and generating income. It wasn't, and it didn't. The complex was too far from Puerto Vallarta to attract buyers, and the construction dragged on and went over budget. When the time came for Lapre to pay his income taxes on the money he had drawn from the company, he had no proceeds. Meanwhile, he had fallen weeks behind on his media buys, which were the lifeblood of his operation.

By June 1999, Storch noticed that Lapre's pep talks had lost some of their confidence and that Lapre was less visible behind the glass partitions. As the pressure mounted, Tempa Brown, who had worked as an executive for Lapre since he was headquartered in his one-bedroom apartment, says that he had "sort of a breakdown. He sort of checked out a little bit," leaving decisions to others and no longer coming to the office. Things began reeling. One day Brown arrived at work to find that the lights had been turned off and was told that they weren't selling that day. As anxiety rippled across the selling floor, Lapre was privately in a panic, but he kept reassuring his employees that whatever rumors they were hearing were untrue.

This was Lapre duping himself, trying to talk his way into averting disaster as he had talked his way into a fortune. On Monday, June 28, 1999, at 5:05 P.M., he took to the selling floor to announce that the next morning he was going to launch a new company. Instead, on Tuesday he glumly announced he was declaring bankruptcy and that the company would close its doors temporarily. As he made the announcement, he began to weep, apologizing to the employees and telling them that if he could shoot himself, he would. He said he had let them down. No one had ever seen him like this. For himself, he had lost the entire $4 million he'd invested in La Playa Estates and, as Sally puts it, didn't even get a time share. Whatever he had made from his company was gone too, since he had reinvested most of it and the rest went to taxes.

Two weeks later the company reopened under the command of a bankruptcy trustee named Vern Schweigert—a beefy, balding, bespectacled business veteran who, according to one employee, resented Lapre for his youth and his fortune. Lapre, eager to get his company out of bankruptcy, had gotten Carleton Sheets, the real estate infomercial giant, to agree to buy the company and pay off its creditors. As Sandy Cercone, one of Lapre's closest associates, remembers it, Schweigert nixed the deal, insinuating that Sheets's outfit could be Mafia (for which there was absolutely no basis); Lapre groused that Schweigert just didn't want to give up his $10,000-a-week salary. At two A.M. one day, Lapre, utterly frustrated, sent Schweigert an e-mail that he was resigning. Schweigert



"Did I come?! Are you kidding? Didn't you, like, read all those OMGs I sent?"

readily accepted. Later Schweigert sold the company to a cagey entrepreneur named Joseph Deihl, who continued to run Lapre's infomercials. Deihl also sold clearly fraudulent products, according to the FDA, including a spray that purported to protect the thyroid gland in case of nuclear attack. Lapre was so incensed when he was told that Deihl was scamming customers that he rebuked Deihl on his website and disassociated himself from the company he had started.

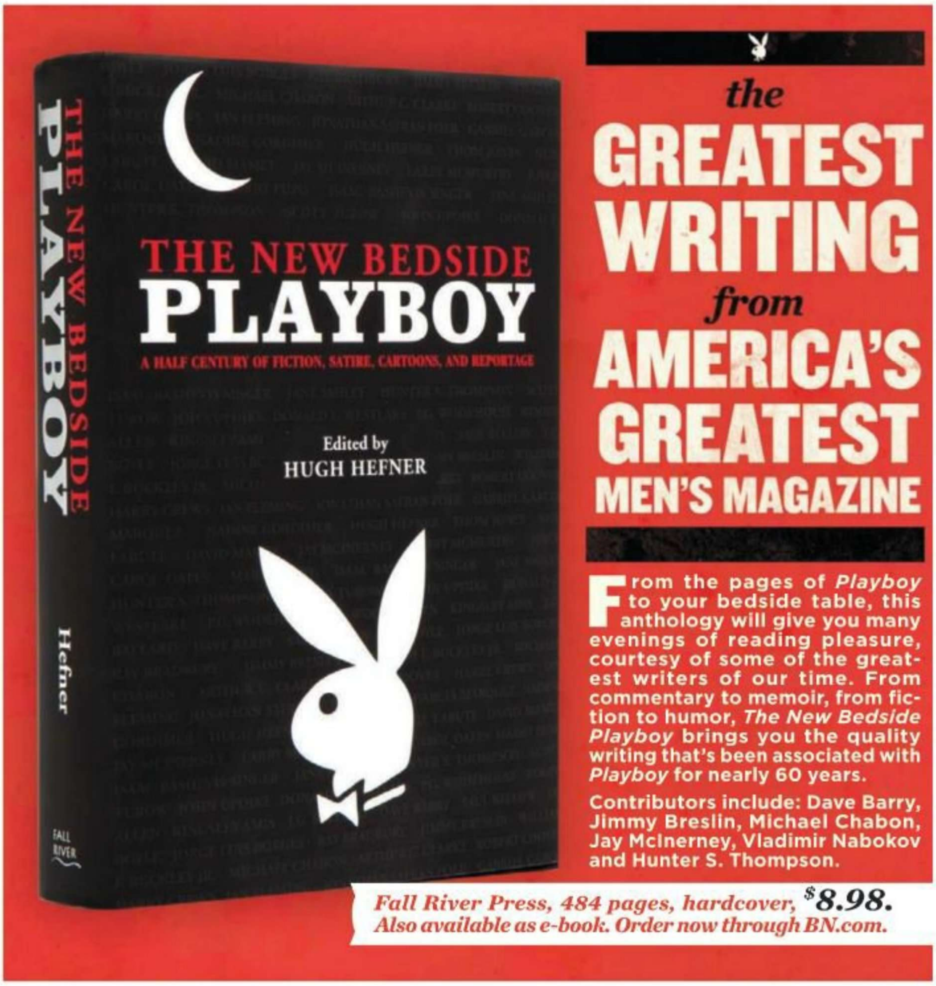
So ended Don Lapre's heyday.

•

"If you want to know the truth, my brother died back then," says his sister Debbie. "He was never the same after that." But as downcast as he was, Lapre refused to put away his yellow pad. "He was still an idea guy," recalls Brown. "He was going to light the world on fire. He always had another idea he wanted to try." Working out of his home, he began day-trading stocks during the Nasdaq boom and then got the idea of showing people how they could *night* trade. As he described it to the *Phoenix New Times,* night-trading was "for people who work all day and don't have time during the normal business hours" to play the market. But Lapre wasn't nimble enough to beat the market. "If it's down, he'd double down or triple down on things, and it didn't work out," says his brother Michael of Don's strategy. "And he went on to the next thing and the next thing and the next thing."

The next thing was farming himself out to other infomercial entrepreneurs. Set up in his garage, he worked for Dean Graziosi, who ran a real estate tutorial called "Think a Little Different" about cashing in on foreclosures. Then he partnered with another get-rich-quick guru, Russ Dalbey, who specialized in selling kits on how to make commissions on banknotes with an infomercial titled *Winning in the Cash Flow Business*. The problem was that Lapre wasn't accustomed to sharing power. He and Dalbey eventually had a falling-out, which led to Dalbey buying Lapre's share of the business.

But if Lapre now had a grubstake for a new venture, his belief in the dream had been shaken, and having had that belief shaken, he lost his fire—the fire that had made him Don Lapre. He kept moping that he had let everyone down, that his staff had lost their jobs because of him, and he was clearly despondent that he couldn't do what he had always done, what had made him happiest, which was support his extended family and his friends. The man who had always been happy, the man who couldn't understand why everyone else wasn't happy like him, the man who was the very personification of the American dream was suddenly enveloped in gloom and pessimism. "We were really concerned about him," says his sister Michelle, "because I had never seen him that despondent before."



As it turned out, they had reason to be concerned. One night after the bankruptcy he called Debbie from his cell phone. He was standing on the railroad tracks waiting for the train to mow him down, and Debbie frantically had to talk him out of it. Afterward, he was hospitalized for depression, and it was then that a doctor made a startling diagnosis: He believed that Lapre was bipolar. (Lapre himself denied it.) The wild enthusiasm that had been his trademark may not have been so much an unshakable devotion to American opportunity as it was a neurosis stemming from genetic demons. The family had a long history of mental illness.

But once Lapre was released from the hospital, Michelle says, he "snapped back quickly," as he always had after adversity, and began looking for another idea. According to Sally, it was Tylene Megley who approached Lapre in the summer of 2002 with a new business venture. Megley, an attractive, youthful 33-year-old fitness enthusiast with long brown hair and generous cleavage, had some credibility, having worked with local athletes including Phoenix Suns star Steve Nash. She had teamed with Doug Grant, a health entrepreneur who claimed to be a "nutritionist by degree"—the degree was granted by a correspondence school—and who had fabricated a new vitamin of "natural" ingredients only. Megley took the vitamin to Lapre knowing he was something of a health nut; he wouldn't even take a Tylenol. Lapre was smitten with the vitamin—so smitten that in January 2003 he formed GVW, "The Greatest Vitamin in the World," and introduced an infomercial that declared, "Nothing like this has ever been seen before in the history of the world!"

For Lapre this wasn't just hokum. Sally said he was "passionate" about these vitamins, sending bottles of them to his siblings with encomiums about all the ills they would cure and taking them himself religiously, even though the dosage ran to eight large tablets a day. But as he had with his earlier businesses, Lapre didn't just sell the vitamins, which were priced at $39.95 a bottle. He sold the opportunity to sell the vitamins. The idea was that one could become an independent advertiser, or IA, by buying the vitamins from Lapre. The IA would then set up websites—which could also be provided by Lapre for a fee—on which the IA would advertise the vitamins. And Lapre gave the IA an inducement to buy. For every 20 customers the IA got, Lapre promised him a $1,000 check. On the face of it, it sounded like a good deal for the IAs, perhaps too good. Lapre hooked hundreds of thousands of them, and it seemed as if he was back in business after the setbacks, though not without one major concession: Megley, in a low-cut top, was the primary spokesperson for GVW because, as Don told Sally when she protested that buxom women cheapened the product, you need a "channel stopper." Lapre realized he was no longer that stopper.

Still, Lapre had always been better at selling than at conducting actual business. His brother Michael was amazed when Don would ask how the company could be generating such huge revenue and yet making such meager profits. Michael tried to explain to him that the math didn't work: You couldn't have IAs sell vitamins to 20 customers at $39.95 a bottle and then give them a $1,000 premium. Even Debbie, who was very close to Don, told him that he had to state specifically that it was 20 *customers,* not 20 bottles, since many customers would buy more than one bottle, and that he should give IAs the option of continuing to sell on their own or handing their customer list to Lapre and cashing out. Don wouldn't listen. He even added diet and arthritis remedies. He felt it was just a matter of time.

But time wasn't kind. As Lapre fell behind on his $1,000 premiums and on refunds to dissatisfied customers, IAs began lodging complaints—more than 473 filed with the Phoenix Better Business Bureau between 2004 and 2007. Meanwhile, in 2005 the FDA filed its own warning against GVW, asking Lapre to desist from making extravagant claims in his infomercial about the diseases the pill could treat, including cancer. According to critics, the vitamin was no different from those one could buy in any drugstore. As if that weren't bad enough, Doug Grant, who made the vitamins, was arrested for killing his wife by drugging her and putting her in a bathtub to drown. Lapre was shocked. "Of all the people in the world I get to create my vitamin," he told Debbie, "it has to be someone accused of murdering his wife."

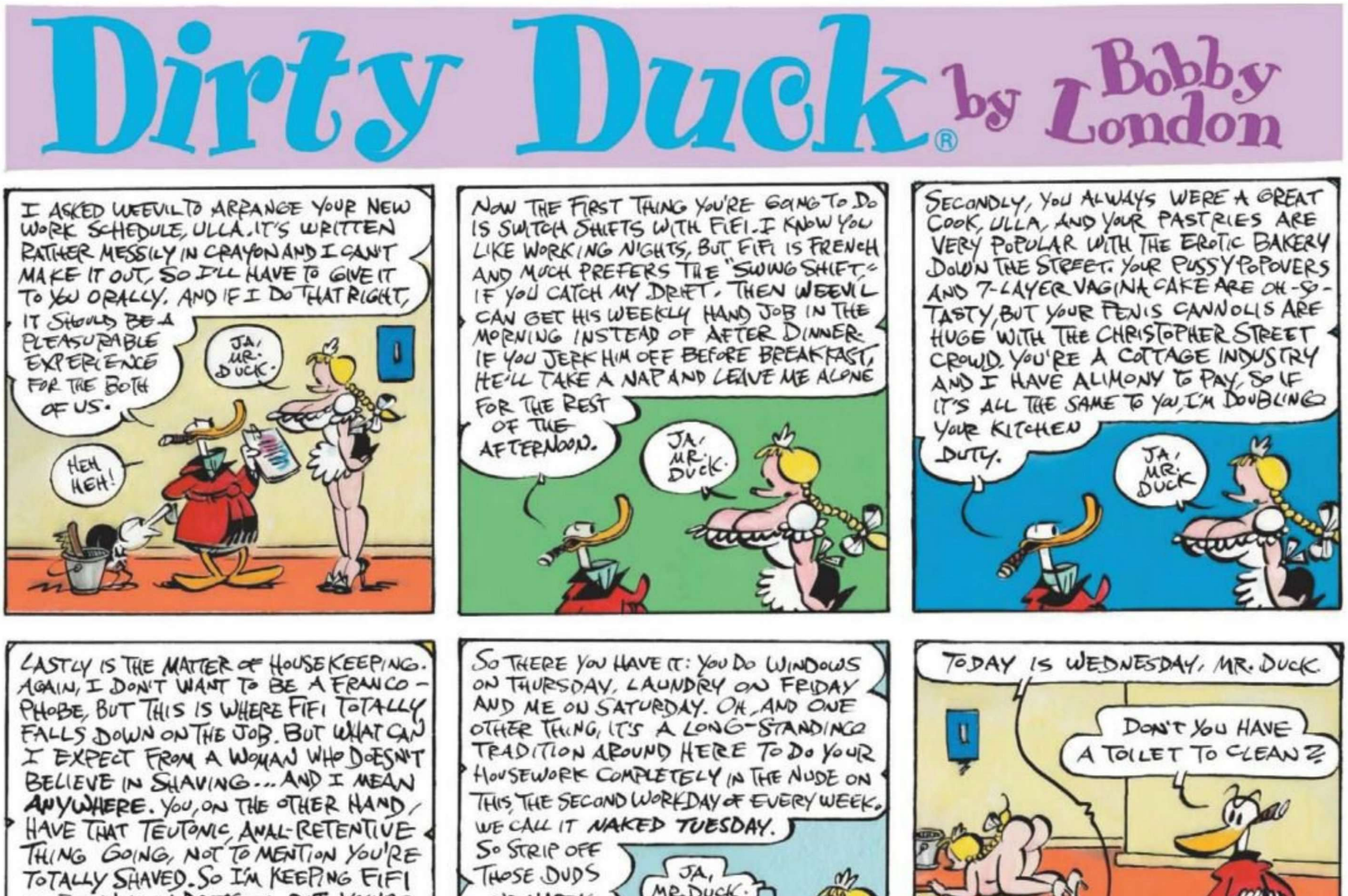
And bad as it was, even that wasn't the worst of it. Postal inspectors went undercover both as prospective IAs and as prospective telemarketers and concluded that GVW was defrauding its customers by luring them into adding services such as ads and websites and the promise of 12,000 targeted potential buyers, which they said were just 12,000 "junk" hits from pop-up ads. In any case, no one was buying the vitamins Lapre loved.

In fact, Lapre didn't have the money to pay the premiums or the refunds in large part because he kept reinvesting what he collected into the company in hopes of reviving it. He told Sally that after Grant's indictment, he should have seen the writing on the wall and declared bankruptcy again, but instead he reluctantly found a buyer in Los Angeles for the company who promised to make good on everything he owed. It was his concession that it was finally over—the dream dead and buried once and for all.

•

Lapre wasn't prepared for what happened next. Early on the morning of August 8, 2007, Sally was getting her daughters ready for school when she heard a pounding at the door. She opened it to find a SWAT team and a crew of FBI agents with guns drawn—about half a dozen men in all—yelling at the top of their lungs, "Don Lapre! Don Lapre! Are you in this house?" Lapre, in fact, was still upstairs in bed in his pajamas, and when he heard the commotion, he thought the police might be doing a house-to-house search for a murderer. He pulled on his pants and scrambled down the stairs to find the group in his house and asked why they were there. "You know why," snapped one agent dismissively. "You know what kind of business you were running." Another agent asked to see his boat, as if he owned a yacht, which of course he didn't. At the same time agents were raiding his office, a storage facility, even his cars.

Lapre was bewildered. He assumed there was some misunderstanding, since he had always had those attorneys making



certain he was operating within the law. He admitted he may have made mistakes, but he had never intended to swindle anyone. He believed that those who didn't make money from his operation were people who didn't work hard enough at it. And he was going to pay back everyone anyway once he sold the company. But the raid scared off the buyer.

The old Lapre might have gotten up from the mat, shaken off the dust and begun anew. The Lapre who had been battered by bankruptcy spiraled into depression. There were days when he couldn't get out of bed. Obviously he couldn't find work—what work was there for a TV pitchman under investigation?—and there was no rainy-day fund, since Lapre never had any investments. Of the $2.5 million he had made from GVW over its four years, almost all of it had gone right back into the company, and what little remained he used for legal bills. There was nothing left. He and Sally were forced to hold yard sales to raise money. Their cars were repossessed, and 18 months after the raid, they lost their home to foreclosure. Sally had to talk her way into a waitressing job at a restaurant.

Meanwhile, Lapre tried to pacify the federal prosecutors, hoping to stave off an indictment, even if he wasn't sure what he would be indicted for. He prepared big three-ring binders with copies of checks he had paid out and said that if he could just show the prosecutors the notebook and explain his business to them, they would realize they had made a mistake. Talked out of doing that, he hired two highly regarded criminal attorneys to meet with the federal prosecutors, and he asked Wayne Little, a former prosecutor with the Los Angeles District Attorney's Office and a business law expert, to comb his records for any hints of criminal activity. All three attorneys concluded that there was no case against him—that while he may have been delinquent in making payments, he had certainly had no intention to defraud anyone and that he was selling a viable product and system. The prosecutors countered, not altogether implausibly, that he should have known there wasn't a big enough vitamin market for so many sellers. Disheartened, Lapre told everyone that they were going to prosecute him no matter what he did.

But he still had his yellow pads, and he made a few feeble attempts to restart his career, opening a website aptly titled imgoingbananas.com on which he pitched his personal consulting services to businesses in return for three percent of the company's profits. It was an absurd offer, and the webmercials, with Lapre sitting in his study photographed in close-up by his webcam, are a sad contrast to the peppy old infomercials. The energy has evaporated and so has the exuberance. He is subdued. He is begging. "It was like a thoroughbred who has been broken," observes his old telemarketer Elliot Storch.

He stopped seeing his extended family. He would tell people, "I'm such a loser. I'm worthless. I feel like nothing." When friends visited, he would remain upstairs. And there was something else: He had begun disappearing, leaving home without telling Sally, sometimes going missing for days at a stretch. One time she used his debit card to trace him to a hotel where he had taken pills—the man who had previously taken nothing but vitamins—and had a friend fetch him. Another time she called the police because that was the only way she could find him. A third time she filed a missing-person report. During these absences, Sally in desperation would sometimes ask friends to text him. "It's all good," he would text back.

Of course it wasn't. As the investigation dragged into its fourth year with still no indictment, and with Lapre unemployed, broke and living on handouts from friends and family, the infomercial world came to his rescue one last time. Jim Piccolo had run a real estate investment school called Nouveau Riche. In December 2010 he launched a new company called BizziBiz that would franchise digital marketing to local businesses, and he hired Lapre as a consultant. "That was the first time I saw a little bit of happiness in him," says his sister Debbie. It even got him to thinking about new schemes of his own, which he would pitch to his siblings as he had in the old days. They didn't have the heart to discourage him.

It was a time of reevaluation. Sally used to lament that Don was always at the office, but she says she came to realize "that was what made him happy." Lapre himself had come to the opposite conclusion. His quest for the dream had come at the expense of the things that really mattered. He told his young nephew, "When you are in your first one-bedroom apartment and you're having the time of your life, just stay there."

•

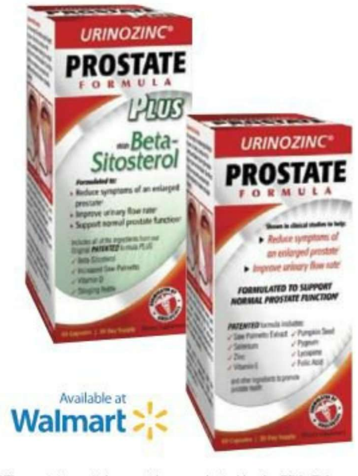
All along Lapre had said the feds were never going to let him rest, and he was right. On June 8, 2011, as the statute of limitations was about to expire, he was indicted on charges of defrauding 226,794 people out of $51.8 million—the total number of GVW independent advertisers and the total amount of money GVW took in. In other words, the prosecutors were saying he had defrauded *everyone*. The government claimed that only 5,000 IAs ever received any funds, $6.3 million in all. Even so, the fraud amounted to roughly $200 per person—not exactly a Madoff-size scandal. Lapre had no money for an attorney, so the court appointed one, but he insisted he didn't want to go to trial because, he said, "People aren't going to believe us." He had stopped taking the medication prescribed for his depression, and the week before the indictment was handed down he told Debbie he had been thinking of some "really, really bad things."

By the time of a scheduled court appearance on June 22, he was utterly hopeless. He left that morning for the Sandra Day O'Connor U.S. Courthouse in downtown Phoenix, dropping off his younger daughter at school on the way. But he never arrived, and the judge issued a bench warrant for his arrest. By the next evening the federal marshals had gotten a tip that he

For a healthy prostate, visit your urologist once a year and take URINOZINC®.

- Formulated to support normal prostate function*
- The only prostate formulation with a US Patent*
- Over 2 Million bottles sold!

Visit **urinozinc.com** for helpful information on prostate health and to take a FREE Prostate Symptom Assessment.



*These statements have not been evaluated by the FDA. This product not intended to diagnose, treat, cure or prevent any disease.

Playboy's Privacy Notice

We occasionally make portions of our customer list available to carefully screened companies that offer products or services we believe you may enjoy. If you do not want to receive these offers or information, please let us know by writing to us at:

Playboy Enterprises International, Inc.
c/o CDS
P.O. Box 37489
Boone, IA 50037-0489
e-mail PLYcustserv@cdsfulfillment.com
tel 800.999.4438 or 515.243.1200

It generally requires eight to ten weeks for your request to become effective.

was holed up at the Lifetime Fitness center in Tempe. Half a dozen cars from the U.S. Marshals Service staked out the center from the parking lot. Meanwhile, Lapre had phoned both Sally and Debbie from his cell. Debbie arrived first and found her brother staggering outside, dressed in his usual outfit: long tan shorts, a yellow Ralph Lauren polo shirt and his yellow baseball cap turned backward. And she saw five spreading circles of blood on his torso and leg, as if he had been shot. She hustled him into her car just as his court-appointed attorney and her private investigator pulled up, the first of whom had been notified by Sally. When the attorney saw Lapre in the back of the car she told Debbie to drive to the hospital. As Lapre sank into the backseat, he mumbled, "I don't want to die."

As it was later pieced together, Lapre had headed for Lifetime Fitness after the school drop-off to kill himself. He had acquired a hunting knife in the same mall. Then he had gone into a shower stall in a family room at the health club (Debbie said his hands were "white and pruney" from the water) and stabbed himself five times in the stomach and groin—one wound so severe it had practically severed his femoral artery, which apparently was his intent, though in phoning Sally and Debbie he had obviously had second thoughts. At 7:30 P.M., on Warner Road, about half a mile from Lifetime Fitness and just before the entrance ramp to I-10, where Debbie was heading to get to the hospital, the marshals swarmed the car and removed Lapre.

He underwent surgery and spent the next three weeks convalescing. His arraignment took place in his hospital room. He was then transferred to a federal holding facility in Florence, Arizona. Lapre played cards, met with a psychologist weekly and phoned his family daily—occasionally five to 10 times a day—but he absolutely forbade them to visit him there. He said it would "crush" him.

He did visit with Pat Gitre—his court-appointed attorney—or her investigator six or seven times during his incarceration, and he kept vacillating over whether to plead guilty to something he still insisted he didn't do or go to trial and risk getting 20 years in prison. Gitre was tough, a single woman who drove a Dodge pickup, wore five-inch heels in the courtroom to tower over her opposing counsel and had successfully defended a Hells Angel accused of murder and a Jamaican drug dealer accused of murdering another drug dealer. She had also defended many white-collar criminals, and she wasn't given to painting rosy pictures. But she fervently believed that Lapre was innocent. Whether or not he was naive in his business operations, she thought he was different from her other clients. "He had no greed," she says. "He was looking to make money, but he wanted to share that with everybody else. We don't have a guy who had 15 vehicles and 20 Rolexes. That is what is so unique about this case." Moreover, the government admitted that Lapre plowed 95 percent of the money right back into the company to pay his IAs and creditors, which, Gitre asserts, isn't the modus operandi of a crook.

Lapre, however, had decided what he wanted to do. While he was at Florence, his brother Michael and his sister Debbie would take turns depositing money into his prison account for coffee, candy, phone calls and incidentals. (Generous as always, he would share his money with his fellow inmates.) But at one point he began buying sweatshirts. He told Michael it was because his bed was uncomfortable and he needed them as padding. At the time Michael didn't give it much thought.

Nor did anyone at the prison. To his prison psychologist Lapre talked about his children and about going to trial. What he never talked about, according to U.S. Marshal David Gonzales, was taking his life. Gonzales says this was his last and best sales job. But Lapre's family had their suspicions. He was calling them now often in tears. And he had sent Sally a note expressing his hopes for the rest of his family and his apologies to her—a note that Sally saw as his valedictory. It was the morning of October 2, just two days before his next scheduled court appearance, when Sally, on her way to pick up breakfast burritos for her children, got a call on her cell phone. It was a prison officer: Don had been found dead in his cell. Sometime after the last bed check, he had swathed himself in his sweatshirts and slit his throat with the blade from a Bic disposable razor. The sweatshirts absorbed the blood so he wouldn't be discovered and saved before he expired. He was 47 years old.

Most of the public had long forgotten Don Lapre, but there was a reaction nonetheless. On the internet, many cheered his death. "Rot in Hell, Don Lapre," read one comment. "Another slithering snake con artist bites the dust," read a second. And yet there were others who defended him and mourned his passing, many of them former employees or customers. One of them, a Phoenix printer named David Salinas who had once bought a Lapre kit and was inspired by it, had created a website during Lapre's imprisonment, freedonlapre.com, which now became an online eulogy. Tens of thousands visited the site. Similarly, hundreds showed up to Lapre's funeral. The procession from the church to the grave site, which would ordinarily have taken 10 minutes, took 45.

But whether he was being vilified or deified, and whether in the end he was a shrewd scammer or a naif, Don Lapre was a quintessential American entrepreneur. His life had reflected his faith in the American gospel of success, for which he was an evangelist who seemed genuinely convinced that anyone in this country could make a fortune as he had. And his death reflected the doubts that shaded this proposition—that in America success always belonged to the rich and powerful and that aggressive upstarts like him would ultimately be punished. And when he died, it wasn't for guilt or release. It was for the failure of the dream he had once so devoutly held.

"You're like the son I never had. Now I remember why I had the vasectomy."

HARBOR FREIGHT TOOLS

Quality Tools at Ridiculously Low Prices

LIFETIME WARRANTY
ON ALL HAND TOOLS!

FACTORY DIRECT TO YOU!

How does Harbor Freight Tools sell high quality tools at such ridiculously low prices? We buy direct from the factories who also supply the major brands and sell direct to you. It's just that simple! See for yourself at one of our 400 Stores Nationwide and use this 20% Off Coupon on one of our 7,000 products*, plus pick up a Free 6 Piece Screwdriver Set, a $4.99 value. We stock Shop Equipment, Hand Tools, Tarps, Compressors, Air & Power Tools, Woodworking Tools, Welders, Tool Boxes, Generators, and much more.

- Over 20 Million Satisfied Customers!
- 1 Year Competitor's Low Price Guarantee
- No Hassle Return Policy!
- 100% Satisfaction Guaranteed!

Nobody Beats Our Quality, Service and Price!

SUPER COUPON!

FREE! WITH ANY PURCHASE

PITTSBURGH

6 PIECE SCREWDRIVER SET

ITEM 47770

REG. PRICE $4.99

HARBOR FREIGHT TOOLS - LIMIT 1 Cannot be used with other discount, coupon or prior purchase. Offer good while supplies last. Shipping & Handling charges may apply if not picked up in-store. Original coupon must be presented. Non-transferable. Valid through 12/21/12. Limit one coupon per customer per day.

36369324

SUPER COUPON!

20% OFF ANY SINGLE ITEM!

HARBOR FREIGHT TOOLS - LIMIT 1 Save 20% on any one item purchased at our store. *Cannot be used with other discount, coupon, gift cards, Inside Track Club membership, phone or online orders, extended service plans or on any of the following: compressors, generators, tool storage or carts, welders, floor jacks, Campbell Hausfeld products, open box items, in-store event or parking lot sale items. Not valid on prior purchases after 30 days from original purchase date with original receipt. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 12/21/12. Limit one coupon per customer per day.

26441841

SUPER COUPON!

PITTSBURGH

12" RATCHET BAR CLAMP/SPREADER

LOT NO. 46807/ 68975/69221/ 69222

Item 46807 shown

SAVE 63%

$1.99

REG. PRICE $5.49

95579600

HARBOR FREIGHT TOOLS - LIMIT 9

Good at our stores or website or by phone. Cannot be used with other discount or coupon or prior purchases after 30 days from original purchase with original receipt. Offer good while supplies last. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 12/21/12. Limit one coupon per customer per day.

SUPER COUPON!

CEN-TECH

AUTOMATIC BATTERY FLOAT CHARGER

Item 42292 shown

LOT NO. 42292/ 69594/69955

SAVE 61%

$4.99

REG. PRICE $12.99

90931245

HARBOR FREIGHT TOOLS - LIMIT 8

Good at our stores or website or by phone. Cannot be used with other discount or coupon or prior purchases after 30 days from original purchase with original receipt. Offer good while supplies last. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 12/21/12. Limit one coupon per customer per day.

SUPER COUPON!

29 PIECE TITANIUM NITRIDE COATED DRILL BIT SET

LOT NO. 5889

drillmaster

SAVE 58%

$10.49

REG. PRICE $24.99

81329741

HARBOR FREIGHT TOOLS - LIMIT 5

Good at our stores or website or by phone. Cannot be used with other discount or coupon or prior purchases after 30 days from original purchase with original receipt. Offer good while supplies last. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 12/21/12. Limit one coupon per customer per day.

SUPER COUPON!

HaulMaster

MOVER'S DOLLY

LOT NO. 93888

SAVE 46%

1000 LB. CAPACITY

$7.99

REG. PRICE $14.99

69322487

HARBOR FREIGHT TOOLS - LIMIT 6

Good at our stores or website or by phone. Cannot be used with other discount or coupon or prior purchases after 30 days from original purchase with original receipt. Offer good while supplies last. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 12/21/12. Limit one coupon per customer per day.

SUPER COUPON!

drillmaster

1500 WATT DUAL TEMPERATURE HEAT GUN (572°/1112°)

LOT NO. 96289

SAVE 60%

$7.99

REG. PRICE $19.99

86518299

HARBOR FREIGHT TOOLS - LIMIT 8

Good at our stores or website or by phone. Cannot be used with other discount or coupon or prior purchases after 30 days from original purchase with original receipt. Offer good while supplies last. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 12/21/12. Limit one coupon per customer per day.

SUPER COUPON!

Item 93068 shown

WIRELESS DRIVEWAY ALERT SYSTEM

Bunker Hill Security

LOT NO. 93068/ 69590

SAVE 53%

Requires one 9 volt and three C batteries (sold separately).

$13.99

REG. PRICE $29.99

65373566

HARBOR FREIGHT TOOLS - LIMIT 6

Good at our stores or website or by phone. Cannot be used with other discount or coupon or prior purchases after 30 days from original purchase with original receipt. Offer good while supplies last. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 12/21/12. Limit one coupon per customer per day.

SUPER COUPON!

18 VOLT CORDLESS 3/8" DRILL/DRIVER AND FLASHLIGHT KIT

drillmaster

Includes one 18V NiCd battery and charger.

LOT NO. 68287/69652

SAVE 50%

Item 68287 shown

$19.99

REG. PRICE $39.99

48852281

HARBOR FREIGHT TOOLS - LIMIT 3

Good at our stores or website or by phone. Cannot be used with other discount or coupon or prior purchases after 30 days from original purchase with original receipt. Offer good while supplies last. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 12/21/12. Limit one coupon per customer per day.

SUPER COUPON!

CENTRALPNEUMATIC

3 GALLON, 100 PSI OILLESS AIR COMPRESSOR

LOT NO. 97080/69269

Item 97080 shown

SAVE 50%

$39.99

REG. PRICE $79.99

60199966

HARBOR FREIGHT TOOLS - LIMIT 4

Good at our stores or website or by phone. Cannot be used with other discount or coupon or prior purchases after 30 days from original purchase with original receipt. Offer good while supplies last. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 12/21/12. Limit one coupon per customer per day.

SUPER COUPON!

PITTSBURGH AUTOMOTIVE

RAPID PUMP® 3 TON HEAVY DUTY STEEL FLOOR JACK

WEIGHS 74 LBS.

Item 68048 shown

$69.99

REG. PRICE $139.99

SAVE $70

23581254

HARBOR FREIGHT TOOLS - LIMIT 5

LOT NO. 68048/69227

Good at our stores or website or by phone. Cannot be used with other discount or coupon or prior purchases after 30 days from original purchase with original receipt. Offer good while supplies last. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 12/21/12. Limit one coupon per customer per day.

SUPER COUPON!

SAVE 43%

2 PIECE STEEL LOADING RAMPS

HaulMaster

LOT NO. 44649/ 69591/69646

Item 44649 shown

1000 LB. CAPACITY

$44.99

REG. PRICE $79.99

92326706

HARBOR FREIGHT TOOLS - LIMIT 4

Good at our stores or website or by phone. Cannot be used with other discount or coupon or prior purchases after 30 days from original purchase with original receipt. Offer good while supplies last. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 12/21/12. Limit one coupon per customer per day.

SUPER COUPON!

US★GENERAL

30", 11 DRAWER ROLLER CABINET

LOT NO. 67421

INCLUDES:

- 6 Drawer Top Chest
- 2 Drawer Middle Section
- 3 Drawer Roller Cabinet

$149.99

SAVE $150

REG. PRICE $299.99

71805404

HARBOR FREIGHT TOOLS - LIMIT 5

Good at our stores or website or by phone. Cannot be used with other discount or coupon or prior purchases after 30 days from original purchase with original receipt. Offer good while supplies last. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 12/21/12. Limit one coupon per customer per day.

400 Stores Nationwide

Order Online at HarborFreight.com and We'll Ship Your Order FedEx.

GORDON-LEVITT

(continued from page 90)

people. I love when someone approaches me and tells me they've seen me in something that made them feel something and that they connected to it. That's part of why I do it. The other interaction is with people who really don't care about the movies or anything like that. They just sort of buy into the fame thing, and that feels icky to me.

Q3

PLAYBOY: Have you followed the political traditions of your grandfather Michael Gordon, a director who survived the 1950s blacklists; your father, who was news director of a politically progressive radio station; and your mother, who in 1970 ran for Congress on the Peace and Freedom Party ticket?

GORDON-LEVITT: My parents are political in that they're well read and as up on the news as anybody I know. To me that is political activism, choosing to stay informed and not just watching CNN or some bullshit entertainment show. Every time I sit down and watch television news, I think, This is show business. That's what I do. I say, go on the internet and find news from all over the world through the BBC, the Pacifica stations, newspapers, people's blogs and tweets. It's so funny when people say Fox is bad. Sure Fox is bad, but I don't think CNN and MSNBC are really any better.

Q4

PLAYBOY: You've shot a number of short films, including one last year documenting Occupy Wall Street protesters in Zuccotti Park in New York. How closely does the mainstream media's coverage of that movement relate to what you filmed and experienced?

GORDON-LEVITT: Very little. What I've seen on TV focuses on the superficial stuff. It's a pretty simple notion: People who have lots of money—people in corporations who have tons of money—are malevolently manipulating the system to keep their money. And the rest of the world suffers for it. You could show a trillion examples of how Goldman Sachs, McDonald's, Walmart and Monsanto are clearly fucking over everybody, but CNN, Fox and MSNBC are owned by Fortune 500 companies, so they never show any of it.

Q5

PLAYBOY: Couldn't a detractor accuse you, a famous, privileged actor, of being one of the elites?

GORDON-LEVITT: I grew up in the 1990s, when it was considered cool to be excessively rich. That's what rappers rapped about, and later that's what Paris Hilton had a TV show about and what *MTV Cribs* was about. The Occupy movement is a pop culture happening that's saying money is not what's cool. What's cool is doing something worthwhile. If your goal is to make money in the movie industry, you make crappy movies, not good ones.

Q6

PLAYBOY: How did you make the rough transition from kid TV star to grown-up movie star?

GORDON-LEVITT: As a teenager in the 1990s I loved the spike of indie films coming through Sundance, and films like *Pulp Fiction, Big Night, Sling Blade, Trees Lounge* and *Swingers.* Had I said to my agents at the time that I wanted to do that stuff, they would have said, "You're making a ton of money doing TV, and that's what you're going to do." I went to school, quit acting for a while, and when I came back everyone wanted me to do another TV show and make more money. I didn't want to. I made a decision that I was going to do only work that inspired me creatively, not what was supposed to be good for my career.

Q7

PLAYBOY: Yet the work that inspires can also be commercial. The sweet, upbeat indie romance *(500) Days of Summer* was a hit and turned you into a heartthrob.

GORDON-LEVITT: The *(500) Days of Summer* attitude of "He wants you so bad" seems attractive to some women and men, especially younger ones, but I would encourage anyone who has a crush on my character to watch it again and examine how selfish he is. He develops a mildly delusional obsession over a girl onto whom he projects all these fantasies. He thinks she'll give his life meaning because he doesn't care about much else going on in his life. A lot of boys and girls think their lives will have meaning if they find a partner who wants nothing else in life but them. That's not healthy. That's falling in love with the idea of a person, not the actual person.

Q8

PLAYBOY: Are you actually slagging a movie that landed you on people's radar and made many of them fall in love with you and Zooey Deschanel as a screen couple?

GORDON-LEVITT: No, I really liked that movie. The coming-of-age story is subtly done, and that's great, because nothing's worse than an over-the-top, cheesy, hitting-you-over-the-head-with-a-hammer, moral-of-the-story sort of thing. But a part of the movie that's less talked about is that once Zooey's character dumps the guy, he builds himself up without the crutch of a fantasy relationship, and he meets a new girl.

Q9

PLAYBOY: Your character in *(500) Days* made extravagant gestures in the name of love. What kind of woman could make you do that?

GORDON-LEVITT: Making checklists of things you're looking for in a person is the numero uno thing you can do to guarantee you'll be alone forever. You can't meet someone and think, Do they have everything I want in a person? You just have to pay attention, keep your eyes open, listen to people and be present. I guess what I look for in a girl is someone who's doing that too. Beyond that there's not much more I would specify, because you never fucking know, man.

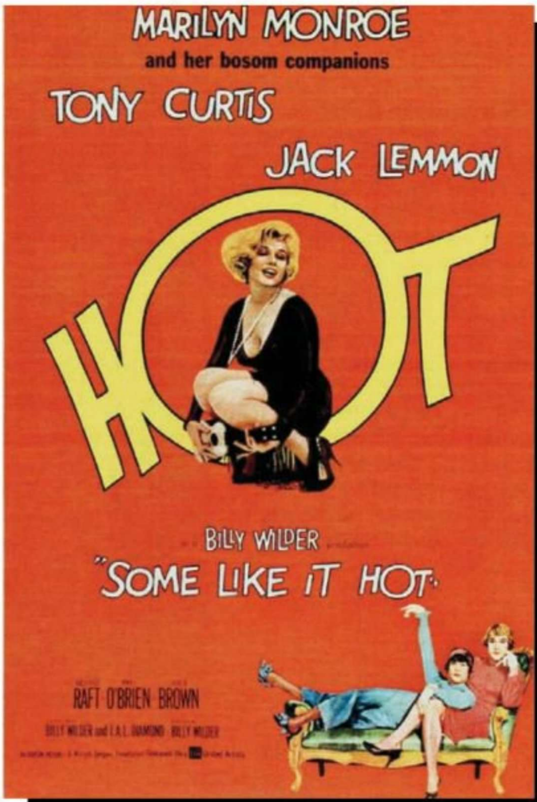
Q10

PLAYBOY: You and Deschanel also made the music video "Why Do You Let Me Stay Here?" and a homemade one of you two singing the 1947 classic "What Are You Doing New Year's Eve?" How do you react when so many people—judging from comments on the internet—want the two of you to get together romantically?

GORDON-LEVITT: It's awkward when people say that. Whatever. (concluded on page 149)

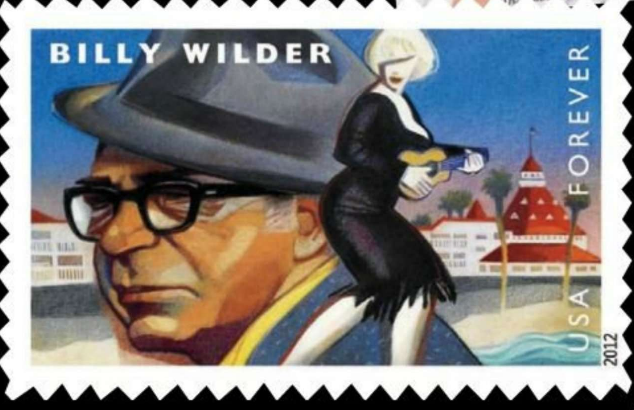
"If you've enjoyed our evening together, I hope you'll stop by my website for 'I Dated Larry' T-shirts, mugs and bumper stickers!"

PLAYMATE NEWS



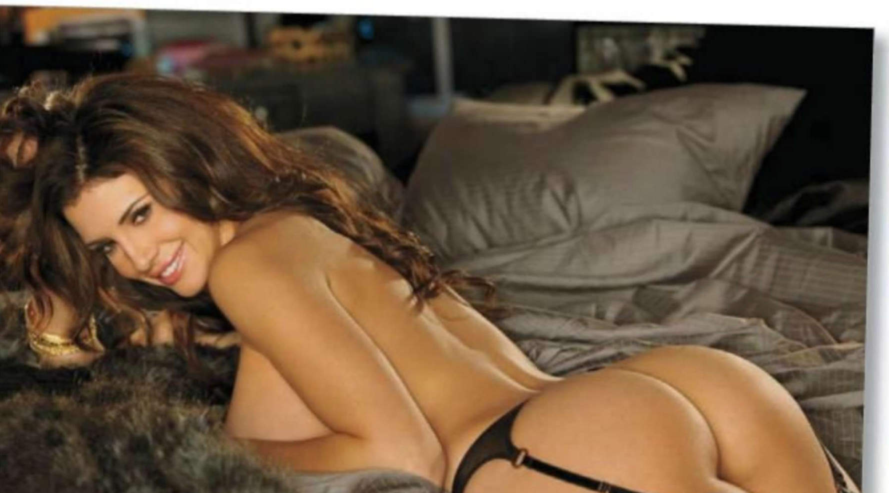
PLAYBOY'S FIRST CENTERFOLD IS AU COURANT

Fifty years after her death and almost 60 since becoming Miss December 1953, Marilyn Monroe remains a timeless sex symbol. In June, Grauman's Chinese Theatre was the site of the weeklong Marilyn Monroe Film Festival, which kicked off with everybody's favorite, *Some Like It Hot*. When director Billy Wilder was honored with a postage stamp this spring, it prominently featured Marilyn's image. *Vanity Fair* also thought so much of Marilyn that it put her on its June cover with the promise of "Lost Nudes." But the nudes had not been lost: They were outtakes from a photo shoot Marilyn had personally sent PLAYBOY and we had published—twice. Sorry, *Vanity Fair*. Sometimes when something sounds too good to be true, it really is too good to be true.



HOPE'S CHOICE IS THE MAMA'S BOY

PMOY 2010 Hope Dworaczyk appeared on Fox's *Voice*-like dating show *The Choice*, on which bachelorettes choose their dates and then swivel around to see them. After sifting through suitors, Hope selected Brant, a Southern gent, saying, "I love my mom a lot, and when you told me you're a mama's boy I know that if you're good to your mom, you'll probably be good to me."



FLASHBACK

Thirty-five years ago this month Miss September 1977 Debra Jo Fondren graced our pages. The Beaumont, Texas blonde, with hair that flowed down her 35-24-36 frame, so enchanted us that we named her PMOY 1978. Hollywood was also taken with the shapely siren, who went on to appear on *Mork & Mindy*, *Fantasy Island* and *Knots Landing*, as well as in the film *Spitfire*. Having returned to the Lone Star State, Debra Jo currently is an aesthetics instructor at the Southeast Texas Career Institute.

DID YOU KNOW ?

Miss May 2007 **Shannon James** launched the new Playboy slot machines at Harrah's in Atlantic City.

Miss May 1998 **Deanna Brooks** has been tapped as a special correspondent for RadarOnline.com.

Miss February 1990 **Pamela Anderson** told *The Sun* that everyone in her family except her is a member of Mensa.

Miss November 2011 Ciara Price thinks that in order to get the girl, you should be yourself. "Playboy Bunnies love nerds too," she says.

MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

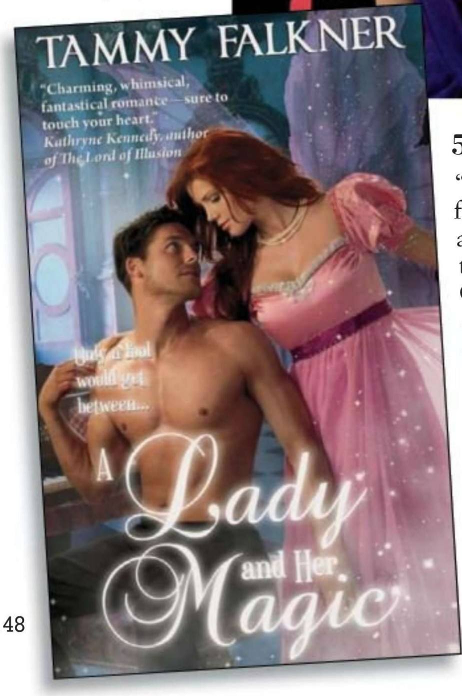
BY RAPHAEL SBARGE

—actor, ABC's *Once Upon a Time*

"My favorite Playmate is Miss December 2005 Christine Smith. And this comes after a lifetime of comparison. I had a subscription to PLAYBOY at the age of 13, with my mother's blessing. I grew up on a commune, so it wasn't all that outrageous. I loved them all until I wore the pages out. But the redheads have always been my favorites. I couldn't say why. I probably came that way—electrically hardwired, preprogrammed at the factory."

GOLDEN GIRL

Diamonds may be a girl's best friend, but Miss April 1999 Natalia Sokolova prefers gold or tungsten. As founder and managing partner of SGG World, an international consulting firm in energy sectors, and VP of investor relations for mining company Colt Resources, Natalia advises clients around the world. "I'm always traveling," she says. "My main office is my BlackBerry." On a recent one-day vacation, Natalia stopped by Cannes decked out in Marina B jewelry and a Catherine Malandrino gown. "I want to set up resource ventures in the next two or three years so I can be financially secure to focus most of my energy on charity work and raising my son."



50 SHADES OF CRYSTAL

"The difference between posing for the cover of a romance novel and posing for the Centerfold is the clothes," says Miss May 2009 Crystal McCahill with a wink. "You also get to play someone else for a day and have a chance to shoot with some hot guys. In a Playmate shoot you play yourself by yourself." Crystal will be on the covers of three romance novels this fall, starting with *A Lady and Her Magic* this month. Independent publisher Sourcebooks has also enlisted Miss November 2001 Lindsey Vuolo, who adorns *Luscious* and the upcoming *Waltz With a Stranger.*

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Even if you don't know how to drive a stick shift you may recognize PMOY 2000 Jodi Ann Paterson, who is married to IndyCar legend and *Celebrity Apprentice* contestant Michael Andretti. The couple, along with friend and PLAYBOY photographer Arny Freytag, took in the Toyota Grand Prix of Long Beach in April to cheer on Andretti's son Marco, who was driving for Andretti Autosports. As Marco tried to make a move, his car hit another and went airborne; fortunately he wasn't injured in the crash.... Miss August 2000 Summer Altice and Miss January 2001 Irina Voronina met up with actor David Koechner at the *Piranha 3DD* premiere at the Mann Chinese 6 Theatres. In the fun summer flick, Koechner's character takes a long look at Kiki (played by Irina) enjoying a skinny-dip in a pool. What happens next? We haven't a clue, because we just keep rewinding.... If Miss August 2003 Colleen Marie looks very pregnant in this picture it's because she was about to give birth to her 10-pound son. The tyke, named Cooper, came into the world on March 1.... For a tongue-in-cheek behind-the-scenes look at *American Idol,* Steven Tyler invited cameras into his bungalow so viewers could witness how the rock star lives. Among the amenities the Aerosmith lead singer showed off were his pet Bunnies: Miss October 2011 Amanda Cerny, Miss September 2009 Kimberly Phillips, Miss November 2011 Ciara Price, Summer Altice, Miss June 2004 Hiromi Oshima, Miss September 2004 Scarlett Keegan and PMOY 2009 Ida Ljungqvist.

WANT TO SEE MORE PLAYMATES? Or more of these Playmates? You can check out every one of them in the full magazine archives at iplayboy.com.

GORDON-LEVITT

(continued from page 146)

Zooey and I just think it's funny. It *is* funny. We've been friends for 10 years. She loves movies, music and art, and she's incredibly knowledgeable about that stuff. She's turned me on to so many good movies and so much good music. It's fun just to have conversations, watch movies with her and stuff like that.

Q11

PLAYBOY: You've used YouTube and the internet a lot to express yourself. Is it as satisfying and creative an outlet as film?

GORDON-LEVITT: The internet's a fascinating thing because you can express yourself anonymously without any of the consequences. I've developed a lot of meaningful, creatively collaborative relationships with all sorts of people on the internet. I use Twitter a lot, and I have an open collaborative production company, hitRECord, where I make art with people.

Q12

PLAYBOY: Are there any film genres you haven't done that you'd like to tackle? You're reportedly attached to a remake of *Little Shop of Horrors*.

GORDON-LEVITT: I would like to do a musical, if I could find a cool one. When Zooey and I danced in that video it was just us having a great time, just being ourselves. A song-and-dance role is closer to me personally than other characters I play.

Q13

PLAYBOY: Your grandfather Michael Gordon directed some of the most popular romantic comedies and tearjerkers of the 1960s, with Doris Day, Rock Hudson and James Garner. Do you ever wish you were working in old-time Hollywood?

GORDON-LEVITT: No. Right now is without a doubt the most exciting time in human history. The ability to connect with one another, the technology of the internet and all that it's spawning, is doubtlessly the most fascinating thing that's ever happened. It's an incredibly exciting time to be alive, as a human being and especially as an artist. In the 20th century making movies, music or anything was a one-way thing, but creativity is always more of an interactive, back-and-forth, organic and progressive thing. We're going to get away from "Oh, I just get to listen to stories; I don't tell them" and "I just listen to music; I don't play or sing it." No, man! That's a terrible way to think about yourself. I think art is going to become more conversational, more of a dialogue, and a better, healthier thing for everybody.

Q14

PLAYBOY: Why do you think your *Dark Knight Rises* co-star Christian Bale called you an "intriguing guy"?

GORDON-LEVITT: We had a fucking great time every day working on that movie. I felt as though I'd transferred in for senior year and had a graduation celebration. You felt a huge sense of accomplishment and closure. Everyone on that movie did such good, dignified work. No one came to phone it in or just cash a check.

Q15

PLAYBOY: Are you enough of a daredevil to tear through Manhattan traffic on a fixed-gear brakeless bicycle the way your terrorized bike messenger character does in *Premium Rush*?

GORDON-LEVITT: I'm really into bikes, actually, because I was paying attention to them doing *Premium Rush*. So when someone rides by with a cool setup that really fits them, I think, Oh wow, that looks nice. I live in a part of L.A. with quite a bike culture, and I bought a great bike, but I don't ride it as much as I'd like.

Q16

PLAYBOY: Does being an internet-savvy guy who has acted in a few high-tech, futuristic movies translate into being a cutting-edge, gadget-buying guy offscreen?

GORDON-LEVITT: I'd say no. I will admit I like cameras. I have some that are really nice. I like a beautiful guitar or piano, because I love music and musical instruments. I guess I do as much fetishizing as the average guy. Cars do not impress me. Whenever I see somebody with an extremely nice car, I'm like, What an idiot. It just looks so stupid.

Q17

PLAYBOY: You play Abraham Lincoln's son in Steven Spielberg's upcoming historical epic *Lincoln,* starring Daniel Day-Lewis.

GORDON-LEVITT: It's a ridiculously exciting movie to be part of. Daniel Day-Lewis has a unique, enormously inspiring process that's very immersive. I never heard his real voice or saw him out of costume. I met the president, I met my dad, but I never met Day-Lewis until we wrapped. As excited as I am about *Lincoln,* though, I'm honestly most excited about *Looper.*

Q18

PLAYBOY: That's the time-travel movie in which you're an assassin assigned to kill your future self, played by Bruce Willis. What personal or professional transgressions would you travel through time to fix?

GORDON-LEVITT: I wouldn't do that, but I'm a sucker for Rian Johnson's thing. He's the writer-director of *Looper,* and I also made *Brick* with him. He's a dear friend and a brilliant filmmaker—a great writer, a great mind. *Looper* brings all the exhilaration and chemical feelings you hope to get from an action sci-fi movie. But Rian has also come up with a concept that will tickle your intellect while he tells a sincere story about the cyclical nature of violence and how violence begets violence. I love going to a good movie more than anything, and this movie just hits it.

Q19

PLAYBOY: What's the best night out you've had recently?

GORDON-LEVITT: Questlove is a great drummer, but I saw him deejay recently. He could put on any record at all, but the art is in the sequence, reading the crowd and thinking, I know exactly the song to put on right now. To me that's the art form of the 21st century and creativity in general—being able to pick and choose from anything and make the right choice.

Q20

PLAYBOY: You replaced James Franco in *Inception* and James McAvoy in *50/50.* Which other famous Jameses are you out to replace?

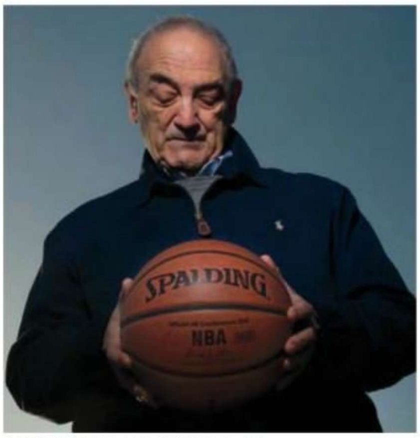
GORDON-LEVITT: *[Laughs]* That's funny. LeBron better look out.

"Why can't you be more like the men I'm sneaking around with?"

NEXT MONTH

ANOTHER WELL-STACKED BIG TEN LIBRARY.

THE GUY WHO TOOK KRISTEN BELL OFF THE MARKET.



SONNY VACCARO PLAYS HARDBALL.

CAN THIS MAN CHANGE YOUR LIFE?

PAYMENT PLAN—HE'S BEEN CALLED A SNEAKER PIMP AND A BAGMAN. AT 72, SONNY VACCARO, THE MAN WHO TRANSFORMED COLLEGE SPORTS INTO A "CESSPOOL" (HIS WORD) OF CASH NOW HOPES TO DRAIN IT. **NEAL GABLER** PROFILES THE UNLIKELY CRUSADER WHO WANTS STUDENT ATHLETES TO SHARE IN THE RICHES, EVEN IF IT MEANS DESTROYING THE NCAA.

DAX SHEPARD—THE STAR OF *HIT & RUN* AND *PARENTHOOD* ASSESSES THE TOLL OF A DECADE OF SMOKING, DRINKING AND PHILANDERING, IN A *20Q* WITH **DAVID HOCHMAN.** HE'S OKAY NOW, ESPECIALLY SINCE HIS ENGAGEMENT TO KRISTEN BELL, WHICH HE SAYS SHOULD GIVE ALL AVERAGE-LOOKING MEN HOPE.

EMOTIONAL RESCUE—FOUR MILLION PEOPLE HAVE ATTENDED HIS SELF-HELP SEMINARS, AND 50 MILLION HAVE BOUGHT HIS BOOKS, TAPES AND DVDS. WHAT MAKES TONY ROBBINS'S INSPIRATIONAL SHTICK SO POPULAR THAT IT EARNS HIM $30 MILLION ANNUALLY? "IT'S NOT CONDITIONS, IT'S DECISIONS THAT SHAPE YOUR LIFE," HE TELLS **GLENN PLASKIN** IN A *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW* THAT MAY JUST GET YOU OFF YOUR ASS.

GEEK ELITE—THE AMERICAN DREAM ISN'T DEAD—IT'S ON YOUR PHONE. MOBILE DESIGNERS ARE CREATING GAMES THEY HOPE WILL CATCH THE PUBLIC IMAGINATION AND MAKE THEM RICH, 99 CENTS AT A TIME. ANGRY BIRDS IS THE MODEL, BUT APPS SUCH AS DRAW SOMETHING HAVE ALSO STRUCK GOLD. WHO ARE THESE DREAMERS, AND WHAT MAKES A HIT? **DAVID KUSHNER** EXPLAINS.

TAILGATING IN STYLE—IN OUR GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO MAKING LUNCH IN A PARKING LOT, WE SHARE A SURF-AND-TURF MENU, COOL GEAR AND WINNING COCKTAILS. GAME? WHAT GAME?

THE CIRCUIT BUILDERS—AFTER RAND ARRIVED AT REHAB, THE FIRST ADVICE A COUNSELOR OFFERED WAS TO IMBIBE. THE CLINIC EVEN PROVIDED THE WEED—AND BOOZE, PILLS AND COCAINE. WHAT KIND OF CURE IS THAT? IT'S A SHOCKING TALE FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF CINCINNATI'S **DON PETEROY,** WINNER OF OUR ANNUAL COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST.

WOMEN OF THE BIG TEN—IT'S BEEN FOUR YEARS SINCE WE VISITED THE CONFERENCE CAMPUSES IN SEARCH OF BREATHTAKING COEDS, AND THEY'VE MULTIPLIED. SEVERAL FEMALE CORNHUSKERS JOIN THE ILLINI, HOOSIERS, HAWKEYES, WOLVERINES, SPARTANS, GOLDEN GOPHERS, WILDCATS, BUCKEYES, BOILERMAKERS, BADGERS AND NITTANY LIONS IN AN A+ PICTORIAL.

PLUS—PARTY SCHOOLS, OUR INFALLIBLE NFL PREVIEW, MISS OCTOBER **PAMELA HORTON** AND MORE.

Playboy (ISSN 0032-1478), September 2012, volume 59, number 7. Published monthly except for combined January/February and July/August issues by Playboy in national and regional editions, Playboy, 9346 Civic Center Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210. Periodicals postage paid at Beverly Hills, California and at additional mailing offices. Canada Post Canadian Publications Mail Sales Product Agreement No. 40035534. Subscriptions: in the U.S., $32.97 for a year. Postmaster: Send address change to Playboy, P.O. Box 37489, Boone, Iowa 50037-0489. From time to time we make our subscriber list available to companies that sell goods and services by mail that we believe would interest our readers. If you would rather not receive such mailings, please send your current mailing label to: Playboy, P.O. Box 37489, Boone, IA, 50037-0489. For subscription-related questions, call 800-999-4438, or e-mail plycustserv@cdsfulfillment.com.

THE MEN'S DIAMOND OVATION RING

See reverse side for details.

The inside of the band features our signature gallery for the ultimate in comfort.

A gold- and silver-plated men's ring, boasting nine diamonds flanked by black onyx.

RESERVATION APPLICATION

The Danbury Mint
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, CT 06857

Send no money now.

YES! Reserve *The Men's Diamond Ovation Ring* as described in this announcement.

Ring Size_______
(Available in whole sizes 7-16. Please refer to the ring sizing guide at right.)

Name______________________________
Please print clearly.

Address______________________________

City______________________________

State______________ Zip____________

Signature______________________________
Orders subject to acceptance.

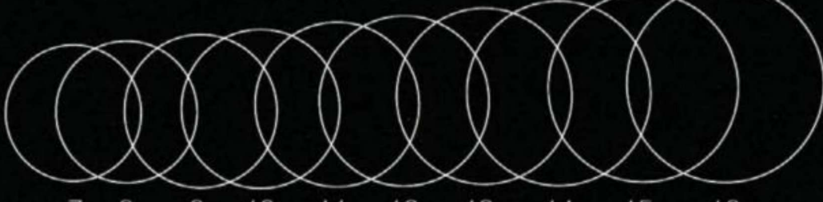
For fastest delivery:
1-800-726-1184 · www.danburymint.com

24200016V500

The Men's Diamond Ovation Ring arrives within a handsome presentation case, yours at no additional charge.

(Ring shown actual size.)

*To find ring size, match a circle with the **inside** of a ring (a band works best for measuring).*



©MBI

For fastest delivery:
1-800-726-1184 • www.danburymint.com

THE MEN'S DIAMOND OVATION RING

Genuine diamonds and onyx stones...a ring as impressive and commanding as the man who wears it.

For the man who exudes a truly sophisticated sense of style, the artisans of the Danbury Mint have created the ultimate men's jewelry statement. Confidently bold in design and masculine in appearance, we proudly present... *The Men's Diamond Ovation Ring,* a gold- and silver-plated onyx and diamond ring perfect for today's "VIP."

Superb craftsmanship, dramatic design.

The gold- and silver-plated ring features two jet-black onyx stones, renowned for their tasteful appearance. Nine glittering diamonds, set within a grid at the ring's center, provide a triumphant finishing touch. The ring is available in whole sizes from 7 to 16.

A remarkable value; satisfaction guaranteed!

The Men's Diamond Ovation Ring can be yours for \$129 plus \$7.50 shipping and service, payable in three monthly installments of \$45.50. Your satisfaction is guaranteed. If not delighted with the ring, simply return it within 90 days for replacement or refund.

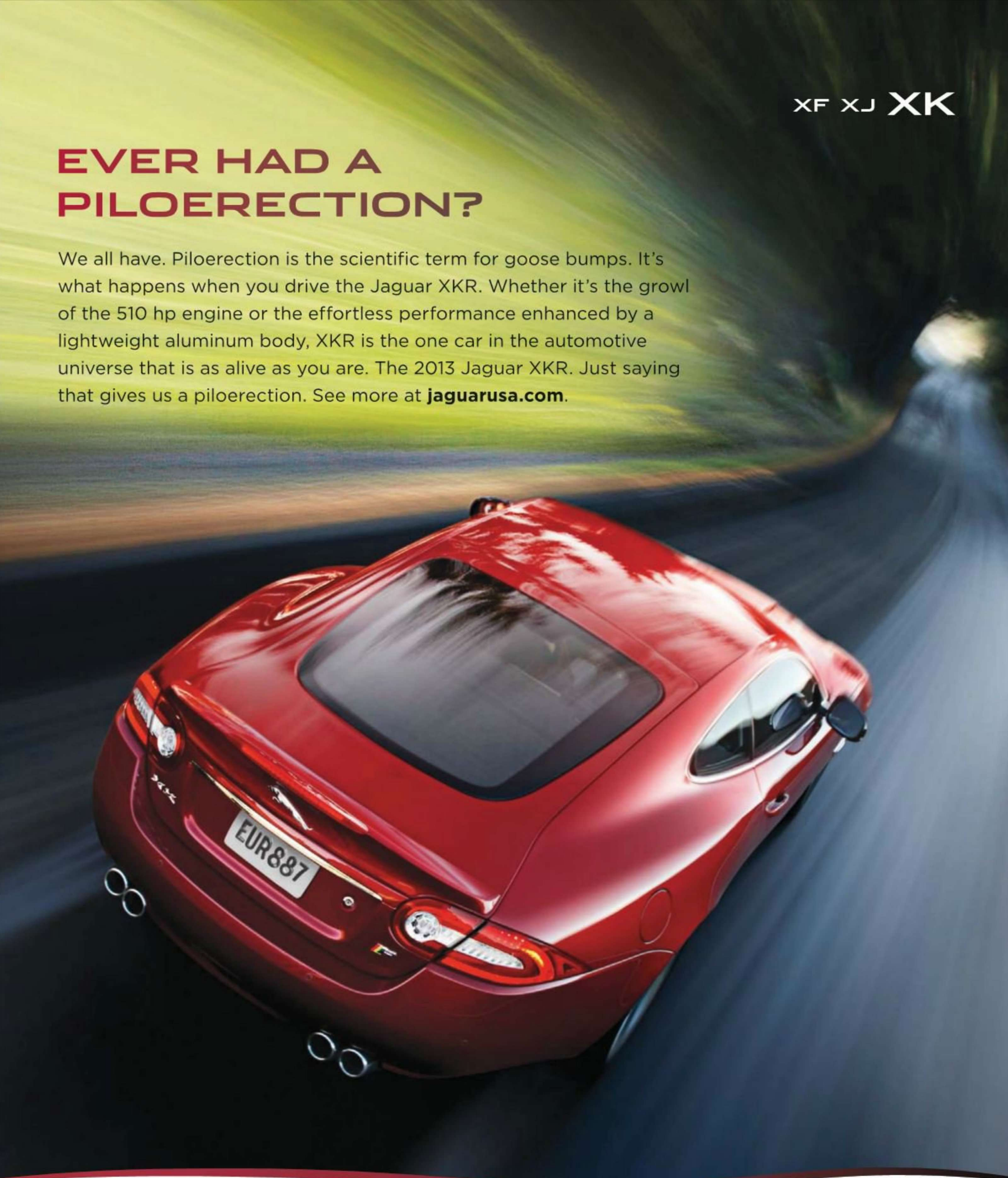
Don't delay, order today!

Supplement to Playboy Magazine

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
FIRST-CLASS MAIL PERMIT NO. 456 NORWALK CT
POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE
THE DANBURY MINT
47 RICHARDS AVE
PO BOX 5245
NORWALK CT 06860-0100

NO POSTAGE NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

BUD LIGHT
BEER
SUPERIOR DRINKABILITY
Make any time a great time
with the just-right taste of Bud Light.
IT'S THE SURE SIGN OF A GOOD TIME
HERE WE GO
RESPONSIBILITY MATTERS
©2010 Anheuser-Busch, Inc., Bud Light® Beer, St. Louis, MO



HOW ALIVE ARE YOU?

JAGUAR

©2012 JAGUAR LAND ROVER NORTH AMERICA, LLC